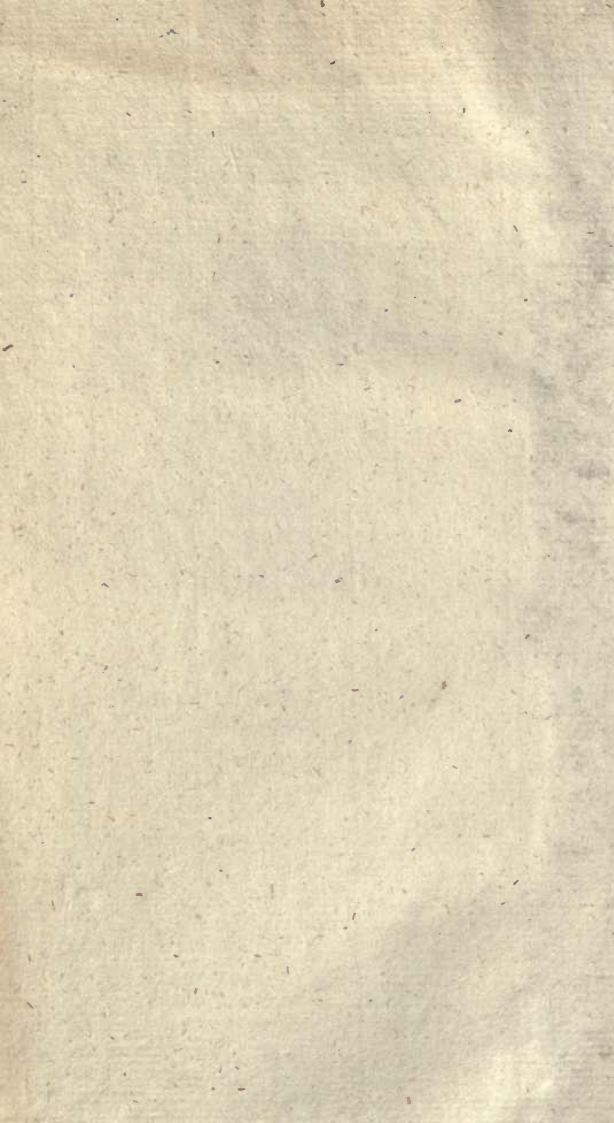
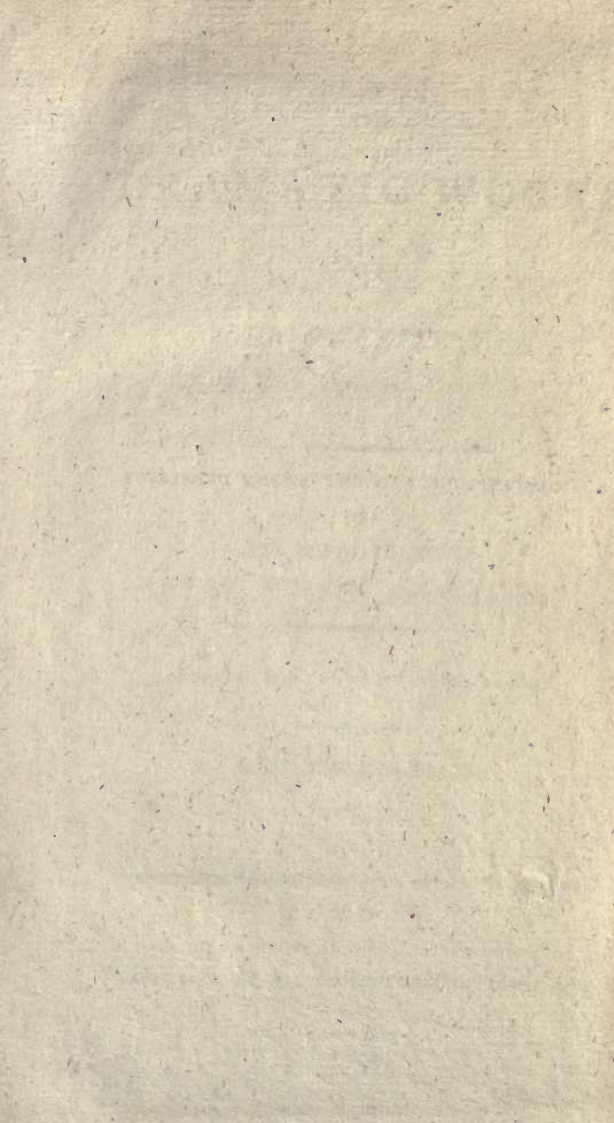




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THE
DRAMATIC WORKS
OF
JOHN O'KEEFFE, Esq.

PUBLISHED UNDER THE GRACIOUS PATRONAGE
OF
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCE OF WALES.

PREPARED FOR THE PRESS BY THE AUTHOR.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR, BY T. WOODFALL;
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS IN TOWN AND
COUNTRY.

1798.

CONTENTS OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

WILD OATS.

THE WICKLOW MOUNTAINS.

FONTAINEBLEAU.

LITTLE HUNCHBACK.

THE BASKET-MAKER.

THE BLACKSMITH OF ANTWERP.

THE POSITIVE MAN.

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03
1798
v.2

WILD OATS;
OR,
THE STROLLING GENTLEMEN.
IN FIVE ACTS.

PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN,
IN 1791.

42

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WILD OATS

OR

THE STROLLING THIMBLE

A FINEST

REPRODUCTION

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN

IN 1851

82-33

PROLOGUE,

WRITTEN BY JOHN TAYLOR, ESQ.

SPOKEN BY MR. HOLMAN.

WHAT can we now invite you to partake,
When realms have been exhausted for your sake,
And ample Nature travers'd o'er and o'er,
'Till all her beaten haunts will yield no more?
From climes where Phœbus pours his brightest ray
To where scarce faintly gleams the twilight day,
The dauntless Bard has urg'd his vent'rous aim,
To greet you still with fresh Dramatic game.
One noble Hunter, of the Thespian train,
Rush'd from his Avon's side o'er earth's domain,
And brought with happy Magic, more than toil,
The motley tribes of ev'ry varying soil;
While his quick eye so widely could explore
That Time himself, shall ne'er discover more:
Nay, in the track of his sublime career,
We pass the bounds of Nature's humble sphere;
And zealous after all our search has found,
Through radiant wilds of Fancy's fairy ground;
Once more the arduous chace we dare pursue,
And fondly hope we've started something new.

Our Hero, for so far we may discover,
Is a young Actor, and of course a lover!
But, what, perhaps, will raise no slight surprise!
Though used to various shapes, above disguise.
Fictitious language, of a borrow'd part,
Sports from his tongue, indeed, but not his heart!
For Nature's warm and absolute controul
Guides ev'ry impulse of his gen'rous soul.
Sure such a part your favour must engage,
And though a stranger on the mimic stage,

Yet -

PROLOGUE.

Yet may the Scenic band, with honest pride!
Howe'er by formal Prejudice decry'd,
Boast as fair patterns of domestic worth,
As that our present Drama pictures forth!

Let then the Bard, who vindicates our cause,
Obtain the sanction of your warm applause!
So may we prove, in spite of prudish Spleen!
Actors can feel beyond the passing scene;
And long, too harshly deem'd a thoughtless kind,
Live to the friendly model he design'd.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir George Thunder,	Mr. QUICK.
Rover,	Mr. LEWIS.
Harry,	Mr. HOLMAN.
Banks,	Mr. HULL.
John Dory,	Mr. WILSON.
Farmer Gammon,	Mr. CUBITT.
Lamp,	Mr. C. POWELL.
Ephraim Smooth,	Mr. MUNDEN.
Sim,	Mr. BLANCHARD.
Zachariah,	Mr. REES.
Muz,	Mr. M'READY.
Trap,	Mr. EVATT.
Twitch,	Mr. ROCK.
Landlord,	Mr. POWELL.
Sheriff's Officer,	Mr. LEDGER.
1st Ruffian,	
2nd Ruffian,	
3d Ruffian,	
Lady Amaranth,	Mrs. POPE.
Amelia,	Miss CHAPMAN.
Jane,	Mrs. WELLS.

SCENE, *Hampshire.*

WILD OATS;

OR,

THE STROLLING GENTLEMEN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Parlour in LADY AMARANTH'S.

Enter JOHN DORY.

JOHN.

FINE cruising this! without flip or biscuit! don't know who's the governor of this here fort; but if he can victual us a few—how hollow my bread room sounds! (*striking his sides*) I'm as empty as a stoved keg, and as tired as an old Dutchman—my obstinate master, Sir George, to tow my old hulk—aboard the house, ha, hoy!

Sir G. (without) John! John Dory!

John. (sits) I'm at anchor.

Enter SIR GEORGE THUNDER.

Sir G. I don't know whose's house we've got into here, John; but I think, when he knows me, we may hope, for some refreshment—Eh! (*looking at John*) was not I your Captain?

John. Yes, and I was your boatswain. And what of all that?

Sir G. Then how dare you sit in my presence, you bluff head?

John. Why, for the matter of that I don't mind; but had I been your captain, and you my boatswain, the man that stood by me at sea, should be welcome to sit before me on land. (*rising*)

Sir G. That's true, my dear John; offer to stand up, and, damme, if I don't knock you down—zounds! I am as dry as a powder match—to sail at the rate of ten knots an hour, over fallow and stubble, from my own house, half a league this side of Gosport, and not catch these deserters!

John. In this here chace, you wanted the bal-
last of wisdom.

Sir G. How, firrah! hafn't, my dear old friend, Dick Broadside, got the command of the ship I so often fought myself—to man it for him with expedition, didn't I offer two guineas over the King's bounty to every seaman that would enter on board her? Hav'n't these three scoundrels fingered the shot, then ran, and didn't I do right to run after them? Damn the money! I no more mind that than a piece of clinker; but but 'twas the pride of my heart to see my be-
loved

loved ship (the Eagle) well mann'd when my old friend is the commander.

John. But since you've laid yourself up in ordinary, retired to live in quiet, on your own estate, and had done with all sea affairs—

Sir G. John, John, a man should forget his own convenience for his country's good.—Tho' Broadside's letter said these fellows were lurking about this part of Hampshire, yet still its all hide and seek.

John. Your ill luck.

Sir G. Mine, you swab?

John. Ay, you've money and gold; but grace and good fortune have shook hands with you these nineteen years, for that rogue's trick you play'd poor Miss Amelia, by deceiving her with a sham marriage, when you pass'd yourself for Captain Seymour, and then putting off to sea, leaving her to break her poor heart, and since marrying another lady.

Sir G. Wasn't I forc'd to it by my father?

John. Ay; because she had a great fortune, her death too was a judgment upon you.

Sir G. Why, you impudent dog fish, upbraid me with running into false bay, when you were my pilot? Wasn't it you even brought me the mock clergyman that performed the sham marriage with Amelia?

John. Yes, you think so; but I took care to bring you a real clergyman. (*aside*)

Sir G. But is this a time or place for your lectures? At home, abroad, sea, or land, you will still badger me! mention my Wild Oats again and—you scoundrel, since the night my bed-curtains took fire, aboard the Eagle, you've got me quite into leading-strings—you snatch-

ed me upon deck and tossed me into the sea,—to save me from being burnt I was almost drowned.

John. You wou'd but for me—

Sir Geo. Yes, you dragg'd me out by the ear like a water-dog—and 'cause applauded for that, ever since you're so curst careful of me, that only lifting my leg to step a board a boat, you whip me up, and chuck me into it—last week, 'cause you found the tenth bottle uncorked, you rushed in among my friends and ran away with me, and, next morning Captain O'Shanaghan sends me a challenge for flinking off when he was toast-master! so, to save me from a head-ach, you'd like to've got my brains blown out.

John. Oh, very well, be burnt in your bed, and tumble in the water by jumping into boats, like a tight fellow as you are, and poison yourself with flow-juice; see if John cares a piece of mouldy biscuit about it. But I wish you hadn't made me your valet-de-Shamber. No sooner was I got on shore after five years dashing among rocks, shoals, and breakers, than you sets me on a high trotting cart-horse, which knockt me up and down like an old bomb-boat in the bay of Biscay, and here's nothing to drink after all! because at home you keep open house, you think every body else does the same.

Sir G. Why, by failing into this strange port we may be more free than welcome.

John. Holloa! I'll never cease piping 'till it calls up a drop to wet my whistle. [*Exit*

Sir G. Yes, (as John Dory remarks) I fear my trip thro' life will be attended with heavy squalls and foul weather. When my conduct to poor Amelia comes athwart my mind, it's a hurricane for

for that day, and turn in at night, the ballad of
“ William and Margaret ” rings in my ear (*sings*)
“ In glided Margaret’s grimly ghost ” oh, zounds !
the dismals are coming upon me, and can’t get
a cheeering glas to—holloa !

Enter EPHRAIM SMOOTH.

Eph. Friend, what would’st thou have ?

Sir G. Grog.

Eph. Neither man nor woman of that name
abideth here.

Sir G. Ha, ha, ha ! man and woman ! then if
you’ll bring me Mr. Brandy and Mrs. Water,
we’ll couple them, and the first child probably
will be master Grog.

Eph. Thou dost speak in parables, which I un-
derstand not.

Sir G. Sheer off with your sanctified poop, and
send the gentleman of the house.

Eph. The owner of this mansion is a maiden,
and she approacheth.

Enter Lady AMARANTH.

Lady Am. Friend, Ephriam Smooth, did’st
thou— (*turns, sees Sir George*) do I behold ? It is !
how do’st thou uncle ?

Sir G. Is it possible you can be my niece, Lady
Maria Amaranth Thunder ?

Lady Am. I am the daughter of thy deceased
brother Loftus, called Earl Thunder, but no La-
dy, my name is Mary.

Sir G. But, how is all this ? Eh ! unexpected-
ly find you in a strange house, of which old Sly
here

here tells me you're mistress, turned Quaker and disclaim your title!

Lady Am. Title is vanity.

Sir G. Why certainly I drop my Lord by Courtesy for my Sir Knighthood acquired by my own merit girl.

Lady Am. Thou knowest the relation to whose care my father left me?

Sir G. Well! I know our cousin, old Dovehouse, was a Quaker! but I didn't suspect he would have made you one.

Lady Am. Being now gathered to his fathers, he did bequeath unto me his worldly goods; amongst them, this mansion and the lands around it.

Eph. So thou becom'st and continue one of the faithful. I am executor of his will, and by it, I cannot give thee, Mary, possession of these goods but on those conditions.

Sir G. Tell me of your thee's and thou's, Quaker's wills and mansions! I say girl, tho' on the death of your father, my eldest brother, Loftus, Earl Thunder, from your being a female, his title devolved to his next brother, Robert; tho', as a woman, you can't be an Earl, nor as a woman you can't make laws for your sex and our sex, yet as the daughter of a Peer, you are, and, by heaven, shall be called Lady Maria Amaranth Thunder.

Eph. Thou makeest too much noise, friend.

Sir G. Call me friend and I'll bump your block against the capstern.

Eph. Yea, this is a man of danger, and I'll leave Mary to abide it. [Exit.]

Sir G. 'Sfure, my Lady—

Enter.

Enter ZACHARIAH.

Zach. Shall thy cook, this day, roast certain birds of the air, called woodcocks, and ribs of the oxen likewise?

Lady Am. All. My uncle sojourneth with me peradventure, and my meal shall be a feast, friend Zachariah.

Zach. My tongue shall say so, friend Mary.

Sir G. Sir George Thunder bids thee remember to call your mistress, Lady Amaranth.

Zach. Verily, George.

Sir G. George! firrah, tho' a younger brother, the honour of knighthood was my reward for placing the British flag over that of a daring enemy—therefore address me with respect.

Zach. Yea, I do, good George. *[Exit.*

Sir G. George and Mary! here's levelling, here's abolition of title with a vengeance! in this house, they think no more of an English Knight than a French Duke.

Lady Am. Kinsman, be patient, thou, and thy son, my cousin Henry, whom I have not beheld I think, these twelve years, shall be welcome to my dwelling. Where now abideth the youth?

Sir G. At the Naval Academy, at Portsmouth.

Lady Am. May I not see the young man?

Sir Geo. What, to make a Quaker of him?—No, no. But, hold, as she's now a wealthy heiress, her marrying my son Harry, will keep up and preserve her title in our own family too. *(aside)* Would'st thou really be glad to see him? thou shalt, Mary. Ha, ha, ha! John Dory, *(calling)* here comes my Valet de Chambre.

Enter

Enter JOHN DORY.

John. Why, Sir—such a breeze sprung up?

Sir Geo. Avast, old man of war; you must instantly convoy my son from Portsmouth.

John. Then I must first convoy him to Portsmouth, for he happens to be out of dock already.

Sir Geo. What wind now?

John. You know on our quitting harbour—

Sir Geo. Damn your sea-jaw, you marvellous dolphin, give the contents of your log-book in plain English.

John. The young squire has cut and run.

Sir Geo. What!

John. Got leave to come to you, and master didn't find out before yesterday, that, instead of making for home, he had sheer'd off towards London, directly sent notice to you, and Sam has traced us all the way here to bring you the news.

Sir Geo. What, a boy of mine quit his guns? I'll grapple him.—Come John, come along.

Lady Am. Order the carriage for mine uncle.

Sir Geo. No, thank ye, my lady. Let your equipage keep up your own dignity. I've horses here; but I won't knock 'em up; next village is the channel for the stage—My Lady, I'll bring the dog to you by the bowsprit.—Weigh anchor! crowd sail! and after him!

[*Exit.*]

Re-enter EPHRAIM SMOOTH, (*Peeping in*).

Eph. The man of noise doth not tarry, then my spirit is glad.

Lady Am. Let Sarah prepare chambers for my kinsman, and hire the maiden for me that thou didst mention.

Eph.

Eph. I will; for the damsel is passing fair, and hath found grace in mine eyes. Mary, as thou art yet a stranger in this land, and have just taken possession of this estate, the laws of society command thee to be on terms of amity with thy wealthy neighbours.

Lady Am. Yea; but while I entertain the rich, the hearts of the poor shall also rejoice; I myself will now go forth into the adjacent hamlet, and invite all to hearty cheer.

Eph. Yea, I will distribute among the poor, the good books thou didst desire me.

Lady Am. And meat and drink too, friend Ephraim. In the fulness of plenty they shall join in thanksgiving for those gifts which I overabundantly possess. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

A Road.

Enter HARRY THUNDER, and Muz,

Muz. I say Dick Buskin! harky, my lad!

(*to Harry.*)

Harry. What keeps Rover?

Muz. I'm sure I don't know. As you desired, I paid for our breakfast. But the devil's in that fellow, every Inn we stop at he will always hang behind, chattering to the bar-maid, or chamber-maid.

Harry. Or any, or no maid. But he's a worthy lad. And I love him better, I think, than my own brother, had I one.

Muz. Oh! but, Dick, mind, my boy—

Harry. Stop, *Muz.* Tho' 'twas my orders when I set out on this scamper with the players, (the better to conceal my quality, for you, before people, to treat me as your companion; yet, at the same time, you shou'd have had discretion enough to remember, when we're alone, that I am still your master, and son to Sir George Thunder.

Muz. Sir, I ask your pardon; but by making yourself my equal, I've got so used to familiarity, that I find it hard to shake it off.

Harry. Well, Sir, pray mind, that familiarity is all over now. My frolic's out, I now throw off the player, and shall directly return. My father must by this time have heard of my departure from the academy at Portsmouth; and, tho' I was deluded away by my rage for a little acting, yet 'twas wrong of me to give the gay old fellow any cause for uneasiness.

Muz. And, Sir, shall you and I never act another scene together? Shall I never again play Colonel Standard for my own benefit? Never again have the pleasure of caning your honour in the character of Tom Errand.

Harry. In future act the part of a smart hat and coat brusher, or I shall have the honor of kicking you in the character of an idle puppy. You were a good servant; but I find, by letting you crack your jokes and sit in my company, you're grown quite a lounging rascal.

Muz. Yes, Sir, I was a modest, well behaved lad; but evil communication corrupts good manners.

Harry. Bgone, Sir, 'till I call for you.

[*Exit Muz.*

Well, if my father but forgives me.—This three months excursion has shewn me some life, and a devilish

devilish deal of fun. For one circumstance, I shall ever remember it with delight. It's bringing me acquainted with Jack Rover. How long he stays! Jack! In this forlorn stroller I have discovered qualities that honor human nature, and accomplishments that might grace a Prince. I don't know a pleasanter fellow, except when he gets to his abominable habit of quotation. I hope he wont find the purse I've hid in his coat pocket, before we part. I dread the moment, but it's come.

Rover. (Without) "The brisk li-li-lightning I."

Harry. Ay, here's the rattle. Hurried on by the impetuous flow of his own volatile spirits, his life is a rapid stream of extravagant whim, and while the serious voice of humanity prompts his heart to the best actions, his features shine in laugh and levity. Studying Bayes, eh, Jack?

Enter ROVER.

Rover. "I am the bold Thunder."

Harry. (aside) I am if he knew but all.—Keep one standing in the road.

Rover. Beg your pardon, my dear Dick! but all the fault of—Plague on't, that a man can't sleep and breakfast at an inn, then return up to his bedchamber for his gloves that he'd forgot; but there he must find chambermaids thumping feathers and knocking pillows about, and keep one when one has affairs and business! 'Pon my soul, these girls conduct to us is intolerable. The very thought brings the blood into my face, and whenever they attempt to serve, provoke me so, damme but I will, I will—An't I right, Dick?

Harry. "No; all in the wrong."

Rover.

Rover. No matter; that's the universal play "all round the wrekin:" but you're so conceited, because by this company you're going to join at Winchester, you are engaged for high tragedy.

Harry. And you for Rangers, Plumes, and Foppingtons.

Rover. Our first play is Lear. I was devilish imperfect in Edgar t'other night at Lymington. I must look it over (*takes out a book*), "Away, the foul fiend follows me!" Hollo! stop a moment, we shall have the whole country after us.

(*Going.*

Harry. What now?

Rover. That rosy face chambermaid put me in such a passion, that by heaven, I walked out of the house, and forgot to pay our bill. (*Going.*

Harry. Never mind, Rover, it's paid.

Rover. Paid! why, neither you nor Muz had money enough. No, really!

Harry. Ha, ha, ha! I tell you, it is.

Rover. You paid? Oh, very well. Every honest fellow shou'd be a stock purse. Come then, let's push on now. Ten miles to Winchester, we shall be there by eleven.

Harry. Our trunks are booked at the inn for the Winchester coach.

Rover. "Ay, to foreign climates my old trunk I bear." But I prefer walking, to the Car of Thespis.

Harry. Which is the way?

Rover. Here.

Harry. Then I go there. (*Pointing opposite.*)

Rover. Eh!

Harry. My dear boy, on this spot, and at this moment, we must part.

Rover. Part!

Harry.

Harry. Rover, you wish me well.

Rover. Well, and suppose so. Part, eh! What mystery and grand? What are you at? Do you forget, you, Muz, and I are engaged to Truncheon, the manager, and that the bills are already up with our names to-night to play at Winchester?

Harry. Jack, you and I have often met on a stage in assumed characters; if it's your wish we shou'd ever meet again in our real ones, of sincere friends, without asking whither I go, or my motives for leaving you, when I walk up this road, do you turn down that.

Rover. Joke!

Harry. I'm serious. Good b'ye!

Rover. If you repent your engagement with Truncheon, I'll break off too, and go with you wherever you will—(*Takes him under the arm*)

Harry. Attempt to follow me, and even our acquaintance ends.

Rover. Eh!

Harry. Don't think of my reasons, only that it must be.

Rover. Have I done any thing to—Dick Buskin leave me! (*Turns and puts his handkerchief to his eyes.*)

Harry. I am as much concern'd as you—Good b'ye!

Rover. I can't even bid him good bye—I won't neither—If any cause cou'd have given.—Farewel.

Harry. Bless my poor fellow! Adieu. (*Silently weeps.*)

[*Exeunt severally.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE I.

A Village; a Farm House, and near it a Cottage.

Enter FARMER GAMMON, *and* EPHRAIM SMOOTH.

GAMMON.

WELL, Master Ephraim, I may depend on thee, as you Quakers never break your words.

Eph. I have spoken to Mary, and she, at my request, consenteth to take thy daughter, Jane, as her handmaid.

Gam. Very good of you.

Eph. Goodness I do like, and also—comely Jane (*Aside.*) The maiden, I will prefer for the sake of—myself (*Aside.*)

Gam. I intended to make a present to the person that did me such a piece of service; but I shan't affront you with it.

Eph. I am meek and humble, and must take affronts.

Gam. Then here's a guinea, master Ephraim.

Eph.

Eph. I expected not this; but there is no harm in a guinea. [Exit.]

Gam. So I shall get my children off my hands.—My son, Sim, robbing me day and night—giving away my corn and what not among the poor; and daughter Jane, to prevent me from killing the fowls, buys eggs, and tells me they are still laying them; besides, when girls have nought to do, this love-mischief creeps into their heads.—Sim! (*calling*)

Enter SIM.

Sim. Yes, feyther.

Gam. Call your sister.

Sim. Jane, feyther wants you.

Enter JANE, from the House.

Jane. Did you call me?

Gam. I often told you both, but it's now settled; you must go out into the world and work for your bread.

Sim. Well, feyther, whatever you think right, must be so, and I'm content.

Jane. And I'm sure, feyther, I'm willing to do as you'd have me.

Gam. There's ingratitude! When my wife died, I brought you both up from the shell, and now you want to fly off and forsake me.

Sim. Why, no; I'm willing to live with you all my days.

Jane. And I'm sure, feyther, if it's your desire, I'll never part from you.

Gam. What, you want to hang upon me like
a couple

a couple of leeches, ay, to strip my branches, and leave me a withered hawthorn! See who's yon.

[*Exit Sim.*]

Jane, Ephraim Smooth has hired you for Lady Amaranth.

Jane. O Lack! Then I shall live in the great house.

Gam. Ay, and mayhap come in for her cast off cloaths.

Jane. But she's a quaker; and I'm sure, every Sunday for church, I dress much finer than her ladyship.

Gam. She has sent us all presents of good books, to read a chapter in now and then. (*opens a book*) "The Economy of human life." Ah, I like Economy—read that—when a mon's in a passion, this may give him patience; there Jane. (*gives her the book*)

Jane. Thank her good ladyship.

Gam. My being incumber'd with you both is the cause why old Banks won't give me his sister.

Jane. That's a pity. If we must have a step-mother, Madam Amelia wou'd make us a very good one. But I wonder how she can refuse you, feyther, for I'm sure she must think you a very portly man in your scarlet vest and new scratch. You can't think how parsonable you'd look, if you'd only shave twice a week, and put sixpence in the poor-box on a Sunday.

[*Retires reading.*]

Gam. However, if Banks still refuses, I have him in my power. I'll turn them both out of their cottage yonder, and the bailiff shall provide them with a lodging.

Enter

Enter BANKS.

Well, neighbour Banks, once for all, am I to marry your sister?

Banks. That she best knows.

Gam. Ay, but she says she won't.

Banks. Then I dare say she won't; for I never knew her to speak what she didn't think.

Gam. Then she won't have me? A fine thing this, that you and she, who are little better than paupers, dare be so saucy!

Banks. Why, farmer, I confess we're poor; but while that's the worst our enemies can say of us, we're content.

Gam. Od, dom it! I wish I had now a good, fair occasion to quarrel with him; I'd make him content with a devil; I'd knock'en down, send him to jail and—But I'll be up with him!

Enter SIM.

Sim. Oh, feyther, here's one Mr. Lamp, a ringleader of Showfolks come from Andover to act in our village. He wants a barn to play in, if you'll hire him yourn.

Gam. Surely, boy. I'll never refuse money. But, lest he should engage the great room in the inn, run thou and tell him—Stop, I'll go myself—A short cut through that garden—(*going thro' the Cottage garden, Banks stops him*)

Banks. Why, you, or any neighbour is welcome to walk in it, or to partake of what it produces, but making it a common thoroughfare is—

Gam. Here, Sim, kick open that garden gate.

Banks. What?

Gam. Does the lad hear?

Sim. Why, yes, yes.

Gam. Does the fool understand?

Sim. I'm as yet but young; but if understanding teaches me how to wrong my neighbour, may I never live to years of discretion.

Gam. What, you cur, do you disobey your feyther? Burst open the garden gate, as I command you.

Sim. Feyther, he that made both you and the garden, commands me not to injure the unfortunate.

Gam. Here's an ungracious rogue! Then I must do it myself. (*advances*)

Banks. (*stands before it*) Hold, neighbour. Small as this spot is, it's now my only possession: and the man shall first take my life who sets a foot in it against my will.

Gam. I'm in such a passion.—

Jane. (*comes forward*) Feyther, if you're in a passion, read the Economy of Human Life. (*offers book*)

Gam. Plague of the wench! But, you hussy, I'll—and you, you unlucky bird!

[*Exeunt Sim and Jane*]

(*A Shower of Rain.*) Enter ROVER *hastily*.

Rev. Here's a pelting shower and no shelter!
“Poor Tom's a cold,” I'm wet thro'—Oh, here's a fair promising house. (*going to Gammon's*)

Gam. (*stops him*) Hold, my lad. Can't let folks in till I know who they be. There's a public house not above a mile on.

Banks. Step in here, young man; my fire is small; but it shall cheer you with a hearty welcome.

Rev.

Row. (to *Banks*) The poor cottager ! (to *Gam.*) And the substantial farmer ! (*kneels*) " Hear, " Nature, dear goddess, hear ! If ever you designed to make his corn-fields fruitful, change " thy purpose ; that, from the blighted ear no " grain may fall to fat his stubble goose—and, " when to town he drives his hogs, so like himself, oh, let him feel the soaking rain, then " may he curse his crime too late, and know how " sharper than a serpent's tooth it is."—Damme, but I'm spouting in the rain all this time.

[*rises and runs into Banks's.*]

Gam. Ay, neighbour, you'll soon rise from a beggar's bed if you harbour every mad vagrant. This may be one of the footpads, that, it seems, have got about the country ; but I'll have an execution, and seize on thy goods, this day, my charitable neighbour ! Eh, the sun strikes out, quite cleared up.

Enter JANE.

Jane. La, feyther, if there is'nt coming down the village—

Gam. Ah, thou hussy !

Jane Bless me, feyther ! No time for anger now. Here's lady Amaranth's chariot, drawn by her new grand long tail'd horses.—La ! it stops.

Gam. Her Ladyship is coming out, and walks this way.—She may wish to rest herself in my house. Jane, we must always make rich folks welcome.

Jane. Dear me, I'll run in and set things to rights. But, feyther, your cravat and wig are all got so rumplified with your cross grain'd tan-

tarums.—I'll tie your neck-cloth in a big beau, and for your wig, if there is any flour in the drudging box—(*adjusts them and runs into house*)

Gam. Oh! the bailiff too that I engaged.—

Enter TWITCH.

Twitch. Well, master Gammon, as you desired, I'm come to serve this here warrant of yours, and arrest master Banks; where is he?

Gam. Yes, now I be's determined on't—he's—Stand aside, I'll speak to you anon. (*looking out*)

Enter Lady AMARANTH, ZACHARIAH following.

Lady Am. Friend, Jane, whom I have taken to be my handmaid, is thy daughter?

Gam. Ay so her mother say'd, an't please your ladyship.

Lady Am. Ephraim Smooth acquainteth me thou art a wealthy yeoman.

Gam. Why, my Lady, I pay my rent.

Lady Am. Being yet a stranger on my estate around here, I have passed through thy hamlet to behold with mine own eye, the distresses of my poor tenants. I wish to relieve their wants.

Gam. Right, your Ladyship: for charity hides a deal of sins. How good of you to think of the poor! that's so like me. I'm always contriving how to relieve my neighbours—you must lay Banks in jail to-night. (*apart to Twitch*)

Enter JANE.

Jane. An't please you, will your ladyship enter our humble dwelling and rest your ladyship in

in feyther's great cane bottom'd elbow chair with a high back. (*curtsies.*)

Gam. Do, my lady. To receive so great a body from her own chariot is an honour I dreamt not of; tho' for the hungry and weary foot traveller, my doors are always open and my morsel ready. Knock; when he comes out, touch him. (*apart to Twitch*)

Lady Am. Thou art benevolent, and I will enter thy dwelling with satisfaction.

Jane. O precious! This way, my lady.

[*Exeunt all but Twitch.*]

Twitch. Eh, where's the warrant? (*feels his pocket, and knocks at Banks's door*)

Enter BANKS.

Banks. Master Twitch! What's your business with me?

Twitch. Only a little affair here against you.

Banks. Me!

Twitch. Yes; farmer Gammon has bought up a thirty pound note of hand of yours.

Banks. Indeed! I didn't think this malice could have stretch'd so far—I thought the love he professed for my sister, might—why, its true, master Twitch, to lend our indigent cottagers small sums when they've been unable to pay their rents; I got lawyer Quirk to procure me this money, and hoped their industry would have put it in my power to take up my note before now. However, I'll go round and try what they can do, then call on you and settle it.

Twitch. No, no, you must go with me.

Rev. (without) Old gentleman come quick, or I'll open another bottle of your currant wine.

Twitch.

Twitch. You'd best not make a noise, but come.
(*to Banks*)

Enter ROVER.

Rov. Oh, you're here? Rain over—quite fine—
—I'll take a sniff of the open air too—Eh, what's the matter?

Twitch. What's that to you?

Rov. What's that to me? Why, you're a very unmannerly—

Twitch. Oh, here's a rescue!

Banks. Nay, my dear, Sir, I'd wish you not to bring yourself into trouble about me.

Twitch. Now, since you don't know what's civil, if the debt's not paid directly, to jail you go.

Rov. My kind, hospitable good old man to jail! What's the amount, you scoundrel.

Twitch. Better words, or I'll—

Rov. Stop; utter you a word good or bad, except to tell me what's your demand upon this gentleman, and I'll give you the greatest beating you ever got since the hour you commenced rascal. (*in a low tone*)

Twitch. Why, master, I don't want to quarrel with you, because—

Rov. You'll get nothing by it. Do you know, you villain, that I am this moment the greatest man living?

Twitch. Who, pray?

Rov. "I am the bold thunder!" Sirrah, know that I carry my purse of gold in my coat-pocket. Tho' dam'me if I know how a purse came there. (*aside and takes it out*) There's twenty pictures of his Majesty; therefore, in the King's name, I free

free his liege subject, (*takes Banks away*) and now who am I? Ah, ah!

Twitch. Ten pieces short, my master; but if you're a housekeeper I'll take this and your bail.

Rov. Then for bail you must have a housekeeper? What's to be done?

Enter GAMMON.

Ah, here's little Hospitality! I know you've a house, tho' your fire-side was too warm for me. Lookye, here's some rapacious, griping rascal, has had this worthy gentleman arrested. Now a certain good for nothing, rattling fellow has paid twenty guineas of the debt, you pass your word for the other nine, we'll step back into the old gentleman's friendly house, and over his currant wine, our first toast shall be, liberty to the honest debtor, and confusion to the hard hearted creditor.

Gam. Shan't.

Rov. Shan't! Pray an't your name Mr. Shylock—

Gam. No, my name's Gammon.

Rov. Gammon! You're the Hampshire hog.

[*Exit Gammon.*]

S'death! How shall I do to extricate—?

Enter Lady AMARANTH, from GAMMON'S.

Lady Am. What tumult's this?

Rov. A lady! Ma'am, your most obedient humble servant. (*bows*) A quaker too! They are generally kind and humane, and that face is the prologue to a play of a thousand good acts—may be she'd help us here. (*aside*) Ma'am, you must

must know that—that I—no—this gentleman—I mean this gentleman and I—He got a little behind hand, as any honest, well principled man often may, from bad harvests and rains—lodging corn—and his cattle—from murrain, and—rot—and rot the murrain! you know this is the way all this affair happen'd (*to Banks*) and then up steps this gentleman (*to Twitch*) with a—a tip in his way—madam, you understand? And then in steps I—with my a—In short, madam, I am the worst story teller in the world where myself is the hero of the tale.

Twitch. In plain English, Mr. Banks has been arrested for thirty pounds, and this gentleman has paid twenty guineas of the debt.

Banks. My litigious neighbour to expose me thus!

Lady Am. The young man and maiden within, have spoken well of thy sister, and pictured thee as a man of irreproachable morals though unfortunate.

Rov. Madam, he's the honestest fellow—I've known him above forty years, he has the best hand at stirring a fire—If you were only to taste his currant wine.

Banks. Madam, I never aspired to an enviable rank in life: but hitherto pride and prudence kept me above the reach of pity: but obligations from a stranger—

Lady Am. He really a stranger, and attempt to free thee? But, friend (*to Rover*) thou hast assumed a right which here belongeth alone to me. As I enjoy the blessings which these lands produce, I own also the heart delighting privilege of dispensing those blessings to the wretched. Thou mad'st thyself my worldly banker, and no cash of mine

mine in thine hands, (*takes a note from a pocket book*) but thus I balance our account (*offers it.*)

Rover. "Madam, my master pays me, nor can I take money from another hand without injuring his honour and disobeying his commands."

"Run, run, Orlando, carve on every tree

"The fair, the chaste, the inexpressive she."

[*Runs off.*]

Banks. But, sir, I insist you'll return him his money (*to Twitch*) Stop! (*going*)

Twitch. Ay, Stop! (*holds the skirt of his coat*)

Lady Am. Where dwelleth he?

Banks. I fancy, where he can, Madam. I understand, from his discourse, that he was on his way to join a company of actors in the next town.

L. Am. A profane stage-player with such a gentle, generous heart! Yet so whimsically wild, like the unconscious rose, modestly shrinking from the recollection of its own grace and sweetness.

Enter JANE, from the house, drest.

Jane. Now, my lady, I'm fit to attend your ladyship. I look so genteelish mayhap her ladyship may take me home with her.

Lady Am. This maiden may find out for me whither he goeth. (*aside*) Call on my steward, and thy legal demands shall be satisfied. (*to Twitch*)

Jane. Here, coachman, drive up my lady's chariot, nearer to our door. (*calls off*) If she'd take me with her, la! how all the folks will stare. (*aside*) Madam, tho' the roads are so very dusty, I'll walk all the way on foot to your ladyship's house—ay, tho' I should spoil my bran new petticoat.

Lady Am. Rather than fully thy garment, thou shalt be seated by me.

Jane. Oh, your ladyship! he, he, he! If I didn't think so—(*aside*)

Enter SIM.

Here you Sim, order the charrott for us.

Sim. Us! Come, come, Jane, I've the little tax cart to carry you.

Jane. Cart!

Lady Am. Friend be cheerful; thine and thy sister's sorrows shall be but an April shower.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II.

Before an Inn.

Enter ROVER and WAITER.

Rover. Hillo! friend, when does the coach set out for London?

Wait. In about an hour, fir.

Rover. Has the Winchester coach passed yet?

Wait. No, fir.

[*Exit.*]

Rover. That's lucky! Then my trunk is here still. Go I will nat. Since I've lost the fellowship of my friend Dick, I'll travel no more, I'll try a London audience, who knows but I may get an engagement. This celestial lady quaker! She must be rich, and ridiculous for such a poor dog as I, even to think of her. How Dick would laugh

laugh at me if he knew—I dare say by this she has released my kind host from the gripe of that rascal—I should like to be certain, tho’.

Enter LANDLORD.

Land. You’ll dine here, sir? I’m honest Bob Johnston; have kept the sun these twenty years. Excellent dinner on table at two.

Rover. “Yet my love indeed is appetite, I’m as “hungry as the sea, and can digest as much.”

Land. Then you won’t do for my shilling ordinary, sir, there’s a very good ordinary at the Saracen’s head, at the end of the town. Shouldn’t have thought indeed, hungry foot travellers to eat like aldermen—coming, sir.

Rover. I’ll not join this company at Winchester. No, I’ll not stay in the country hopeless even to expect a look, (except of scorn) from this lady. I will take a touch at a London theatre. The public there, are candid and generous, and before my merit can have time to create enemies, I’ll save money, and,—“a fig for the sultan and sophy.”

Enter JANE at the back, and SIM watching her.

Jane. Ay, that’s he!

Rover. But if I fall, by heaven, I’ll overwhelm the manager, his empire, and—“himself in one prodigious ruin.”

Jane. Oh lord! (*runs back*)

Sim. What can you expect when you follow young men? I’ve dodged you all the way.

Jane. Well! wasn’t I sent?

Sim. Oh yes, you were sent—very likely. Who sent you?

Jane. It was—I won't tell it's my lady, cause she bid me not. (*aside*)

Sim. I'll keep you from sheam—a fine life I should have in the parish, rare fleering, if a sister of moine should stand some Sunday at church, in a white sheet, and to all their flouts what could I say?

Rover. Thus, “I say my sister's wrong'd, my
“ sister Blowsabella, born as high and noble as
“ the attorney—do her justice, or by the gods,
“ I'll lay a scene of blood, shall make this hay-
“ mow horrible to Beedles.”—“ Say that,
“ Chamont.”

Sim. I believe it's full moon. You go hoame to your place, and moind your business.

Jane. My lady will be so pleased I've found him! I dont wonder at it, he's such a fine spoken man.

Sim. Dang it! Will you stand here grinning at the wild bucks. You saucy slut, to keep me and the cart there waiting for you at the end of the lane.

Jane. Never mind him, sir; it's because my lady gave me a ride in her coach that makes the boy so angry.

Rover. “Then you are Kastrill, the angry boy?”

Sim. So was the prime minister till he got himself shaved.

Jane. Perhaps the gentleman might wish to send her ladyship a compliment. An't please you, sir, if it's even a kiss between us two, it shall go safe; for though you should give it me, brother Sim then can take it to my lady.

Rover. “I kils'd thee e'er I kill'd thee”.

Jane. Kill me!

Rover. “No way but this killing myself to die
“ upon a kifs!” (*advancing*)

Sim.

Sim. (*interposing*) And you walk home, my forward miss. (*mimicks.*)

Rov. "I've heard of your painting too: you gig, you lisp, you amble, and nickname God's creatures."

Sim. Why, who told you she call'd me an afs?

Rov. "Oh that the town clerk was here, to write thee down an afs! but though not written down in black and white, remember, thou art an afs."

Jane. Yes, sir; I'll remember it.

Sim. Go! (*to Jane—puts her out.*)

Rov. "Ay, to a nunnery go." I'm cursedly out of spirits; but hang sorrow, I may as well divert myself.—"'Tis meat and drink for me to see a clown." "Shepherd, was't ever at court?"

Sim. Not I.

Rov. "Then thou art damn'd."

Sim. Eh!

Rov. Ay! "like an ill-roasted egg—all on one side."—Little Hospitality. (*looking out.*)

Enter Farmer GAMMON.

Gam. Eh, where's the showman that wants to hire my barn? So, madam Jane, I place her out to service, and instead of attending her mistress, she gets galloping all about the village,—How's this, son?

Rov. "Your son? Young Clodpate, take him to your wheat-stack, and there teach him manners."

Gam. Ah, thou'rt the fellow that would bolt out of the dirty roads into people's houses. Ho, ho, ho! Sim's schooling is mightily thrown away, if he hasn't more manners than thou.

Sim.

Sim. Why, feyther, it is! Gadzooks, he be one of the play! Acted Tom Fool, in King Larry, at Lymington, to'ther night—I thought I know'd the face, thof he had a straw cap, and a blanket about'n—Ho, ho! how comical that was, when you said—

Rov. “Pillicock sat upon Pillicock hill, pil—
“i—loo, loo!”

Sim. That's it! That's it! He's at it! (*claps*)
laugh, feyther, laugh.

Gam. Hold your tongue, boy! I believe he's no better than he should be. The moment I saw him, says I to myself, you are a rogue.

Rov. There you spoke truth for once in your life.

Gam. I'm glad to hear you confess it. But her ladyship shall have the vagrants whipt out of the country.

Rov. Vagrant! “Thou wretch! despite o'er-
“whelm thee!” “Only squint, and by heaven,
“I'll beat thy blown body 'till it rebounds like a
“tennis ball.”

Sim. Beat my feyther! No, no. Thou must first beat me. (*puts himself in a posture of defence.*)

Rov. (*with feeling.*) “Tho' love cool, friend-
“ship fall off, brothers divide, subjects rebel,
“Oh! never let the sacred bond be crackt 'twixt
“son and father!”—I never knew a father's protection, never had a father to protect. (*puts his handkerchief to his eyes.*)

Sim. He's not acting now!

Enter LANDLORD, with a Book, Pen, and Ink.

Gam. Landlord, is this Mr. Lamp here?

Land.

Land. I've just opened a bottle for him and the other gentleman in the parlour.

Rov. "Go, father, with thy son; give him a livery more guarded than his fellows."

Sim. Livery! Why, I be no sarvant man, tho' sister Jane is. Gi's thy hand. (*To Rover*) I don't know how 'tis; but I think I could lose my life for thee; but musn't let feyther be beat tho'—No, no! (*Going, turns and looks at Rover.*) Ecod, I never shall forget Pillicock upon a hill!

[*Exeunt Farmer Gammon, and Sim.*]

Rov. "Thou art an honest reptile;" I'll make my entrée on the London boards in Bayes; yes, I shall have no comparifon against me. "Egad, it's very hard, that a gentleman, and an author can't come to teach them, but he must break his nose, and—and—all that—but---so the players are gone to dinner."

Land. No such people frequent the sun, I assure you.

Rov. "Sun, moon, and stars!---Now mind the eclipse, Mr. Johnson.

Land. I heard nothing of it, Sir.

Rov. "There's the sun between the earth and the moon---there's the moon between the earth and the sun, tol, lol, lol! dance the hay! luna means to shew her tail."

Enter WAITER.

Wait. Two gentlemen in the parlour wou'd speak with you, Sir.

Rov. "I attend them, were they twenty times our mother."

Land. Sir, you go in the stage; as we book the passengers, what name?

Rov.

Rov. "I am the bold Thunder."

Land. (*writing*) Mr. Thunder.

[*Exit Rover.*]

Enter JOHN DORY.

John. I want two places in the stage coach, because I and another gentleman are going a voyage.

Land. Just two vacant, what name?

John. Avast! I go aloft. But let's see who'll be my master's mess mates in the cabin: (*reads*) "Captain Muccolah, Counsellor Fazacherly, Miss Gosling, Mr. Thunder." What's this? speak man! is there one of that name going?

Land. Booked him this minute.

John. If our voyage should be at an end before we begin it?---if this Mr. Thunder should be my master's son!---what rate is this vessel?

Land. Rate!--

John. What sort of a gentleman is he?

Land. Oh! a rum sort of a gentleman; I suspect he's one of the players.

John. True; Sam said it was some player's people coaxed him away from Portsmouth school. It must be the 'squire---shew me where he's moored, my old purser. [*Exit. singing, and Landlord following.*]

SCENE III.

A Room in the Inn.

LAMP and TRAP (*discovered drinking*).

Trap. This same farmer Gammon seems a surly spark.

Lamp.

Lamp. No matter. His barn will hold a good 30l. and if I can but engage this young fellow, this Rover, he'll cram it every night he plays. He's certainly a devilish good actor. Now, Trap, you must enquire out a carpenter, and be brisk about the building. I think we shall have smart business, as we stand so well for pretty women too. Oh, here is Mr. Rover!

Trap. Snap him at any terms.

Enter ROVER.

Rov. Gentlemen, your most obedient--The waiter told me——

Lamp. Sir, to our better acquaintance, (*sills.*)

Rov. I don't recollect having the honour of knowing you.

Lamp. Mr. Rover, tho' I am a stranger to you, your merit is none to me.

Rov. Sir! (*bows.*)

Lamp. My name is Lamp; I am manager of the company of comedians that's come down here, and Mr. Trap is my treasurer; engages performers, sticks bills, finds properties, keeps box-book, prompts plays, and takes the towns.

Trap. The most reputable company, and charming money getting circuit. (*apart to Rover.*)

Rov. I Hav'nt a doubt, Sir.

Lamp. Only suffer me to put up your name to play with us six nights, and twelve guineas are yours.

Rov. Sir, I thank you, and must confess your offer is liberal; but my friends have flattered me into a sort of opinion that encourages me to take a touch at the capital.

Lamp. Ah, my dear Mr. Rover, a London Theatre is dangerous ground.

Rov. Why, I may fail, and gods may groan and ladies drawl, "La, what an awkward creature!" But should I top my part, then shall gods applaud, and ladies sigh "The charming fellow!" and managers take me by the hand, and treasurers smile upon me as they count the shining guineas!

Lamp. But, suppose—

Rov. Ay, suppose the contrary; I have a certain friend here, in my coat pocket (*puts his hand in his pocket.*) Eh! where is---oh, the devil! I gave it to discharge my kind host---going for London, and not master of five shillings! then I must engage here. (*aside*) "Sir, to return to the twenty pounds."

Lamp. Twenty pounds! Well, let it be so.

Rov. I engage with you; call a rehearsal, when and where you please, I'll attend.

Lamp. I'll step for the cast-book, and you shall choose your characters.

Trap. And, Sir, I'll write out the play-bills directly. [*Exeunt Lamp and Trap.*]

Rov. Since I must remain here some time, and I've not the most distant hope of ever speaking to this goddess again; I wish I had enquired her name, that I might know how to keep out of her way.

Enter JOHN DORY, and LANDLORD.

Land. There's the gentleman.

John. Very well.

[*Exit Landlord.*]

What cheer, ho! master squire?

Rov. What Cheer! my hearty!

John.

John. The very face of his father! And an't you aſham'd of yourſelf?

Rov. Why, yes, I am ſometimes.

John. Do you know, if I had you at the gang-way, I'd give you a neater dozen than ever you got from your ſchoolmaſter's cat-a-nine tails?

Rov. You wou'dn't ſure?

John. I wou'd ſure.

Rov. Indeed?—Pleasant enough! who is this genius?

John. I've diſpatched a ſhallop to tell Lady Amaranth you're here.

Rov. You hav'nt?

John. I have.

Rov. Now, who the devil's Lady Amaranth.

John. I expect her chariot every moment, and when it comes, you'll get into it, and I'll get into it, and I'll ſet you down genteely at her houſe; then I'll have obeyed my orders, and I hope your father will be ſatisfied.

Rov. My father! who's he, pray?

John. Pſhaw! leave off your fun, and prepare to aſk his pardon.

Rov. Ha, ha, ha! Why, my worthy friend, you are totally wrong in this affair. Upon my word I'm not the perſon you take me for.

(going.)

John. You don't go, tho' they have got your name down in the ſtage coach book, Mr. Thunder.

Rov. Mr. Thunder! Stage coach book! (paufes.) Ha, ha, ha! This muſt be ſome curious blunder.

John. Oh! my lad, your father, Sir George, will change your note.

Rov. He muſt give me one firſt. Sir George!

then my father is a knight it seems; ha, ha, ha! very good faith! 'pon my honour, I am not the gentleman that you think me.

John. I ought not to think you any gentleman for giving your honour in a falsehood. Oh! them play actors you went amongst have quite spoiled you. I wish only one of e'm wou'd come in my way. I'd teach 'em to bring a gentleman's son tramboozing about the country.

Enter STAGE COACHMAN.

Coach. Any passengers here for the balloon coach?

Rov. I was going; "but by the care of standers by, prevented was."

John. Ay; that was my care—I don't fail either, so you may weigh anchor without us.

[Exit Coachman.]

Enter WAITER.

Wait. Her ladyship's chariot's at the door, and I fancy it's you, Sir, the coachman wants.

[Exit Waiter.]

John. Yes, it's me. I attend your honor.

Rov. Then you insist on it that I am——

John. I insist on nothing, only you shall come.

Rov. Indeed! Shall! "Hear you this tritons of the minnows? Mark you his absolute Shall?" Shall is a word that does not sound over agreeable to my ears.

John. Does a pretty girl sound well to your ear?

Rov. "More music in the clink of her horses hoofs

hoofs than twenty hautboys." Why, is this Lady Thing-o-me, pretty?

John. Beautiful as a mermaid, and stately as a ship under sail.

Rov. A beautiful woman! — "Oh, such a sight! talk of a coronation."

John. Coronation! zounds! what are you thinking of?

Rov. "I was thinking of a side-saddle."

John. Side-saddle! why, we go in a coach.

Rov. I've a mind to humour the frolic—Well, well, I'll see your mermaid. But then on the instant of my appearance the mistake must be discovered. (*aside.*) Hearky, is this father of mine you talk of at this lady's?

John. No. Your father's in chace of the deserters. I find he's afraid to face the old one, so, if I tell him he won't go with me. (*aside.*) No, no, we shant see him in a hurry.

Rov. Then I'll venture. Has the lady ever seen me?

John. Psha! none of your jokes man; you know that her ladyship, no more than myself, has set eyes upon you since you were the bigness of a Rumbo Canakin.

Rov. The choice is made, I have my Ranger's dress, in my trunk, "Cousin of Buckingham, thou sage, grave man!"

John. What?

Rov. "Since you will buckle fortune on my back, to bear her burthen, whether I will or no, I must have patience to endure the load? but if black scandal, or foul faced"—

John. Black! my foul face was as fair as your's before I went to sea.

Rov. "Your mere enforcement shall acquit-tance me."

John.

John. Man, don't stand preaching parson Palmer—come to the chariot.

Rev. Ay, to the chariot! "Bear me, Bucephalus, among the billows,—hey! for the Tigris!"
[*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

SCENE I.

LADY AMARANTH'S *House*.*Enter* LADY AMARANTH, *and* EPHRAIM SMOOTH.

LADY AMARANTH.

THO' thou hast settled that distressed gentleman's debt, let his sister come unto me, and remit a quarter's rent unto all my tenants.

Eph. As thou biddest, I have discharged from the pound the widow's cattle; but shall I let the lawsuit drop against the farmer's son, who did shoot the pheasant?

Lady Am. Yea; but instantly turn from my service the gamekeeper's man that did kill the fawn, while it was eating from his hand. We shou'd hate guile, tho we may love venison.

Eph. I love a young doe,—(*aside*) Since the death of friend Dovehouse, who, tho' one of the faithful, was an active magistrate, this part of the country is infested with covetous men, called robbers, and I have in thy name said unto the

the people, whoever apprehendeth one of these, I will reward him, yea with thirty pieces of gold. (*A loud knocking without*). That beating of one brass against another at thy door, proclaimeth the approach of vanity whose pride of heart swelleth at an empty sound. [*Exit.*]

Lady Am. But my heart is possessed with the idea of that wandering youth, whose benevolence induced him to part with (perhaps) his all, to free the unhappy debtor. His person is amiable, his address (according to worldly modes) formed to please, to delight. But he's poor; is that a crime? Perhaps meanly born; but one good act is an illustrious pedigree. I feel I love him, and in that word are contained birth, fame, and riches.

Enter JANE.

Jane. Madam, my lady, an't please you.—

Lady Am. Didst thou find the young man, that I may return him the money he paid for my tenant?

Jane. I found him ma'am, and—I found him, and he talked of—what he said.

Lady Am. What did he say?

Jane. He saw me, ma'am—and called me Blowfabella, and said he would—I'll be hanged, ma'am, if he didn't say he would—Now, think of that—but if he hadn't gone to London in the stage coach.

Lady Am. Is he gone? (*With emotion.*)

Enter JOHN DORY.

John. Oh, my lady, mayhap John Dory is
not

not the man to be sent after young gentlemen that scamper from school, and run about the country play acting! Pray walk up stairs, Master Thunder. (*calls off.*)

Lady Am. Hast thou brought my kinsman hither?

John. Well, I havn't then.

Jane. If you havn't, what do you make such a talk about it?

John. Don't give me your palaver—Will you only walk up, if you please, Master Harry?

Jane. Will you walk up if you please, Master Harry?

Lady Am. Friendship requireth, yet I am not disposed to commune with company.—(*aside.*)

Jane. Oh, blefs me, ma'am! if it isn't—

Enter ROVER, drest.

Rev. “ ’Tis I, Hamlet the Dane!”—“ Thus far, into the bowels of the land, have we march’d on.”—“ John, that bloody and devouring boar!”

John. He called me bull in the coach.

Jane. I don’t know what brought such a bull into the coach!

Rev. This the lady Amaranth! By heavens, the very angel quaker!

Lady Am. (*Turns.*) The dear, generous youth, my cousin Harry!

John. There he’s for you, my lady, and make the most of him:

Jane. Oh, how happy my lady is! he looks so charming now he’s fine.

John. Harky! she’s as rich as a Spanish India-

man, and I tell you, your father wishes you'd grapple her by the heart—court her, you mad devil. (*apart to Rover.*) There's an engagement to be between these two vessels; but little cupid's the only man that's to take minutes, so come. (*to Jane.*)

Jane. Ma'am, an't I to wait on you?

John. No, my lass, you're to wait on me.

Jane. Wait on this great sea-bull! am I ma'am?

John. By this, Sir George is come to the inn,—without letting the youngster know I'll go bring him here, and smuggle both father and son into a joyful meeting. (*aside.*)—(*To Jane.*) Come now usher me down like a lady.

Jane. This way, Mr. Sailor Gentleman.

[*Exeunt John Dory and Jane.*]

Rov. By heavens a most delectable woman!

(*aside*)

Lady Am. Cousin, when I saw thee in the village free the sheep from the wolf, why did'st not tell me then thou wert son to my uncle, Sir George?

Rov. Because, my lady, then I—didn't know it myself—(*aside.*)

Lady Am. Why wou'd'st thou vex thy father, and quit thy school.

Rov. "A truuant disposition, good, my lady, brought me from Wirtemberg."

Lady Am. Thy father designs thee for his dangerous profession; but is thy inclination turned to the voice of trumpets, and smites of mighty slaughter?

Rov. "Why, ma'am, as for old Boreas, my dad, when the blast of war blows in his ears, he's a tyger in his fierce relentment."—But
for

for me, "I think it a pity, and so it is, that
"villainous saltpetre should be digg'd out of the
"bowels of the harmless earth, which many a
"good tall fellow has destroyed, with wounds
"and guns, and drums, heaven save the mark!"

Lady Am. Indeed thou art tall, my cousin,
and grown of comely stature. Our families have
long been separated.

Rov. They have.—Since Adam, I believe—
(*aside.*) "Then, lady, let that sweet bud of
"love now ripen to a beauteous flower!"

Lady Am. Love!

Rov. "Excellent lady! perdition catch my
"soul, but I do love thee, and when I love
"thee not, Chaos is come again."

Lady Am. Thou art of an happy disposition.

Rov. "If I were now to die, 'twere now to
"be most happy." "Let our senses dance in
"concert to the joyful minutes, and this and this
"the only discord make." (*kisses her hand.*)

Enter JANE, with cake and wine.

Jane. Ma'am, an't please you, Mr. Zachariah
bid me—

Rov. "Why, you fancy yourself Cardinal
"Wolfey in this family."

Jane. No, sir, I'm not a Cardinal, I'm only
my lady's maid here—Jenny Gammon, at your
service.

Rov. "A bowl of cream for your Catholic
Majesty."

Jane. Cream! La, Sir, it's wine and water.

Rov. "You get no water, take the wine,
great Potentate."—(*Presents a glass to Lady
Amaranth.*)

Jane.

Jane. Madam, my father begs leave—

Rov. “Go, go, thou shallow Pomona.”—
(*puts her out.*) Eh, s’death ! my manager !

Enter FARMER GAMMON, *and* LAMP.

Gam. I hope her ladyship hasn’t found out ’twas I had Banks arrested. (*aside.*)—Would your ladyship give leave for this here honest man and his comrade to act a few plays in the town, ’cause I’ve let’n my barn. ’Twill be some little help to me my lady.

Rov. I understand more of these affairs than ladies do. Leave me to settle ’em, madam.

Lady Am. True ; these are delusions, as a woman, I understand not. But by my cousins advice I will abide ; ask his permission.

Gam. So ; I must pay my respects to the young Squire. (*aside.*) An’t please your honour, if a poor man like me (*bows*) durst offer my humble duty——

Rov. “Can’st thou bow to a Vagrant.” Eh, Little Hospitality ?

(*Farmer Gammon looks at him and sneaks off.*)

Lamp. Please your honour, if I may presume to hope you’ll be graciously pleased to take our little squad under your honor’s protection.

Rov. Ha !

Lady Am. What saist thou, Henry ?

Rov. Ay, where’s Henry ? True, that’s me, Strange I should already forget my name, and not half an hour since I was christened ! (*aside*) Harky ! do you play yourself ? Eh ! Ha ! Hem ! fellow ?

Lamp. Yes, Sir ; and Sir, I have just now engaged a new actor, one Mr. Rover. Such an actor !
but

but I dare say, Sir, you've heard of Mr. Rover.

Rov. Eh! What! you've engaged that—what's his name, Rover? If such is your best actor, you shant have my permission. My dear madam, the worst fellow in the world. Get along out of the town, or I'll have all of you, man, woman, child, stick, rag, and fiddle-stick, clapt into the whirligig.

Lady Am. Good man, abide not here.

Rov. Eh! What my friend? Now, indeed, if this new actor you brag of, this crack of your company, was any thing like a gentleman.

Lamp. (*Surprised*) It isn't!

Rov. It is. My good friend, if I was really the unfortunate poor strolling dog you thought me, I shou'd tread your four boards, and crow the cock of your barn door fowl; but as fate has ordained that I'm a gentleman, and son to Sir,—Sir, what the devil's my father's name? (*aside*) you must be content to murder Shakspeare without making me an accomplice.

Lamp. But, my most gentle Sir, I, and my treasurer, Trap, have trumpeted your fame ten miles round the country:—the bills are posted, the stage built, the candles book'd, fiddles engaged; all on the tip-top of expectation. We shou'd have to-morrow night an overflow, ay, thirty pounds. Dear, worthy Sir, you wou'dn't go to ruin a whole community and their families, that now depend only on the exertion of your brilliant talents.

Rov. Eh! I never was uniform but in one maxim, that is, tho' I do little good, to hurt nobody but myself.

Lady Am. Since thou hast promised, much as I prize my adherence to those customs in which I
was

was brought up, thou shalt not fully thy honor by a breach of thy word; for truth is more shining than beaten gold. Play, if it can bring good to these people.

Rov. Shall I?

Lady Am. This falleth out well; for I have bidden all the wealthy people round unto my house-warming, and these pleasantries may afford them a cheerful and innocent entertainment.

Rov. True, my lady; your guests an't quakers, tho' you are; and when we ask people to our house, we study to please them, not ourselves. But if we do furnish up a play or two, the muses sha'n't honor that churlish fellow's barn. The God that illumines the soul of genius shou'd never visit the iron door of inhumanity. No Gammon's barn for me!—

Lady Am. Barn! that gallery shall be thy theatre; and, in spite of the grave doctrines of Ephraim Smooth, my friends and I will behold and rejoice in thy pranks, my pleasant cousin.

Rov. My kind, my charming lady! Hey, brighten up, bully Lamp, carpenters, taylor, manager, distribute your box tickets for my lady's gallery.—“Come, gentle coz,”

“The actors are at hand, and by their shew

“You shall know all

“That you are like to know.”

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

*The Inn.**Enter HARRY, in a riding dress, and Muz in a Livery.*

Har. Tho' I went back to Portsmouth academy with a contrite heart to resume my studies; yet, from my father's angry letter, I dread a woeful storm at our first meeting. I fancy the people at this inn don't recollect me; it reminds me of my pleasant friend, poor Jack Rover; I wonder where he is now.

Muz. And it brings to my memory a certain stray-vaguing acquaintance of mine, poor Dick Buskin.

Har. Ha, ha, ha! Then I desire, Sir, you'll turn Dick Buskin again out of your memory.

Muz. Can't, Sir. The dear good-natur'd, wicked——beg your honor's pardon.

Har. Oh, but Muz, you must, as soon as I'm dress'd, step out and enquire whose house is this my father's at; I did not think he had any acquaintance in this part of the country. Sound what humour he's in, and how the land lies, before I venture in his presence.

Enter WAITER.

Wait. Sir, the room is ready for you to dress.

[*Exit.*

Har. I shall only throw off my boots, and you'll shake a little powder in my hair,

Muz.

Muz. Then, hey, puff, I shoulder my curling irons. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sir GEORGE THUNDER, and LANDLORD.

Sir Geo. I can hear nothing of these deserters; yet, by my first intelligence, they'll not venture up to London. They must still be lurking about the country. Landlord, have any suspicious persons put in at your house?

Land. Yes, sir; now and then.

Sir Geo. What do you do with them?

Land. Why, Sir, when a man calls for liquor, that I think has no money, I make him pay before-hand.

Sir Geo. Damn your liquor, you self-interested porpoise! Chatter your own private concerns, when the public good, or fear of general calamity shou'd be the only compass. These fellows that I'm in pursuit of have run from their ships; if our navy's unmann'd, what becomes of you and your house, you cormorant?

Land. This is a very abusive sort of a gentleman; but he has a full pocket, or he wou'dn't be so saucy. (*aside.*) [*Exit.*]

Sir Geo. This rascal, I believe, doesn't know I'm Sir George Thunder. Winds still variable, blow my affairs right athwart each other.—To know what's become of my runagate son Harry, and there my rich lady niece, pressing and squeezing up the noble plumage of our illustrious family in her little, mean quaker bonnet; but I must up to town after—S'blood, when I catch my son Harry!—Oh, here's John Dory.

Enter

Enter JOHN DORY.

Have you taken the places in the London coach for me?

John. Hahoy! your honor, is that yourself?

Sir G. No, I'm beside myself—heard any thing of my son?—

John. What's o'clock?

Sir G. What do you talk of clocks or time-pieces—All glassees reck'ning, and log-line are run wild with me.

John. If its two, your son is at this moment walking with Lady Amaranth in her garden.

Sir G. With Lady Amaranth!

John. If half after, they're cast anchor to rest themselves amongst the posies; if three, they're got up again; if four, they're picking a bit of cramm'd fowl; and, if half after, they're crack-ing walnuts over a bottle of Calcavella.

Sir G. My son! my dear friend, where did you find him?

John. Why, I found him where he was, and I left him where he is.

Sir G. What, and he came to Lady Amaranth's?

John. No; but I brought him there from this house in her ladyship's chariot. I won't tell him master Harry went among the players, or he'd never forgive him. (*aside*) Oh! such a merry, civil, crazy, crack-brain! the very picture of your honor.

Sir G. Ha, ha, ha! What, he's in high spirits? ha, ha, ha! the dog! (*joyfully*) But I hope he had discretion enough to throw a little gravity over his mad humour, before his prudent cousin.

John. He threw himself on his knees before her, and that did quite as well.

Sir G. Ha, ha, ha! made love to her already! Oh, the impudent, the cunning villain! What, and may be he—

John. Indeed he did gave her a smack.

Sir G. Me; ha, ha, ha!

John. Oh, he's your's! a chip of the old block.

Sir G. He is! he is! ha, ha, ha!

John. Oh, he threw his arms around her, as eager as I would to catch a falling decanter of Madeira.

Sir G. Huzza! victoria! Here will be a junction of two bouncing estates! but, confound the money. John, you shall have a bowl for a jolly boat to swim in; roll in here a puncheon of rum, a hoghead of sugar, shake an orchard of oranges, and let the landlord drain his fish-pond yonder. (*sings*) "A bumper! a bumper of good liquor,"

John. Then, my good master, Sir George, I'll order a bowl in, since you are in the humour for it—"We'll dance a little, and sing a little"

[*Exit singing.*]

Sir G. And so the wild rogue is this instant rattling up her prim ladyship. Eh, isn't this he? Left her already!

Enter HARRY dressed.

Har. I must have forgot my cane in this room—My father!

Sir G. (*looks at his watch*) Just half after four! Why, Harry, you've made great haste in cracking your walnuts.

Har. Yes; he's heard of my frolics with the players.

players. (*aside*) Dear father, if you'll but forgive—

Sir G. Why, indeed, Harry, your running away was not well—I've heard all, you've acted very bad.

Har. Sir, it should be considered I was but a novice.

Sir G. However, I shall think of nothing now but for your benefit.

Har. Very odd his approving of—I suppose he means to let me have my frolic out. (*aside*) I thank you, Sir, but if agreeable to you, I've done with benefits.

Sir G. If I wasn't the best of fathers, you might indeed hope for none; but no matter, if you can get but the Fair Quaker.

Har. Or the Humours of the Navy, Sir?

Sir G. What! how dare you reflect on the humours of the navy? The navy has very good humours, or I'd never see your dog's face again, you villain! But I'm cool,—Eh, boy, a snug easy chariot?

Har. I'll order it. Waiter, desire my father's carriage to draw up. (*calls off*)

Sir G. Mine, you rogue! I've none here. I mean Lady Amaranth's.

Har. Yes Sir, Lady Amaranth's chariot! (*calling off*)

Sir G. What are you at? I mean that which you left this house in.

Har. Chariot! Sir, I left this house on foot.

Sir G. What, with John Dory?

Har. No, Sir, with Jack Rover.

Sir G. Why, John has been a rover to be sure; but now he's settled since I've made him my valet de chambre.

Har. Make him your valet! Why, Sir, where did you meet him?

Sir G. I met him on board, and I met him on shore, the cabbin, steerage, gallery, and fore-castle. He sailed round the world with me.

Har. Strange this Sir! certainly I understood he had been in the East Indies; but he never told me he even knew you; but, indeed, he knew me only by the name of Dick Buskin.

Sir G. Then how came he to bring you to Lady Amaranth's?

Har. Bring me where, Sir?

Sir G. Answer me, are not you now come from her Ladyship's?

Har. Me? Not I.

Sir G. Ha! this is a lie of John's to enhance his own services. Then, you have not been there?

Har. There! I don't know where you mean, Sir.

Sir G. Yes; 'tis all a brag of John's, but I'll—

Enter JOHN DORY.

John. The rum and sugar is ready; but as for the fish-pond—

Sir G. I'll kick you into it, you thirsty old grampus.

John. Will you? Then I'll make a comical roasted orange.

Sir G. How dare you say you brought my son to Lady Amaranth's.

John. And who says I did not?

Sir G. He that best thou'd know; only Dick Buskin here. (*ironically*)

John.

John. Then, Dick Buckskin might find some other amusement than shooting off his guns here.

Sir G. Did you bring my son to Lady Amaranth's in her chariot?

John. And to be sure I did.

Sir G. There, what do you say to that?

Har. I say its false.

John. False! Shiver my hulk, Mr. Buckskin, if you wore a lion's skin, I'd curry you for this.

[*Exit. in a rage.*]

Sir G. No, no, John's honest, I see thro' it now. The puppy has seen her, perhaps he has the impudence not to like her, and so blows up this confusion and perplexity only to break off a marriage that I've set my heart on.

Har. What does he mean? Sir, I'll assure you—

Sir G. Damn your assurance, you disobedient, ungrateful—I'll not part with you 'till I confront you with Lady Amaranth herself face to face, and if I prove you've been deceiving me, I'll launch you into the wide ocean of life without rudder, compass, grog, or tobacco.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

A C T IV.

SCENE I.

LADY AMARANTH'S *House*.*Enter* LADY AMARANTH, *reading*.

LADY AMARANTH.

THE fanciful flights of my pleasant cousin enchant my senses. This book he gave me to read containeth good moral. The man Shakspeare that did write it, they call immortal; he must indeed have been filled with a divine spirit. I understand, from my cousin, the origin of plays were religious mysteries; that, freed from the superstition of early, and the grossness of latter ages, the stage is now the vehicle of delight and morality. If so, to hear a good play, is taking the wholesome draught of precept from a golden cup, emboss'd with gems; yet, my giving countenance to have one in my house, and even to act in it myself, prove the ascendancy that my dear Harry hath over my heart—Ephraim Smooth is much scandalized at these doings.

Enter

Enter EPHRAIM SMOOTH.

Eph. This mansion is now the tabernacle of Baal.

Lady Am. Then abide not in it:

Eph. 'Tis full of the wicked ones.

Lady Am. Stay not amongst the wicked ones.
(*loud laughing without*)

Eph. I must shut mine ears.

Lady Am. And thy mouth also, good Ephraim. I have bidden my cousin Henry to my house, and I will not set bounds to his mirth to gratify thy spleen, and shew mine own inhospitality.

Eph. Why dost thou suffer him to put into the hands of thy servants books of tragedies, and books of comedies, prelude, interlude, yea, all lewd. My spirit doth wax wrath. I say unto thee, a play-house is the school for the old dragon, and a play-book, the primer of Belzebub.

Lady Am. This is one; mark! (*reads*) "Not
" the King's crown, nor the deputed sword, the
" marshall's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
" become them with one half so good a grace as
" mercy doth. Oh, think on that, and mercy
" then will breathe within your lips like man
" new made!" Doth Belzebub speak such words?

Eph. Thy kinsman hath made all the servants actors.

Lady Am. To act well is good service.

Eph. Here cometh the damsel for whom my heart yearneth. (*aside*)

Enter

Enter JANE, (reading).

Jane. Oh, Ma'am, his honor the squire, says the play's to be "As you like it."

Epb. I like it not.

Jane. He's given me my character. I'm to be miss Audrey, and brother Sims's to be William of the forest as it were. But how am I to get my part by heart?

Lady Am. By often reading it.

Jane. Well, I don't know but that's as good a way as any. But I must study it. "The gods give us joy." *[Exit.*

Epb. Thy maidens skip like young kids.

Lady Am. Then do thou go skip with them.

Epb. Mary, thou shou'd'st be obeyed in thine own house, and I will do thy bidding.

Lady Am. Ah, thou hypocrite! To obey is easy when the heart commands.

Enter ROVER.

Rover. Oh, my charming cousin, how agree you and Rosalind? Are you almost perfect? "Eh, what, all a-mort, old Clytus?" "Why, you're like an angry fiend broke in among the laughing gods."—Come, come, I'll have nothing here, but, "quips and cranks and wreathed smiles, such as dwell on Hebe's cheek." *(looking at Lady Amaranth)*

Lady Am. He says we mus'n't have this amusement.

Rov. "But I'm a voice potential, double as the Duke's, and I say we must."

Epb. Nay.

Rover. Yea: "By Jupiter, I swear, aye." *(music without)*

Epb.

Eph. I must shut my ears. The man of sin rubbeth the hair of the horse to the bowels of the cat.

Enter LAMP, with a Violin.

Lamp. Now, if agreeable to your Ladyship, we'll go over your song.

Eph. I will go over it. (*snatches the book from Lady Amaranth, throws it on the ground, and steps on it.*)

Rover. Trample on Shakspeare! "A sacrilegious thief, that, from a shelf the precious diadem stole, and put it in his pocket!" (*takes up the book and presents it to Lady Amaranth*) Silence, "thou owl of Crete," and hear the "Cuckoo's song."

Lady Am. To practice it I'm content.

(*Lamp begins to play. Ephraim jostles him, and puts him out of tune.*)

Lamp. Why, what's that for, my dear sir?

Eph. Friend, this is a land of freedom, and I've as much right to move my elbow, as thou hast to move thine. (*Rover pushes him*) Why dost thou so friend?

Rov. "Friend, this is a land of freedom, and I have as much right to move my elbow, as thou hast to move thine." (*shoves Ephraim out*) "Verily, I could smite that Amalekite 'till the going down of the sun."

Lady Am. But, Harry, do your people of fashion act these follies themselves.

Rov. Ay, and scramble for the top parts as eager as for star, ribband, place or pension; and no wonder, for a good part in a play is the first good character some of them ever had.—Lamp, decorate the seats out smart and theatrical, and

drill the servants that I've giv'n the small parts to— *[Exit Lamp.]*

Lady Am. I wished for some entertainment, (in which gay people now take delight) to please those I have invited; but we'll convert these follies into a charitable purpose. Tickets for this day shall be delivered unto my friends gratis; but money to their amount, I will, (after rewarding our assistants) distribute amongst the indigent of the village. Thus, whilst we please ourselves, and perhaps amuse our friends, we shall make the poor happy. *[Exit.]*

Rev. An angel! If Sir George doesn't soon arrive to blow me, I may, I think, marry her angelic ladyship; but will that be honest; she's nobly born, tho' I suspect I had ancestors too if I knew who they were. I certainly entered this house the poorest wight in England, and what must she imagine when I am discover'd? That I am a scoundrel; and, consequently, tho' I should possess her hand and fortune, instead of loving, she'll despise me——(*sits*) I want a friend now, to consult—deceive her I will not. Poor Dick Buskin wants money more than myself, yet this is a measure I'm sure he'd scorn. No, no, I must not.

Enter HARRY.

Har. Now I hope my passionate father will be convinced this is the first time I was ever under this roof. Eh, what beau is here? Astonishing! My old strolling friend! (*unperceived, sits by Rover*)

Rev. Heigho! I don't know what to do.

Har. (*in the same tone*) "Nor what to say."

Rev.

Rev. (*turns*) Dick Buskin! My dear fellow! Ha, ha, ha! Talk of the devil, and—I was just thinking of you—'pon my soul, Dick, I'm so happy to see you. (*shakes hands cordially*)

Har. But, Jack, eh, perhaps you found me out.

Rev. Found you! I'm sure I wonder how the deuce you found me out. Ah, the news of my intended play has brought you.

Har. He doesn't know as yet who I am, so I'll carry it on. (*aside*) Then you too have broke your engagement with Truncheon at Winchester; figuring it away in your stage cloaths too. Really tell us what you are at here, Jack.

Rev. Will you be quiet with your Jacking? I'm now Squire Harry.

Har. What?

Rev. I've been pressed into this service by an old man of war, who found me at the inn, and, insisting I'm son to a Sir George Thunder, here, in that character, I flatter myself I have won the heart of the charming lady of this house.

Har. Now the mystery's out. (*aside*) Then it's my friend Jack has been brought here for me. Do you know the young man they take you for?

Rev. No; but I'm proud to say he is honored in his representative.

Har. Upon my soul, Jack, you're a very high fellow. Ha, ha, ha!

Rev. I am, now I can put some pounds in your pocket; you shall be employed—we're getting up "As You Like It". Let's see, in the cast, have I a part for you—I'll take Touchstone from Lamp, you shall have it, my boy; I'd

reign Orlando to you with any other Rosalind: but the lady of the mansion plays it herself.

Har. The very lady my father intended for me. (*aside*) Do you love her, Jack?

Rov. To distraction; but I'll not have her.

Har. No! Why?

Rov. She thinks me a gentleman, and I'll not convince her I am a rascal. I'll go on with our play, as the produce is appropriated to a good purpose, and then lay down my squireship, bid adieu to my heavenly Rosalind, and exit for ever from her house, poor Jack Rover.

Har. The generous fellow I ever thought him, and he sha'n't lose by it. If I could make him believe—(*aside; pauses*) Ha, ha, ha! Well, this is the most whimsical affair! You've anticipated, superceded me, ha, ha, ha! You'll scarce believe that I'm come here too (purposely tho') to pass myself for this young Henry.

Rov. No!

Har. I am.

Sir G. (without) Harry, where are you?

Rov. Eh! Who's that?

Har. Ha, ha, ha! I'll try it, my father will be cursedly vex'd; but no other way. (*aside*)

Rov. Somebody call'd Harry—"If the real Simon Pure" shou'd be arrived, I'm in a fine way.

Har. Be quiet—that's my confederate.

Rov. Eh!

Har. He's to personate the father, Sir George Thunder. He started the scheme having heard that a union was intended, and Sir George not immediately expected—our plan is, if I can, before his arrival, flourish myself into the lady's good graces, and whip her up, as she's an heiress.

Rov.

Rev. But who is this comrade?

Har. One of my former company, a devilish good actor in the old men.

Rev. So, you're turn'd fortune hunter! Oh ho! then 'twas on this plan that you parted with me on the road, standing like a finger-post, "you walk up that way, and I walk down this." Why Dick, I didn't know you were half so capital a rogue.

Har. I didn't know my forte lay that way, 'till persuaded by this experienc'd stager.

Rev. He must be an impudent old scoundrel; who is he? Do I know him?

Har. Why, no—I hope not. (*aside*)

Rev. I'll step down stairs, and have the honor of—I'll kick him.

Har. No, I wou'dn't have him hurt either.

Rev. What's his name?

Har. His name is—is—Arawang.

Rev. Arawang! I never heard of him, but, Dick, why wou'd you let him persuade you to such a scandalous affair?

Har. Why faith, I would have been off it; but when once he takes a project into his head, the devil himself can't drive him out of it.

Rev. Yes; but the constable may drive him into Winchester goal.

Har. Eh! Your opinion of our intended exploit has made me ashamed of myself—Ha, ha, ha! Harkey, Jack, to frighten and punish my adviser, do you still keep your character of young squire Thunder—you can easily do that, as he, no more than myself, has ever seen the young gentleman.

Rev. But by heavens I'll—"Quoit him down, Bardolph."

Har.

Har. Yes, but, Jack, if you can marry her, her fortune is a snug thing; besides if you love each other,—I tell you—

Rov. Hang her fortune! “my love more noble than the world, prizes not quantity of dirty lands.” Oh, Dick, she’s the most lovely—but you shall see her, she is female beauty in its genuine decoration. [Exit.

Har. Ha, ha, ha! this is the drollest—Rover little suspects that I’m the identical squire Thunder that he personates.—I’ll lend him my character a little longer.—Yes, this offers a most excellent opportunity of making my poor friend’s fortune, without injuring any body; if possible he shall have her. I can’t regret the loss of charms I never knew, and, as for an estate, my father’s is competent to all my wishes. Lady Amaranth, by marrying Jack Rover, will gain a man of honour, which she might miss in an Earl—it may teize my father a little at first, but he’s a good old fellow in the main, and, I think, when he comes to know my motive—Eh! this must be she—an elegant woman faith! Now for a little finesse to continue her in the belief that Jack is the man she thinks him.

Enter LADY AMARANTH.

Madam, a word if you please. (*bowing*)

Lady Am. Who art thou, friend?

Har. I’ve scarce time to warn you against the danger you are in of being imposed upon by your uncle, Sir George.

Lady Am. How?

Har. He has heard of your Ladyship’s partiality for his son; but is so incensed at the irregularity of his conduct, that he intends, if possible, to disin-

disinherit him ; and to prevent your honoring him with your hand, has engaged, and brought me hither, to pass me on you for him, designing to treat the poor young gentleman himself as an impostor, in hopes you'll banish him your heart and house.

Lady Am. Is Sir George such a parent ? I thank thee for thy caution.—What is thy name !

Har. Richard Buskin, Ma'am ; the stage is my profession. In the young 'squire's late excursion, we contracted an intimacy, and I saw so many good qualities in him, that I could not think of being the instrument of his ruin, nor deprive your Ladyship of so good a husband, as I'm certain he'll make you.

Lady Am. Then Sir George intends to disown him ?

Har. Yes, Ma'am ; I've this moment told the young gentleman of it ; and he's determined, for a jest to return the compliment, by seeming to treat Sir George himself as an impostor.

Lady Am. 'Twill be a just retaliation, and, indeed, what my uncle deserveth for his cruel intentions both to his son and me.

Sir G. (without) What, has he run away again ?

Lady Am. That's mine uncle.

Har. Yes, here is my father ; and my standing out that I am not his son, will rouse him into the heat of battle, ha, ha, ha ! (*aside*) Here he is, Madam, now mind how he will dub me 'squire.

Lady Am. Its well I am prepared, or I might have believed him.

Enter

Enter SIR GEORGE.

Sir G. Well, my Lady, wasn't it my wild rogue set you to all the Calcavella capers you've been cutting in the garden? You see here I have brought him into the line of battle again—you villain, why do you drop astern there? throw a salute-shot, busk her bob-stays, bring to, and come down straight as a mast, you dog.

Lady Am. Uncle, who is this?

Sir G. Who is he! Ha, ha, ha! That's an odd question to the fellow that has been three hours with you cracking walnuts.

Lady Am. He is bad at his lesson.

Sir G. Certainly, when he ran from school—why don't you speak, you lubber? you're curst modest now, but before I came, 'twas all down amongst the posies—Here, my Lady, take from a father's hand, Harry Thunder.

Lady Am. That is what I may not.

Sir G. There, I thought you'd disgust her, you flat fish!

Enter ROVER.

Lady Am. (taking Rover's hand) Here uncle, take from my hand, Harry Thunder.

Sir G. Eh! (*staring at Rover*)

Rover. Oh! this is our sham Sir George? (*apart to Harry*)

Har. Yes; I've been telling the Lady, and she'll seem to humour him. (*apart to Rover*)

Rover. I shan't tho'. How do you do, Abrawang?

Sir G. Abrawang!

Rov.

Rover. You look like a good actor.—Ay, that's very well, indeed—never lose sight of your character—you know, Sir George Thunder is a noisy, turbulent, wicked old seaman.—Angry! bravo!—pout your under lip, purse your brows—very well! But, dem it, Abrawang, you shou'd have put a little red upon your nose—mind a rule, ever play an angry old man, with a red nose. That's right! strut about on your little pegs.

Sir G. I'm in such a fury!

Rov. We know that. Your figure is the most happy comedy squab I ever saw, why only shew yourself, and you set the audience in a roar.

Sir G. S'blood and fire!

Rov. “Keep it up, I like fun.”

Lady Am. Who is this! (*to Sir George, pointing to Rover*)

Sir G. Some puppy unknown.

Lady Am. And you don't know this gentleman? (*to Rover, pointing to Sir George*)

Rov. Excellently well. “He's a fishmonger.”

Sir G. A what?

Lady Am. Yes, father and son are determined not to know each other.

Rov. Come, Dick, give the lady a specimen of your talents, “Motley's your only wear, ha, “ha, ha! “I met a fool in the forest.”

Har. Here comes Audrey, “Salutation and “greeting to you all, Trip, trip, apace, good “Audrey.”

Enter JANE, (*he takes her arm under his, they trip round, then go up to Sir George.*)

Jane. “La! warrants, what features!” (*to Sir George.*)

Sir G. S'blood, what's this?

Har. "A homely thing, Sir, but she's mine own."

Sir G. Your's? Oh, you most audacious—what, this slut?

Jane. "I thank the gods for my fluttishness."

Lady Am. You know this youth? (*to Rover, pointing to Harry.*)

Rov. "My friend Horatio"—"I wear him in my heart's core, yea in my heart of hearts," as I do thee. (*kisses her hand*)

Sir G. Such freedom with my niece before my face! Do you know that lady, do you know my son, Sir?

Rov. Be quiet. "Jaffier has discover'd the plot, and you can't deceive the Senate."

Har. Yes, my conscience woudn't let me carry it thro'.

Rov. "Ay, his conscience hanging about the neck of his heart, says, good Launcelot, and good Gobbo, as afore said, good Launcelot Gobbo, take to thy heels and run."

Sir G. Why, my Lady! explain, scoundrel, and puppy unknown.

Lady Am. Uncle, I've heard thy father was kind to thee, return that kindness to thy child. If the lamb in wanton play doth fall among the waters, the shepherd taketh him out, instead of plunging him deeper till he dieth. Tho' thy hairs now be grey, I'm told they were once flaxen; in short, he is too old in folly, who cannot excuse it in youth. [*Exit.*]

Sir G. I'm an old fool! Well, that's civil of you, Madam niece, and I'm a grey shepherd—with her visions and her vines, and her lambs in a ditch; but as for you, young Mr. Goat, I'll butt you——

Rov:

Rov. My dear, Abrawang, give up the game—her Ladyship, in seeming to take you for her uncle, has been only humming you ! What the devil, don't you think the fine creature knows her own true born uncle ?

Sir G. Certainly ; to be sure she knows me.

Rov. Will you have done ? Zounds, man, my honor'd father was here himself to day—Her Ladyship knows his person.

Sir G. Your honor'd father ! And who's your honor'd self ?

Rov. “ Now by my father's son, and that's
“ myself, it shall be sun, moon, or a Cheshire
“ cheese—before I budge—still cross'd and
“ cross'd.”

Sir G. What do you bawl out to me of Cheshirecheeses, I say—

Rov. “ And I say, as the saying is”—your friend, Dick, has told me all ; but to convince you of my forgiveness, in our play, as you're a rough and tough, I'll cast you Charles the Wrestler, I do Orlando ; I'll trip up your heels before the whole court.

Sir G. Trip up my heels ! Why, dam'me, I'll—And you, you undutiful chick of an old pelican—(*lifting up his cane to strike Harry*)

Enter JOHN (who receives the blow.)

John. What are you at here ? cudgelling the people about ? But Mr. Buckskin, I've a word to say to you in private.

Sir G. Buckskin !

Enter LAMP, TRAP, and two female Servants.

Lamp. “ All the world's a stage, and all the men and women”—

Sir G. The men are rogues, and the women huffies—I'll make a clear stage. (*Beats them off—amongst the rest, strikes Rover.*)

Rover. “A blow! Effex a blow”—An old rascally impostor stigmatize me with a blow—no, I must not put up with it.---Zounds! I shall be tweak'd by the nose all round the country---I'll follow him. “Strike me! So may this arm dash him to the earth, like a dead dog despised---“ blindness and leprosy, lameness and lunacy, “ pride, shame, and the name of villain light “ on me if I dont”---bang---Mr. Abrawang.

[*Exit,*

SCENE II.

Another Apartment.

Enter Lady AMARANTH, and BANKS.

Banks. Madam, I could have paid the rent of my little cottage; but I dare say it was without your ladyship's knowledge that your steward has turn'd me out, and put my neighbour in possession.

Lady Am. My steward oppresses the poor! I did not know it indeed friend.

Banks. The pangs of adversity I could bear; but the innocent partner of my misfortunes, my unhappy sister—

Lady Am. I did desire Ephraim to send for thy sister—Did she dwell with thee, and both now without a home? Let her come to mine.

Banks.

Banks. The hand of misery hath struck us beneath your notice.

Lady Am. Thou dost mistake—To need my assistance is the highest claim to my attention; let me see her. *[Exit Banks.]*

I could chide myself that these pastimes have turned my eye from the house of woe. Ah! think, ye proud and happy affluent, how many in your dancing moments, pine in want, drink the salt tear; their morsel, the bread of misery, whilst shrinking from the cold blast into their cheerless hovels.

Re-Enter BANKS, (leading in Amelia.)

Banks. Madam, my sister. *(bows and retires)*

Lady Ame. Friend thou art welcome—I feel myself interested in thy concerns.

Ame. Madam!

Lady Am. I judge thou wer't not always unhappy—Tell me thy condition, then I shall better know how to serve thee. Is thy brother thy sole kindred?

Ame. I had a husband, and a son.

Lady Am. A widow! If it recal not images thou wou'd'st forget, impart to me thy story—'Tis rumour'd in the village, thy brother is a clergyman—tell me.

Ame. Madam, he was; but he has lost his early patron, and is now poor and unbeneficed.

Lady Am. But thy husband—

Ame. By this brother's advice, now twenty years since, I was prevailed on to listen to the addresses of a young sea officer, (my brother was then a chaplain in the navy) but to our surprize and mortification, we discovered by the honesty

honesty of a sailor, in whom he put confidence, that the Captain's design was only to decoy me into a seeming marriage, he having ordered him to procure a counterfeit clergyman; our humble friend, instead of us, put the deceit upon his master, by concealing from him that my brother was in orders; he, flatter'd with the hopes of procuring me an establishment, gave into the supposed imposture, and performed the ceremony.

Lady Am. Duplicity, even with a good intent, is ill.

Ame. Madam, the event has justified your censure; for my husband, not knowing himself bound by any legal tie, abandon'd me—I follow'd him to the Indies, distracted, still seeking him—I left my infant at one of our settlements; but, after a fruitless pursuit, on my return, I found the friend to whose care I had committed my child, was compell'd to retire from the ravages of war, but where I could not learn: rent with agonizing pangs, now without child or husband, I again saw England, and my brother, who, wounded with remorse, for being the cause of my misfortunes, secluded himself from the joys of social life, and invited me to partake the repose of solitude in that humble asylum, from whence we've both just now been driven.

Lady Am. My pity can do thee no good, yet I pity thee; but as resignation to what must be, may restore peace, if my means can procure thee comfort, they are at thy pleasure. Come, let thy griefs subside, instead of thy cottage, accept thou and thy brother every convenience that this mansion can afford.

Ame. Madam, I can only thank you with—

(Weeps)

Lady Am.

Lady Am. My thanks are here——thou shalt be chearful. I will introduce thee to my sprightly cousin Harry, and his father, my humourous uncle; we have delights going forward that may amuse thee.

Ame. Kind lady!

Lady Am. Come, smile—tho' a quaker, thou see'st I am merry—the sweetest joy of wealth and power is to cheer another's drooping heart, and wipe from the pallid cheek, the tear of sorrow.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

A C T V.

SCENE I.

*A Road.**Enter Three Ruffians, dressed as Sailors.*

1st RUFFIAN.

WELL, now, what's to be done?

2d *Ruf.* Why, we've been long upon our shifts, and after all our tricks, twists, and turns, as London was then too hot for us, our tramp to Portsmouth was a hit.

3d *Ruf.* Ay; but since the cash we touched, upon pretending to be able bodied seamen is now come to the last shilling, as we have deserted, means of a fresh supply to take us back to London must be thought on.

2d *Ruf.* How to recruit the pocket without hazarding the neck.

1st *Ruf.* By an advertisement posted on the stocks yonder, there are highway men upon this road;

thirty guineas are offered by the quaker lady, owner of the estate round here, to him, who shall apprehend one of these collectors; I wish we could snap up any straggler to bring before her. A quaker will only require a yea for an oath—we might sack these thirty guineas.

2d *Ruf.* Yes; but we must take care, if we fall into the hands of this gentleman that's in pursuit of us—S'death isn't that his man, the old boatswain?

1st *Ruf.* Don't run, I think we three are a match for him. Instantly put on your characters of sailors, we may get something out of him; a pitiful story makes such an impression on the soft heart of a true tar, that he'll open his hard hand and drop you his last guinea—If we can but make him believe we were pressed, we have him, only mind me.

Enter JOHN DORY.

John. To rattle my lantern! Sir George's temper now always blows a hurricane.

2d *Ruf.* What cheer? (*to John*)

John. Ha hoy!

3d *Ruf.* Bob, up with your speaking trumpet.

2d *Ruf.* Do you see, brother, this is the thing.

(*Enter SIR GEORGE, at the back unperceived*)

Sir Geo. If these should be my deserters. (*aside*)

1st *Ruf.* We three hands, just come home after a long voyage, were pressed in the river, and without letting us see our friends, brought round to Portsmouth, and there we entered freely, cause

why? We had no choice, then we run. We hear some gentleman is in chace of us, so as the shot is all out, we'll surrender.

John. Surrender! Oh then you've no shot left indeed—let's see. (*feels his pocket*) I hav'nt the loading of a gun about me now, and this same monsieur poverty is a bitter bad enemy.

Sir Geo. They are the deserters that I've been after. (*aside*)

John. Meet me in an hour's time in the little wood yonder, I'll raise a wind to blow you into safe latitude—keep out to sea, my master's the rock you'll certainly split upon.

2d Rus. This is the first time we ever saw you, but we'll steer by your chart, for I never knew one seaman to betray another. [*Exeunt Russians.*]

Sir Geo. Then they have been press'd—I can't blame them so much for running away. (*aside*)

John. Yes, Sir George wou'd certainly hang 'em.

Sir Geo. (*advancing*) I wou'dnt, they shall eat beef, and drink the King's health, run and tell them so—stop, I'll tell them myself.

John. Why, now you are yourself, and a kind, good gentleman, as you used to be.

Sir Geo. since these idle rogues are inclined to return to their duty, they shan't want sea-store—take them this money---but hold---I'll meet them myself, and advise them as I would my children.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE

SCENE II.

*A Wood.**Enter ROVER, in his first cloaths, with Pistols.*

Rov. (agitated) Which way did Mr. Abrawang take? Dick Buskin, I think, has no suspicion of my intentions:—Such a cholerick spark will fight, I dare say. If I fall, or even survive this affair, I leave the field of love and the fair prize to the young man I've personated, for I'm determined to see Lady Amaranth no more—oh, here comes Abrawang.

Enter SIR GEORGE.

Sir Geo. Now to relieve these foolish sea-gulls--- they must be hovering about this coast.---Ha! puppy unknown!

Rov. You, Sir, are the very man I was seeking. —You are not ignorant, Mr. Abrawang---

Sir Geo. Mr. What?

Rov. You will not resign your title, ha, ha, ha! Oh, very well, I'll indulge you, Sir George Thunder, you honored me with a blow.

Sir George. Did it hurt you?

Rover. S'death! Sir, as it's my pride to reject even favours, no man shall offer me an injury.

Sir Geo. Eh!

Rov. In rank we're equal.

Sir Geo. Are we faith? The English of all this is, we're to fight.

Rov. Sir, you've marked on me an indelible stain, only to be washed out by blood!

Sir Geo. Why, I've but one objection to fighting you.

Rov. What's that, sir?

Sir Geo. That you're too brave a lad to be killed.

Rover. Brave! No, sir; at present I wear the stigma of a coward.

Sir Geo. Zounds! I like a bit of fighting--- havn't had a morsel a long time---dонт know when I've smelt gunpowder---but to bring down a woodcock.

Rov. Take your ground.

Sir Geo. Yes, but are we to thrust with bul-rushes like two frogs, or, like squirrels, to pelt each other with nut shells? For I see no other weapons here.

Rov. Oh yes, sir; here are weapons. (*gives a pistol*)

Sir Geo. Well, this is bold work, for a Privateer to give battle to a King's ship.

Rov. Try your charge, sir, and take your ground.

Sir Geo. I wou'd not wish to sink, burn, or destroy, what I think was built for good service; but, damme, if I don't wing you to teach you better manners. (*rams the charge*)

Enter the three Ruffians, not perceiving ROVER.

3d Ruf. Ay, here's the honest fellow has brought us some cash (*looking at Sir George*)

2d Ruf. We're betray'd, it's the very man that's in pursuit of us, and this promise was only a decoy to throw us into his power---The Pistol! (*apart and pointing to it.*)

2d Ruf.

2d *Ruf.* We'll secure you. (*Seizes and wrenches the pistol from Sir George*)

Sir G. Ah, boys!

2d *Ruf.* You'd have our lives, now we'll have yours. (*presents the piece at Sir George, Rover advances and knocks it out of his hand.*) [*They run off.*]

Rov. Rascals! (*pursues them*)

Sir G. (*takes up the other pistol*) My brave lad! I'll—(*going*)

Enter JOHN DORY.

John. No, you shan't. (*holding him*)

Sir G. The rogues will—

John. Never mind the rogues—(*noise of fighting without, a shot fired.*)

Sir G. S'blood! Must I see my preserver perish. (*struggling*)

John. Well, I know I'm your preserver, and I will perish, but I'll bring you out of harms way. (*still holding him*)

Sir G. Tho' he'd fight me himself—

John. Sure we all know you'd fight the devil.

Sir G. He saved my life.

John. I'll save your life (*takes him in his arms*)
So hey! haul up, my noble little crab walk!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A Room in BANKS's Cottage.

Enter FARMER GAMMON, BANKS, and SIM—(Sim writing and crying.)

Gam. Boy, go on with the inventory.

Sim.

Sim. How unlucky ! Feyther to lay hold of me when I wanted to practice my part. (*aside*)

Banks. This proceeding is very severe, to lay an execution on my wretched, trifling goods.

Gam. Ay, you know you've gone up to the big house with your complaint—her ladyship's steward, to be sure, has made me give back your cottage, and farm ; but your goods I seize for my rent.

Banks. Only leave me a very few necessaries—by the goodness of my neighbours, I may soon redeem what the law has put into your hands.

Gam. The affair is now in my lawyer's hands, and plaintiff and defendant chattering about it, is all smoke.

Sim. Feyther, don't be so cruel to Mr. Banks.

Gam. I'll mark what I may want to keep for myself. Stay here and see that not a pin's worth be removed without my knowledge. (*to Sim*)

[*Exit.*

Sim. I'll be dom'd if I'll be your watch-dog to bite the poor, that I won't : Mr. Banks, as feyther intends to put up your goods at auction, if you cou'd but get a friend to buy the choice of them for you again. Sister Jane has got steward to advance her a quarter's wages, and when I've gone to sell corn for feyther, besides presents, I've made a market penny now and then. Here—it's not much ; but every little helps. (*takes out a small leather purse, and offers it to Banks*)

Banks. I thank you, my good-natur'd boy ; but keep your money.

Sim. Last summer, you saved me from being drown'd in black pool, if you'll not take this, Ecod, in there I'll directly fling it, and let old
nick

nick save it, from being drown'd, an' he can; take it—now do take it—take it—take it. (*weeps*)

Banks. My kind lad, then I'll not hurt your feeling by opposing your liberality. (*takes it*)

Sim. He, he, he! you've now given my heart such a pleasure as I never felt, nor I'm sure feyther afore me.

Banks. But, Sim, whatever may be his opinion of worldly prudence, still remember he's your parent.

Sim. I will—"One elbow chair, one claw table."
[*Exeunt. Sim writing.*]

Enter AMELIA.

Ame. The confusion into which Lady Amaranth's family is thrown by the sudden departure, and apprehended danger of her young cousin, must have prevented her ladyship from giving that attention to our affairs, that I'm sure was her inclination. If I can but prevail on my brother too, to accept her protection—I can't enjoy the delights of her Ladyship's hospitable mansion, and leave him here still subject to the insults of the churlish farmer—Heaven's! who's this?
[*retires*]

Enter ROVER hastily, his hair and dress disordered.

Rov. What a race! I've at last got from the blood-hounds! Ah, if old Abrawang had but followed and backed me, we'd have "tickled their catastrophes;" but when they got me alone, three upon one were odds, so, safe's the word: what did they want with my life, if printed, it wouldn't sell for sixpence.—Who's house is this I've dash'd into?—Eh! the friendly cottage of my

my old gentleman, are you at home? (*calls.*) Gadso! I had a hard struggle for it; yes, murder was their intent, so it was well for me that I was born without brains, I'm quite weak, faint! (*leans against the wall.*)

Ame. (*advancing*) Sir, are not you well? (*with concern.*)

Rov. Madam, I ask pardon—hem, yes ma'am, very well, I thank you—now exceeding well—got into an affray there, a kind of hobble with some worthy gentlemen; only simple, honest farmers. I fancy mistook me for a sheaf of barley, for they down with me, and then thresh'd so heartily, gad, their flails flew merrily about my ears, but I up, and when I could no longer fight like a mastiff, why, I—ran like a greyhound—But, dear, ma'am, pray excuse me. This is very rude, faith.

Ame. You seem disturbed, Sir, will you take any refreshment?

Rov. Madam, you're very good.—Only a little of your currant wine, if you please; if I don't forget it stands—just—(*points—Amelia brings a decanter from a beaufet, Rover takes it and fills.*) Madam, I've the honor of drinking your health. (*drinks*)

Ame. I hope you're not hurt, Sir.

Rov. “A little better, but very faint still,”—I had a sample of this before, and liked it so much, that, madam—“Won't you take another?”

Ame. Sir! (*takes a glass and lays it by.*)

Rov. Madam, “if you'd been fighting, as I have,” you'd—well, well, (*fills and drinks.*) now I'm as well as any man—“In Illyria,” got a few hard knocks tho'

Ame.

Ame. You'd better repose yourself a little, you seemed much disordered coming in.

Rev. (*Places chairs and both sit*) Why, ma'am, you must know, thus it was——

Enter SHERIFF'S OFFICER.

Offi. Come, ma'am, Mr. Gammon says this chair is wanted to make up the half dozen above. (*lays hold of Amelia's chair, she rises terrified.*)

Rev. What, what's all this?

Offi. Why, the furniture's seized on execution, and a man must do his duty.

Rev. Then, scoundrel, know, a man's first duty is civility and tenderness to a woman.

Ame. Heavens! where's my brother? This gentleman will bring himself into trouble.

Offi. Master, d'ye see, I'm representative for his honour the High Sheriff.——

Rev. Every High Sheriff should be a gentleman, and when he's represented by a rascal, he's dishonor'd.—Dem it, I might as well live about Covent Garden, and every night get beating the watch; for here, among groves and meadows, I'm always squabbling with constables. (*takes a stick from a corner of the room, and holds it behind him.*)

Offi. Come, come, I must——

Rev. “As you say, Sir, last Wednesday, so it was,”—Sir, your most obedient humble servant—(*bows*) Pray, Sir, may I take the liberty to know, were you ever astonished?

(*with great ceremony.*)

Offi. What?

Rev. Because, Sir, I intend to astonish you; my dear fellow, give me your hand (*takes his*

band and strikes him.) Now, Sir, you are astonished.

Off. Yes ; but see if I don't suit you with an action.

Rev. " Right, suit the action to the word, " the word to the action, see if the gentlewoman be not affrighted"—" Michael, I'll make thee an example."

Off. Yes, fine example, when goods are seized here by the law, and——

Rev. " Thou worm and maggot of the law!" " Hop me over every kennel, or you shall hop without my custom."

Off. I don't value your custom.

Rev. You are astonished, now I'll amaze you.

Of. No, I won't be amazed—but only see if I don't—

Rev. Hop

[*Exit Officer muttering and frightened.*
Stop ma'am, these sort of gentry are unpleasant company for a lady—So I'll just see him to the door, and then I'll see him outside the door.

(*bows, and exit hastily.*

Ame. I feel a strange curiosity to know who this young man is. He must have known the house by his freedom — but then his gaiety, (without familiar rudeness) native elegance of manners, and good breeding, seem to make him at home any where—My brother, I think must know——

Enter BANKS, hastily, and agitated.

Banks. Amelia, did you see the young man that was here? Some ruffians, and a posse of the country people have bound and dragg'd him

him from the door, on the allegation of three men who mean to swear he has robbed them. They have taken him to Lady Amaranth's

Ame. How! He did enter here in confusion as if pursued; but I'll stake my life on his innocence.

Banks. The freedom of his censures on Farmer Gammon's conduct, and the friendly office he did me, have brought the sordid churl's malice on him, and he has encouraged these ruffians, in hopes of the reward offered by Ephraim Smooth, for apprehending footpads, to drag the young fellow up to Lady Amaranth's, where the Farmer says, he has already appear'd in a feign'd character.

Ame. I'll speak to Lady Amaranth, and in spite of calumny, he shall have justice—he wou'd not let me be insulted, because he saw me an unprotected woman, without a husband or a son, and shall he want an advocate? brother, come.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV; and last.

A dressing room in Lady Amaranth's.

Enter JANE, with a light.

Jane. I believe there's not a soul in the house but myself; my lady has sent all the folks round the country to search after the young 'squire, she'll certainly break her heart if any thing happens to

him; I don't wonder, for surely he's a dear, sweet gentleman, the pity of it is, his going spoils all our fine play, and I had just got my part quite by heart; however, I must do the room up for Mr. Bank's sister, that my lady has invited here. (*adjusts the toilet.*)

Enter EPHRAIM SMOOTH.

Eph. The man, John Dory, hath carried the man George, hither in his arms, and hath locked him up. Coming into the house, they did look to me like a blue lobster with a shrimp in his claws—Oh, here is the damsel I love, and alone.

Jane. They say when folks look in the glass, at night, they see the black gentleman. (*As she's looking in the glass, sees Ephraim over her shoulder, screams.*)

Eph. Thou art employed in vanity.

Jane. Well, who wants you?

Eph. It is natural for woman to love man.

Jane. Yes; but not such ugly men as you. Why wou'd you come in to frighten me, when you know there's nobody here but ourselves.

Eph. I am glad of that. I am the elm and thou the honey-suckle; let thy arms entwine me.

Jane. Oh, what a rogue is here! but yonder comes my lady, and I'll shew him off to her in his true colours. (*aside.*)

Eph. Clasp me around.

Jane. Well, I will, if you'll take off your hat, and make me a fine low bow.

Eph. I cannot bend my knee, nor take off my beaver.

Jane. Then you're very impudent—go along.

Eph.

Eph. But to win thy favour. (*takes off his hat and bows.*)

Jane. Now kneel down to me.

Eph. I cannot, but one lovely smile may smite me down. (*she smiles, he kneels.*)

Jane. Well now, read me a speech out of that fine play book.

Eph. I read a play! a-bo-mi-na-ti-on!—But, Jane, wilt thou kiss me?

Jane. I kiss a man!—a-bo-mi-na-ti-on! but you make take my hand—

Eph. Oh! 'tis a comfort to the lip of the faithful (*kisses her hand.*)

Enter LADY AMARANTH.

Lady Am. How! (*taps him on the shoulder.*) ah, thou sly and deceitful hypocrite!

Jane. There, ma'am is the demure, holy man that would prevent our play.

Lady Am. So severely censure others, and put fetters on me, which now I'm determined to break.

Eph. Verily Mary, I was buffeted by Satan in the shape of a damsel.

Lady Am. Go.

Eph. My spirit is sad, tho' my feet move so nimble. [*Exit slowly.*]

Lady Am. But, Oh, heavens, no tidings of my dearest Henry! Jane, let them renew their search.

Jane. Here's Madam Amelia, you see I've got her room ready my lady; but I'll go make brother Sim look for the young squire. [*Exit.*]

Enter

Enter AMELIA.

Ame. Oh, madam, might I implore your influence with——

Lady Am. Friend, thou art ill accommodated here, but I hope thou wilt excuse me—My mind is a sea of trouble, my peace shipwrecked—Oh, friend had'st thou seen my cousin Harry, thou too, all who knew him, must be anxious for his safety—How unlucky this servant to prevent Sir George from giving him that assistance, which paternal care, and indeed gratitude demanded, for it was filial affection which led him to pursue those wicked men.

John. (*without*) Heave a-head !

Enter JOHN DORY, and SIR GEORGE.

Sir G. Rascal ! whip me up like a pound of tea, dance me about like a young bear, make me quit the preserver of my life ! yes, puppy unknown will think me a poltroon, and that I was afraid to follow, and second him.

John. Well, you may as well turn into your hammock for this night out you shall not budge—(*sees Amelia.*) Oh ! marcy of heaven ! isn't it—Eh, master ? Only give one look.

Ame. (*seeing Sir Geo.*) My husband ! (*fwoons ; Lady Amaranth supports her.*)

Sir G. 'Tis my Amelia !

John. (*stopping Sir George, and looking attentively at Amelia*) Reef the foresail ! first, you crack'd her heart by sheering off, and now you'll overset her by bringing to.—

Lady Am. Hold—soft ! She recovers.

Ame.

Ame. Are you at length returned to me, my Seymour?

Lady Am. Seymour! her mind is disturb'd, this is mine uncle, Sir George Thunder.

John. No, no, my lady, she knows what she's saying very well.

Sir G. Niece, I have been a villain to this lady, I confess. But, my dear Amelia, Providence has done you justice in part. From the first month I quitted you, I have never enter'd one happy hour on my journal; hearing that you founder'd and considering myself the cause, the worm of remorse has since gnawed my timbers.

Ame. You're not still offended with me.

Sir G. Me! if you can forgive my offence, and condescend to take my hand as an atonement—

Ame. Your hand! Do you forget that we are already married?

Sir G. Ay, there was my rascality.

John. You may say that.

Sir G. That marriage, my dear—I'm a sham'd to own it; but it was—

John. As good as if you had been lath'd together by the chaplain of the Eagle.

Sir G. Hold your tongue, you impudent crimp, you pandar, you bad adviser,—I'll strike my false colours, I now acknowledge that the chaplain you provided was—

John. Was a good man, and a greater honor to his black, than your honor has been to your blue cloth—Eh, by the word of a seaman, here he is himself.

Enter BANKS.

Sir G. Your brother?

Banks.

Banks. Captain Seymour!

Sir G. My dear Banks, I'll make every reparation.—Amelia shall really be my wife.

Banks. That, Sir, my sister is already; for when I perform'd the marriage ceremony, which you took only as the cloak of your deception, I was actually in orders.

John. Now, who's the crimp, and the pandar? I never told you this since; because I thought a man's own reflections were the best punishment for betraying an innocent woman.

Sir. G. You shall be a post-captain, sink me, if you shan't—(*shakes hands with John Dory.*)

Lady Am. Madam, my inmost soul partaketh of thy gladness, and joy for thy reformation. (*to Sir George.*) But thy prior marriage to this lady, annuls the subsequent, and my cousin Harry is not now thy heir.

Sir G. So much the better; he's an unnatural cub; but, Amelia, I flatter myself I have an heir, my infant boy.—

Ame. Ah, husband, you had.

Sir G. Gone! well, well, I see I have been a miserable scoundrel—Eh, I will, yes, if my son Harry proceeds in his unworthy disobedience, I'll adopt that brave kind lad, that wou'dn't let any body kill me but himself. My lady, marry him, puppy unknown's a fine fellow! Amelia, only for him, you would never have found your husband Captain Seymour, in Sir George Thunder.

Ame. How!

Banks. Are you Sir George Thunder?

John. Oh, I didn't tell you that at the time
because

because you might be for finding him out too soon and upset all.

Enter LANDLORD, followed by EPHRAIM SMOOTH.

Land. Please you, Madam, they've got a foot-pad in custody.

Eph. I am come to sit in judgment, for there is a bad man in thy house, Mary.

John. Then why dont you get out of it.

Eph. Bring him before me.

Sir G. Before you, old squintibus ! And perhaps you don't know I'm a magistrate?

Eph. I'll examine him.

Sir G. You be damn'd—I'll examine him myself. (*shoves Ephraim*) Tow him in here. I'll give him a passport to Winchester bilboes.

Ame. (*to Sir George*) Oh, Sir, as you hope for mercy, extend it to this youth ; but even should he be guilty, which from our knowledge of his benevolent and noble nature, I think next to an impossibility, let the services he has rendered to us—he protected, relieved your forsaken wife, and her unhappy brother, in the hour of want and sorrow.

Sir G. What, Amélia, plead for a robber ! Consider, my love, justice is above bias or partiality. If my son violated the laws of his country, I'd deliver him up a public victim to disgrace and punishment.

Lady Am. Ah, my impartial uncle ! Had thy country any laws to punish him, who instead of paltry gold, would rob the artless virgin of her dearest treasure, in the rigid Judge, I shou'd now behold the trembling criminal.

Enter TWITCH, with ROVER bound, who keeps his face averted, and two Ruffians.

Epb. (advances) Speak thou.

Sir G. Hold thy clapper thou.—You wretched person, have you no means to come at a little biscuit and lobscouse, but you must plunder? The navy wants men, and if you wanted bread, like a man fight the enemies of your country, and not turn land pirate, you alligator! Who are the prosecutors?

Epb. Call in—

Sir Geo. Will nobody stop his mouth. (*John Dory pushes him against the wall*) Who are the prosecutors?

Twitch. There, tell his worship, the Justice.

2d Ruffian. A Justice—Oh! the devil! I thought we shou'd have had nothing but quakers to deal with. (*aside*)

Sir G. Come, how did this fellow rob you?

2d Ruffian. Why, your honor, I'll swear—(*in a feign'd country voice*)

Sir G. (looking at them) Oh, ho!

2d Ruffian. Zounds, we're wrong—this is the very—

Sir G. Clap down the hatches, secure these sharks.

Rov. I thought I shou'd find you here, Abrawang, and that you had some knowledge of these fellows.

Lady Am. Heavens! my cousin Harry—(*aside*)

Sir G. The devil! isn't this my spear and shield?

John. (advances) My young master—Oh! what have you been at here? (*unbinds Rover*) This rope may yet be wanted.

Enter

Enter HARRY:

Har. My dear fellow, are you safe?

Rev. Yes, Dick, I was brought in here very safe, I assure you.

Har. A confederate in custody below has made a confession of their villainy, that they concerted this plan to accuse him of a robbery, first, for revenge, then, in hopes to share the reward for apprehending him; he also owns they are not sailors, tho' they fraudulently took the bounty, but depredators on the public.

Sir G. Keep them safe in limbo. (*the russians taken off*)—Not knowing that the Justice of Peace whom they've brought the lad now here before, is the very man they attack'd, ha, ha, ha! The rogues have fallen into their own snare.

Rev. What, now, you're a Justice of Peace? Well said, Abrawang!

Ame. Then, Sir George you know him too?

Sir G. Know puppy unknown! to be sure.

Rev. Still, Sir George! What, then, you will not resign your knighthood? Madam, I am happy to see you again. (*to Amelia*)—Ah, how do you do, my kind host? (*shakes hands with Banks*)

Lady Am. I rejoice at thy safety—Be reconciled to him. (*to Sir George*)

Sir G. Reconciled!—If I don't love, respect and honor him, I shou'd be unworthy of the life he rescued. But who is he?

Har. Sir, he is—

Rev. Dick, I thank you for your good wishes; but I am determined not to impose on this lady—Madam, as I at first told this well-meaning tar,
 O 2 when

when he forced me to your house, I am not the son of Sir George Thunder.

John. No! Then I wish you were the son of an admiral, and I your father.

Har. You refuse the lady! To punish you I've a mind to take her myself.—My dear cousin—

Rov. Stop, Dick.—If I, who adore her won't, you shall not. No, no; Madam, never mind what this fellow says, he's as poor as myself—Is'nt he Abrawang?

Har. Then, my dear Rover, since you are so obstinately disinterested, I'll no longer tease my father, whom you here see, and in your strolling friend, his very truant Harry, that ran from Portsmouth school, and joined you and fellow comedians.

Rov. Indeed!

Har. Dear cousin, forgive me, if thro' my zeal for the happiness of my friend, I endeavour'd to promote yours, by giving you a husband more worthy than myself—(*to Lady Am.*)

Rov. Am I to believe! Madam, is your uncle, Sir George Thunder, in this room?

Lady Am. He is.—(*looking at Sir George*)

Rov. 'Tis so! you in reality, what I've had the impudence to assume! and have perplexed your father with my ridiculous effrontery.—(*turns to John Dory, angrily*) I told you, I insisted I wasn't the person you took me for, but you would thrust me into your chariot and drag me hither. I am ashamed, and mortified. Madam, I take my leave——

Eph. Thou art welcome to go.

Rov. Sir George, as the father of my friend, I cannot lift my hand against you; but I hope Sir, you'll apologize to me (*apart*)

Sir

Sir G. Ay, with pleasure, my noble splinter—now tell me from what dock you were launch'd, my heart of oak?

Rov. I've heard in England, Sir; but from my earliest knowledge, till within a very few years, I've been in the East Indies.

Sir G. Beyond seas? Well, and how?

Rov. It seems I was committed an infant to the care of a lady, who was herself obliged by the gentle Hyder Ally, to strike her toilet, and decamp without beat of drum, leaving me a chubby little fellow squatted on a carpet. A serjeant's wife alone returned, and snatched me off triumphant, thro' fire, smoke, cannon, cries and carnage.

Lady Am. Dost thou mark? (*to Amelia*)

Ame. Sir, can you recollect the name of the town, where—

Rov. Yes, ma'am, the town was Negapatnam.

Ame. I thank you, Sir. (*gazes with delight and earnestness on Rover*)

Rov. An officer who'd much rather act Scrub on the stage, than Hotspur in the field, brought me up behind the scenes on the Calcutta theatre—I was roll'd on the boards, acted myself into the favour of a colonel, promised a pair of colours; but, impatient to find my parents, hid myself in the steerage of an homeward bound ship, assumed the name of Rover from the uncertainty of my fate, and having murder'd more poets than Rajahs, slept on English ground, unincumber'd with rupees or pagodas. Ha, ha! Wou'dst thou have come home so, little Ephraim?

Eph. I wou'd bring myself home with some money.

Ame.

Ame. Excuse my curiosity, Sir, What was the lady's name in whose care you were left.

Rov. Oh, ma'am she was the lady of a Major Linstock; but I heard my mother's name was Seymour?

Sir G. Why, Amelia?

Ame. My son!

Rov. Madam!

Ame. It is my Charles! (*embraces him*)

Sir G. Eh!

Lady Am. Thou seest he is my gay, gallant, generous cousin.

John: Tol, lol, lol, tho' I never heard it before, my heart told me he was a chip of the old block.

Ame. —Your father!—(*to Rover, pointing to Sir George*)

Rov. Can it? Heavens! then have I attempted to raise my impious hand against a parent's life!

Sir G. My dear brave boy! My son with spirit to fight me as a stranger, yet defend me as a father.

Ame. And knowing her only as a woman wronged, to protect his helpless mother.

Banks. By relieving the stranger, Charles, you little thought 'twas an uncle you snatched from a prison.

Lady Am. Nor that thou by that benign action, didst first engage the esteem of thy fond cousin, (*takes him by thy hand*) Uncle you'll recollect 'twas I, who first introduced a son to thee.

Sir G. And I hope you will next introduce a grandson to me, young fly-boots. Harry you've lost your fortune.

Har. Yes, Sir, but I've gained a brother,
whose

whose friendship (before I knew him to be such)
I prized above any fortune in England.

Rov. My dearest Rosalind !

Ame. Then, will you take our Charles.

(to *Lady Am.*)

Lady Am. Yea ; but only on condition thou
bestowest thy fortune on his friend and brother,
mine is sufficient for us, is it not ?

Rov. Angelic creature ! to think of my ge-
nerous friend—But now for “ As You Like It.”
Where’s Lamp, and Trap—I shall ever love a
play—A spark from Shakspeare’s Muse of Fire,
was the star that guided me thro’ my desolate and
bewilder’d maze of life, and brought me to these
unexpected blessings.

To merit friends so good, so sweet a wife,
The tender husband be my part for life ;
My Wild Oats sown, let candid Thespian Laws
Decree, that glorious harvest—your applause.

THE END.

EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN BY GEORGE COLMAN, JUN. ESQ.

SPOKEN BY MRS. POPE.

'Twas Epilogue's tame task in ancient days,
With trembling step advanced, to court you praise,
And mercy beg for guilty Poet's lays——
Good luck ! how she is changed ! long used to speak,
She scorns to bear her faculties so meek,
Like a spoilt Miss, vain, pert, and forward grown,
She chatters---on all business but her own.
The Play, the Poet, Actors, all forgot,
Epilogue prates about she knows not what ;
Lugs head and shoulders in, a jumble all !
Box-lobby Bobbies, Lady Mayoress' Ball,
Thick neck-cloths, city frumps, cork rumps, and
hops at Pewterer's Hall.

Thus would-be Wits, whate'er has been exprest,
Foist in their oar---they have but one smart jest :
Start bluntly from the subject that's before ye,
To tell their frothy, threadbare, only story.

Let us for once, however, fashion sway,
Speak somewhat of the Poet and his Play.
How like ye his Wild oats? would ye know.
A certain sower, who came forth to sow,
Sprinkling his Oats---that's character---his Quakers,
His Sailors, Players, o'er five acts---that's Acres!
Or rather here his field---'tis you who nourish
The seeds of Genius, and make merit flourish.
Hence springs the harvest of the labourers toil,
From hence, this genial air, this generous soil,
Here humble worth securely strikes the root,
While favour fans the plant, and bids it shoot:
No spleen to bite the blossoms as they ope,
No malice breathes, to mildew---modest hope,

If such the land, secure our Poet then;
 Safe his Wild Oats; secure his Strolling Gentlemen;
 And let no Stroller, who our Drama fees,
 For Strollers now there are of all degrees,
 Think we mean satire, when we mean to please;
 We wou'd not wring their withers, whose sad curse
 It is in barns, to bellow forth blank verse;
 Were hungry Richard deals forth death and grief,
 And stakes a kingdom, for a steak of beef:
 Where crook'd-back'd Glo'ster plays the bloody glutton,
 And cuts up Kings; but never cuts up mutton.
 Where Romeo too, that billing Turtle Dove,
 Feeds with his Juliet upon airy Love;
 While Hamlet vainly sighs for boil'd and roast,
 'Till Hamlet's self appears like Hamlet's Ghost.
 Where Denmark's King, his murd'rous ends fulfilling,
 Soon gains a crown---the Actor not a shilling!
 These wou'd we not offend, our Bard reveres,
 Our strolling Actors, and our acting Peers.
 Nor would he glance, like some invidious elves,
 At those who act to entertain themselves.
 He is not one of those same trait'rous fellows
 To vex Right Honorable, tame Othello's.
 If our wise Commons, in a sapient mood,
 Act Plays thro' Christmas for their country's good;
 If Pierre Plans treason, thro' a black December,
 And votes at last---an honest Country Member:
 If fashionable Jaffier rants, whose life
 In private proves the love he bears his wife;
 If four-foot Lords, will gay Lothario roar,
 And round, squat, Lady Betties, act Jane Shore,
 If this be true as holy Writ or Bible,
 Tho' 'tis a truth our Author means no Libel;
 His mark is life, should his sketch give you pleasure,
 The grateful Bard is happy beyond measure.

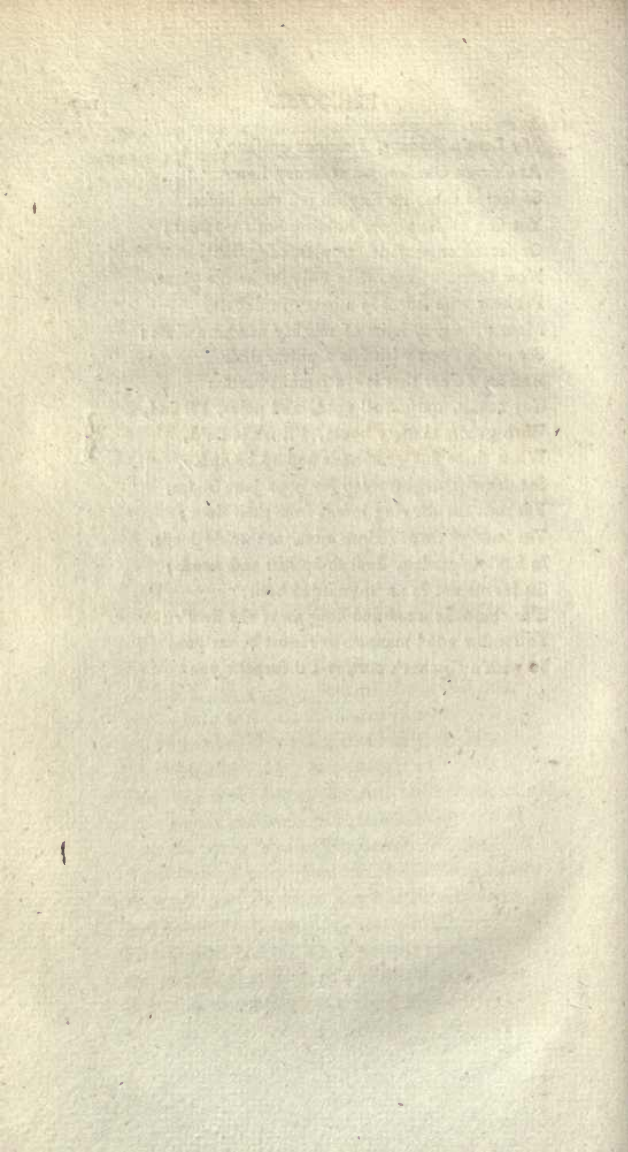
EPILOGUE,

WRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR, INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN
SPOKEN BY MRS. POPE, IN THE CHARACTER OF LADY
AMARANTH.

I, now plain Mary, when Jack Rover's wife,
A Lady Quaker shall step into life,
Not all my wish, but now, I must obey,
Yet where I do not like, I'll give my nay;
If to the Marriage yoke with joy I bend,
Why not forsooth? my husband is my friend:
So prim brought up, you'll think no ton can reach me,
But life my Rover knows, and he shall teach me:
Late slow in Speech, soon glibly will I talk;
My Chariot quit, in Kenfington to walk.
Tho' Sunday, sweet I'll hum an opera tune,
Mount " Cockle hat," and tread in " Sandal shoon,"
To make me follow'd I shall mend my pace,
And to be look'd at more, I'll veil my face,
Each season I shall match with different charms,
Huge winter muff, in summer swing my arms,
My watch like men's, whilst hid from public shew,
To view, I hang in chain the painted beau.
Assembly, play, rout, concert, drum and ball,
With gentle Charles, I'll hurry to them all;
I'll Vestris see, I've heard he came from France,
To tell a dismal story in a dance;
Flies up, comes down, so light, can't break an egg,
And charms the fair with horizontal leg.
Now that they have no Nobles left at home,
These French amongst our Nobles flocking come:
My Lord Anglois, their play bill gravely reads,
And as it bids, he turns his horses heads;
First English Nobles, all in council meet,
On question grand,---if fiddles sound more sweet,
In market to sell hay, or Oxford-street.

}
My

My Lent'n Fridays, I cannot profane,
 At Covent Garden, or at Drury Lane :
 So sacred thus, no English jest there bides,
 Yet sing of laughter, holding both his sides ;
 Or sacred or profane, to please so pliant,
 Now David's harp, then Polypheme the giant.
 I'll hear wise Lords so mighty in debate,
 Mourn the grey hairs of mighty northern Kate ;
 See noble Peers with fists a porter drub,
 And see a Peer that is---a famous Scrub ;
 Gay coach, outside all gold, and paint, I'll find,
 With groom in dirty boots, I'll see it lin'd,
 While three fine gentlemen step up behind. }
 See ancient virgins weep for poor Jane Shore,
 Yet turn the starving infant from their door ;
 Yet 'mongst small actions mixt, are noble deeds,
 In fashions garden, flourish flowers and weeds ;
 Oh let me not in an unguarded hour,
 E'er chuse the weed and fling away the flow'r ;
 You know good manners or report belies you,
 So with a Quaker's curtsy I'll surprize you.



THE
WICKLOW MOUNTAINS.
IN THREE ACTS.

PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN,
IN 1795.

THE MUSIC BY MR. SHIELD.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Franklin, Mr. TOWNSHEND.
Donnybrook, Mr. RICHARDSON.
Drofs, Mr. KNIGHT.
Sullivan, Mr. JOHNSTONE.
Felix, Mr. INCLEDON.
Billy O'Rourke, Mr. FAWCETT.
Redmond O'Hanlon, Mr. BOWDEN.

Helen, Mrs. CLENDINING,
Rosa, Mrs. MOUNTAIN,

PEASANTS, SERVANTS, &c.

SCENE, Arklow, and the Mountains adjacent,

THE
WICKLOW MOUNTAINS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Road.

Enter FRANKLIN and SERVANT.

FRANKLIN.

SO, once again have I got up among the mountains of Wicklow; aye, yonder is the very cabin where I supped my bread and milk a little chubby-cheek'd yonker.—Oh, but I'm every hour to expect Mr. Donnybrook, by Sir Richard's advice, my guardian that is to be, and his charming daughter from Dublin.—William, remember you're not to drop my name here.

Serv. Never fear, Sir.

Frank. Well, return to the public-house where we stopt, open the portmanteau, and lay out my drefs.

Serv...

Serv. Yes, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Frank. This delightful country! now mine thanks to the will of my crabbed uncle. In the disguise of the character I assumed so successfully at the Masquerade, I'll see what they are all about here: I'll have a sharp eye on my old companion Felix, of whom I have heard such dreadful stories—I'm astonish'd, and griev'd to think that from the promising simplicity of his childhood, he should turn out a villain!—Lucky my finding in Dublin the good old woman that nurs'd us both; my opulent family neglect, and leave her to indigence! and this young man her only support—Felix puts part of his depredations to good use however: this letter that she gave me for him, might to a certainty discover his resources, but I've promised to deliver, and he shall have it.—When metamorphos'd, I may also speak to my lovely Helen without her knowing me; she may be smitten with some finer fellow than myself.—If Felix proves a rascal I'll rid the country of him, if report has wrong'd him, I'll be his friend—Virtue is it's own reward, but not amiss to help her out with a few guineas now and then. And if I find Helen not as amiable as she is beautiful, then farewell, love. Now for my disguise—instead of the young squire and lord of the manor, I'm an old, merry, jolly, lying, rattling, singing, wicked, mumping, travelling merchant. (*mimicks*) Sleeve-buttons, shirt-buttons, scissars, threads, tapes, and needles, spectacles for all ages—Do extend your charity to the poor old man!—very well. Ha, ha, ha!

[*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

*The Mountains.**ROSA's Cabin in the Front.**ROSA sitting at the door knitting.*

AIR.—ROSA.

Here at her Cabin door is Rosa sitting,
 But oh, her thoughts in Dublin are with thee---
 Move silly fingers, I must mind my knitting,
 For ah! my Felix may not think of me.

That does he, says my heart in double beating,
 Now blythe from hill to hill he bounds along;
 How sweet is absence that can bring such meeting,
 Beat, beat my bosom to my cheerful song.

Fly, fly refreshing gales, ah gently by me,
 In passing softly whisper who is come;
 No news of him I love, Oh ne'er come nigh me---
 Sing, sing ye pretty birds his welcome home.

*Enter BILLY O'ROURKE, (eating fruit).**Billy.* Will you eat some fraughns, Rosa child?*Rosa.* Billy, you have been rambling over the mountains when you should be teaching the children at Mr. Sullivan's school, you're a pretty usher.

Billy. And you singing here like a lazy sparrow, when you should have open'd your shop.—Ah, you're a pretty shopkeeper! But you ought to marry me at once, when a young woman is left with property, she cannot do without a man of the house. (*takes down a wooden shutter, places on it a bottle and pipe, a turf hung by a string and a Sign on it written "Dry Lodging."*)—I'm able and

willing to be master of that shop. Now Rosa might not twenty people pass by and not know you could sell them a quart of Buttermilk, by your not hanging out the turf? or might not people afraid to go over the mountain at night, wish to take here a nice clean bed of fresh straw, and you not hang out your sign! No Inn from this to Arklow could give them a better dry lodging—when it doesn't rain.—Now Rosa, mind I won't marry you if you're so idle as to sit working in this manner all the morning.

Rosa. Well, Billy, don't say I waste my time, see what I've been doing. (*takes a shirt from a basket*) there!

Billy. My new shirt finish'd! why you've put a ruffle on it! two ruffles! (*joyfully*) then blessings on you, do you want to make me a man in a ruffled shirt? a ruffle on my right hand, and a ruffle on my wrong—no my left hand, and a great long ruffle down my neck; next Sunday I shall strut into chapel like a white-gill'd turkey-cock. No man that ever sold goats milk on the mountains of Wicklow was—you talk of Felix! Psha! I am——

AIR.—*Billy.*

Some run after the Buck and Doe,
 Some a Fox will set galloping,
 Some will chace a Hare pussly so,
 Chevy their horses sides walloping.
 Gentlemen guzzle up Claret wine,
 Ale in my throat will run ripple down;
 Ladies tea talk like a Parrot fine,
 O my Goats milk is the tippie down!
 Step out best leg, and cry come body,
 When I look smart give me joy for it;
 Genteels shall find that I'm somebody,
 Billy O'Rourke is the boy for it.

My

My goat he's fond of skipping high.
 Dance he shall at the Hay-market.
 My kid sings so top tripping---why
 Not Ma-ma sweetly as they lark it?
 Ditches a good nag brings us over,
 Dogs thro' all troubles will follow man,
 If long beards make a Philosopher
 Then is my goat a wise Solamon.
 Step out best leg, &c.

Ruffles shall over my knuckles dab,
 Blue silk waistcoat I'll dress in too,
 Sullivan's white powder'd wig I'll nab,
 And take a compliment lesson too,
 Step out best leg and cry come body,
 When I look smart give me joy for it,
 Genteels shall find that I'm somebody---
 Billy O'Rourke is the boy for it.
 Step out best leg, &c.

Enter FRANKLIN, (disguised as a Pedlar.)

Frank. (in a feign'd voice) Ha! I'm glad to see the boys and girls so sweet to one another, and my honey were you singing a song for her? the very birds in the air set you that gay example—look among the hens and chickens—see that tight smart cockerel how he chaunts and crows around the little pullets.

Billy. What do you chatter to me about cocks and hens you beggarly looking thief, who are you? With the devil to you.

Rosa. Oh shame! Billy, you're always abusing every body—cursing and swearing, fie, fie.

Frank. Let him alone. Honey, the poor must bear and forbear—I'll tell you who I was—for I have had my day.

Billy. So have I.

Frank. Aye, every dog has his day.—You must know there was a great stealer, and he used to rob horse

horse shoes, so at the Clonmell Assizes the Sub-Sheriff ordered him to be choak'd; and they buried him opposite my door upon Bally-houry mountain, where I sold a good drop of ale, and do you know that even under ground he couldn't be quiet with his old tricks, for as the travellers rode by, that is if it was evening, he'd up with his big fist, out of his grave, and claw off the horses shoes as they gallop'd over him.—Oh, oh! says the gentleman of the county this wont do, so they open'd his grave, and there they found a bushel of horse shoes snug and airy—however it spoil'd my house for nobody would ride near it, and they turn'd the road another way and left me by myself proudly at the sign of the Harrow, then I drank off my ale and commenc'd travelling merchant.

Billy. What do you sell? Speak this instant. *(Shakes him)*

Frank. Oh, why do you shake one about, as if I was a bag of cockles?

Rosa. You've got such a cross way Billy by crowing over the little boys in Mr. Sullivan's school—but you're not an Usher here.

Billy (ironically). Oh, Miss—sweet lips—pretty Rosebud *(bows)*, what do you sell if you please sir? *(bows)*

Frank. Oh sir, *(bows)* decent sleeve-buttons, and handsome spectacles, for all ages; comely pins, and needies, and well behaved threads, and tapes, when I can't sell I beg, so either in charity or fair dealing I've always the best of the bargain.

Billy. Bargain! I'm your customer—I'll buy a pair of sleeve buttons for my new ruffled shirt—*(takes the shirt)* oh how nice you've mark'd it, as if you had pick'd out the letters from your very sampler and stuck them on—now for the W. O. R. eh, what!—F-O fof!

Rosa.

Rosa. To be sure, it's for Felix, O'Fin.

Billy. Ruffling shirts for Felix! that's pretty damned behaviour! (*walks in a passion*)

Rosa. Don't be angry Billy, besides his kindness to me my Felix is goodnatured to every body, he is generous to all that's in want, or sickness.

Frank. My companion such an excellent character!—This is not what I've been led to believe. (*aside*)

Rosa. Then Billy, Felix never swears, and he is so handsome.

Billy. Here he is, and he is not.

Frank. Ah, I remember the bovisk features, but exceedingly well grown up indeed. (*aside looking out.*)

Enter FELIX.

Billy. You're not so handsome as me. (*to Felix*)

Rosa. Felix! why I believe you've been to Dublin.

Felix. I have my sweet Rosa, and have brought you a silver thimble, and here Billy is a red silk handkerchief for Sunday.

Rosa. I thank you Felix, but I can't accept it.

Billy. Thank 'ye Felix, but I cannot accept it. (*Ties the handkerchief in a great bow round his neck*) there that's Felix's way—he's always making presents to the folks, a busy cur! Now I never make presents to any body.

Rosa. Do not be offended, but I must not take any thing from you till I first know how you get the money to buy it.

Billy. Felix, I dont want to affront you, but I believe you're a robber.

Frank. How! Oh this may be the malice of rustic jealousy, (*aside*) but young gentleman your generosity

generosity hurts the poor man that wants to live by turning the penny.

Felix. Oh I'll not do mischief either—what have you got?

Billy. He's got spectacles---I wish I had a pair to make a present to my master Mr. Sullivan, it would save me many lugs by the ear---*Felix* I'll buy a pair if you'll pay for them.

Felix. Ha, ha, ha! with all my heart. (*gives spectacles to Billy, and money to Franklin*)

Rosa. *Felix*! you've given him two half crowns! why you might have bought them for sixpence. Ah! light come, light go.

Billy. What's got over the devil's back is—

Frank. Oh, fie! don't blame the lad for helping honest industry.

Rosa. Certainly it's very good in him so far; but his having so much money is the talk of every soul in Croghan.

Billy. You pull'd out the last time you came from Dublin, four guineas, two half guineas, six crown pieces, three bright farthings, and a bundle of sixpences.—What do you stand staring at him with your great eyes, and open mouth?

Frank. Why I dont want to bite you.

Billy. Heark'ye you *Felix*, you go from your home here without a penny in your pocket—you stand behind a windmill on Red Cross Hill, and you rob the gentlemen and ladies as they pass in their coaches.

Frank. Not so quick—there's no windmill on Red Cross Hill.

Billy. Well that's no old fools business---look now, there's a coach coming over the Common yonder---see how *Felix* watches it, just as a cat would a Robin.

Frank.

Frank. Then but for us he'd be at his trade.
(*Apart*)

Billy. He's groping for his pistol. (*a noise and shrieks without*)

Felix. Those horses are running with the coach down the hill. [*Exit.*

Billy. There's a lady within, she's in a blessed way.

Frank. Heavens ! it's my Helen. [*Exit.*

Rosa. Why don't you go and assist in stopping the horses Billy ?

Billy. Lord if ever I saw such spirited nags ! there they kick and jump, the chaise will have an immense tumble down the quarry ; talk of horses and carriages, nothing like a man's own handsome legs. (*traverses*)

Rosa. There, Felix has caught hold of the bridle of the first horse.

Billy. See how he rears and pulls him up in the air. Hoo ! (*shouts*) if I wasn't sure Mr. Sullivan didn't want me to open school I'd join in the fun, but let old Sullivan go to the Devil I will divert myself. (*going*)

Enter SULLIVAN.

Sul. Oh, ho ! You're here. (*Takes him by the ear and leads him off*)

Rosa. The gentlefolks are safe, thanks to my brave Felix.

AIR.—*Rosa.*

They call me poor Rosa, but why,
When rich in the love I hold dear ?
Let those who will envy not I
Your ladies with thousands a year :

Aye

Aye let them with liberty part
 For titles and riches they're sold,
 My title is Queen of his heart,
 His smile is my treasure of gold.

No dower have I to bestow,
 Not even a heifer or lamb.
 And yet is my fortune quite low
 With seven white kids, and their dam?
 Tho' fine to have haggarts well fill'd
 No harm to have flocks in the fold;
 Tho' rich is the buttercup field,¹
 A smile is my treasure of Gold.

Re-enter FELIX.

Oh, my Felix, how good you are.

Felix. Its very wrong the ladies not getting out and walking down that hill.

Rosa. They're not hurt I hope?

Fel. Oh no. No harm but what the coach-maker can repair.—But my dear Rosa, I'm exceedingly hurt by your suspicions.—

Rosa Well now nobody is by, do tell me how you get your money.

Fel. The time will come, and very soon, when you shall know how I have a guinea for others people's shilling, but while I put it to a good purpose don't think ill of me. I think I may trust Rosa. (*aside.*) Come my love look pleasant, I'll call upon you to night, and then, perhaps, I may tell you.

Rosa. I shall expect you to supper, but dear Felix, let me know no more than you think proper.

DUET—FELIX AND ROSA.

Ah dearest love will you ever love me?
 'Treasur'd in Vi'lets are sweets for the bee?

Is the morning sun-beam cheering,
 Is the lark's first note worth hearing,
 Is the dew drop clear,
 Called the snow drop's tear,
 Setting sun do ploughmen joy to see?

Felix. Does Rosa then doat on her own gramachree?

Rosa. Does Felix then doat on his own gramachree?
 My dearest!

Felix. My dearest!

Rosa. Say, oh, will you love me.

Felix. Do sweet flowers open to the morning ray?
 You are my rose bud,

Rosa. You the dawn above me.

Felix. Adieu my dearest Rosa!

Rosa. Adieu my dearest Felix!

Both. Oh, may our hour's in love serenely glide away.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE III.

Sullivan's House.

Enter SULLIVAN and BILLY.

Sul. And you must be courting Rosa.

Bil. Yes I must—And the Horses were so rusty.

Sul. I thought Billy, I was Postmaster in this town of Arklow, and Schoolmaster, and that my school was the chapel, and I was owner of three herring boats.

Billy. Well, and an't you?

Sul. Then as you are my usher, never stand before me with a hat upon your cangrona.
 (*Snatches off his hat, Billy picks it up and wipes it*

upon Sullivan's coat.) and never speak to me without saying, Sir.

Billy. Lord, I couldn't remember that, it would hurt my intellect.

Sul. What, you spalpeen cur! mind you set Master Fogerty a copy.

Bil. For your crustinefs Felix's spectacles never rides upon your bandy nose. (*aside.*)

Sul. What are you talking about me?

Bil. I was only saying I wanted a quill for a new pen.

Sul. You want a quill! And pray what do you think the old gander is marching about the door for? d'ye hear, write Master Pat. Mulvaney's multiplication table on his new sheet of brown paper, and tell Master Shamos Mcguiggin that I'll whip him for drawing dogs and foxes on his slate, that is, if his daddy, Mr. Mcguiggin don't send me that sheaf of barley he promised me.

Bil. Oh, death, hell and thunder! Sir, what a slave I am!

Sul. Now Billy didn't father Murphy tell you no later ago than last funday, that if you went on swearing so, you'd be suddenly struck with the palsy, or a crooked mouth, or a thunder bolt, or some terrible example fall upon you. Billy, Billy, in the hearing of my boys never go beyond a gad-zooks or a "pon my fany."

(*Shouts without.*)

Bil. There's the boys making a hullaballo at the school door, upon my fany.

Sul. And why don't you go and open it you whelp.

Bil. (*Takes down lash, slates, books, rules, &c. from a shelf.*) If every babe of them doesn't give me

me his morning's bread and butter, how my cat will wisk her nine tails about their legs.

[Exit.

Enter REDMOND O'HANLON.

Sul. Now Redmond, what do you want? I tell you I don't like your coming into my house, nor even your walking into the town of Arklow.

Red. Well Mr. Sullivan, once for all, will you lend me your case of horse pistols, your old sword, your blunderbuss, and your basket hanger? and on the word of a christian, you shall have them safe again.

Sul. Once for all, honey, go out of my house, you get no fire-arms from me. Arrah man is it like a christian breaking into gentlemen's peaceful dwellings for muskets, and such like combustibles!

Red. Well, mind Mr. Sullivan, you call me a Defender, and a Heart of Steel, if I am what you say, take the consequence.

Sul. Why, Redmond, honey, do you threaten me?

Foot. Eh house! who's here? (*without.*)

Sul. Oh monumen doull! if here isn't 'Squire Donnybrook arrived from Dublin. Get out of my parlour—go to the other side of my street-door—stop—the gentry sha'n't see such an ill looking bird fly from under my thatch—go out at the back-door, and thro' the cabbage garden.

Red. Our party shall have fire-arms for all this.

[Exit.

Enter two FOOTMEN, in rich liveries, and COUNTRYMAN, carrying portmanteaus.

1st. *Foot.* Leave them here friend.

2d. *Foot.* Zounds ! is it in this smoaky cabin, that our master has taken lodgings ?

1st. *Foot.* This cannot be the house.

2d. *Foot.* House, dog-kennel !

Sul. Dog-kennel ! why gentlemen, are you going to lodge here ?

Enter DONNYBROOK, in full dress, carrying parcels, &c.

Don. (*Sings.*) " Begone dull care, I prithee begone from me." Eh ! gentlemen, will you let me see you to your chambers ? permit me to help you off with your boots. Which is master ?

1st. *Foot.* We only stept in first, Sir, to see what apartments were for you.

Don. Ah, Mr. Sullivan I presume—well my friend, Sir Richard told you, I suppose, of my coming down or rather up here, and that I'll lodge with you.

Sul. Oh, Mr. Donnybrook, then it was your coach that was overturned just now ? Well, Sir, you shall have a glass of claret, and in our Irish way, I won't ask you whether you will or no.

Don. Thank'ye Dan Sullivan ; ant your name Dan.

Sul. May be so Sir, but I remember being christened Bob,

Don. Well Bob, I'd prefer a little of your Wicklow Ale.

Sul.

Sul. And that you shall—here Billy!

Enter BILLY.

Billy. May be you want me?

Sul. And where's your Sir? and where's your bow? (*Billy bows*) Arrah, boy, dont tofs up your leg in that manner: suppose Master M'Fogerty was behind you, what a devil of a kick you'd give him in the shin.

Billy. Sir, will you sit down? (*places a chair.*)

Don. Thank'v'e. What a fine creature a man is when he's got from his wife.

Sul. Then how dare you ask, even the Pope, to sit in my school elbow chair?

Billy. Oh, very well—pray, Sir, sit on this stool! (*Don. rises and sits on the stool.*)

Sul. Squire, dont think me unmannerly; you're welcome to my great chair if it was made of gold and ivory, but my usher, and my boys, must believe that I'm the greatest bird in the bush. (*apart*) Billy, boy, from your behaviour I'm sure the gentleman couldn't tell who I am.

AIR,—SULLIVAN.

Pray look on me, Sir, and then guess my vocation,

I'm schoolmaster here, and I teach the young boys;

I squat in my chair, and such curst botheration,

Enough for to deafen a drum with their noise.

This lad you see here, you've a hole in your stocking;

(*apart*)

Why, Sir, he's my usher: pho, Bill, where's your
bow?

(*apart.*)

How neatly he stands---with your elbow out-cocking;

(*apart*)

What a mannerly child---to kick up like a cow.

(*apart*)

Then,

Then, Sir, he can write ;
 Your soul he'd delight
 With his A B C,
 And his B C D ;
 And his E F G,
 And his fal lal lal la.

The boys bring me corn when their daddies are reaping,
 They cypher so famously all on their slate ;
 I lock up their books, just to teach them book-keeping,
 Tho' shut now his mouth, Sir, that cur's full of prate.
 In short, of my youths I'm a noble commander,
 Fine horses I make out of young ragged colts ;
 On Sunday, before 'em, I walk like a gander,
 And they all hop after like gay turkey poults.
 Then, Sir, they can write, &c.

[*Exeunt Sullivan and Billy.*]

Don. (Sings) " Care flies from the lad that is
 " merry." Why does my daughter sit in the
 coach ? Helen ! come out and come in.

1st Foot. Sir, Miss Helen's woman was so
 frighten'd at the danger, that she fell quite ill
 upon it : and my lady observing a smart looking
 girl at a cottage door, as we pass'd thro' the vil-
 lage, thought she might hire her, and so has
 walk'd back to have some talk with the girl
 herself.

Don. Well, do you see, your lady, my wife
 sent me up to the mountains in state, but now I'll
 unstate myself, for one month at least. (*pulls off*
his laced coat, and bag wig, and puts on a short
jacket and brown wig.) There now, my two
 sinecure footmen, take yourselves and my fine
 gingerbread chariot back again to Merion square.
 I come hither for sport, that I'll have in shooting
 grouse ; my daughter, Miss Helen Donnybrook,
 comes here for health, that she'll quaff up in fine
 air and goat's milk ; so begone back to Dublin,
 you

you superfine gaudy rascals—march, trip, skip, hop, bounce.

2d Foot. Ah! master breaks out now he hasn't my lady to controul him. (*apart.*)

Don. Troop, fly! (*shoves them off.*) What a fine creature a man is when he's got rid of his wife.

Re-enter SULLIVAN, (calling off.)

Sul. Come, Billy, bring it in—Eh! why squire, you've rusticated yourself into a country fox.

Don. Time and season: in town I was gay; I rattl'd, swore, guzzl'd, and gambld—but here I'm rural, simple, and serene. Here, among your mountains, I'll neither game, nor get muzzy; and if I swear again, may I be ——

Sul. Now by that I see you'll play an evening's rubber with us.

Don. No, my gaming bets and wagers are all over.

Sul. Come, squire, you'll take up the first bet that's offer'd you.

Don. No I won't, fly Bob.

Sul. I'll lay a guinea you do.

Don. Done!

Sul. Ah, ah! it's mine—put it here—(*holds out his hand.*)

Don. Eh! Well said Bob—(*shakes hands.*)

Enter BILLY, with a Mug.

Billy. Sir, I just now handed Miss, your beautiful daughter, out of the coach; I hope I wasn't too bold—what a shabby figure I must have cut—(*aside*) Pray, squire, what do you do with your old cloathes that you throw off? (*looking at them.*)

Don. Why I give them to my man.

Billy.

Billy. Your Honor's welcome to Arklow, (*Drinks.*) Master, here's long life to you.

Sul. Then the black devil fly away with your manners!

Don. You shou'd have first taught him a few,
Bob. Come come, don't be cow'd down, Billy, my man.

Billy. Oh I'm his man—thank'ye, Sir; these old cloaths I shall be obliged to wear. (*Takes the cloaths Donnybrook had thrown off, and hides them in a press.*)

Sul. For him to come and take up the mug—

Billy. (*Advances*) Take up the mug? yes, Sir.

Sul. Hold, hold! Why you're making quite a trade of it—Sir, I do allow my usher a draught now and then.

Billy. Yes, Sir, I took it then, and I'll take it now.

Don. Stop! Give me leave now to drink your health. (*Drinks.*) Sullivan, I've not the least pride; I'm never above making free with what is call'd the lower class—your hand Billy.

Sul. Lower class! but, Sir, as I'm school-master, I'm at the bottom, and at the top, and the middle, and the head of all the classes.

Billy. Squire, if you'll let me serve Miss with goat's milk, she shall have a pail of it under her window every morning before the crow can shake his ears.

Sul. But Billy, we shou'd warn Mr. Donnybrook against Felix.

Billy. Right—Sir, never go shooting on the hills without taking a gun with you.

Don. Why it's what I generally do.

Sul. My way.

Don. Felix, I suppose, is that travelling pedlar,
that

that assisted us when we broke down? I thought he came to pick our pockets, so I drove him away.

Billy. Oh, Sir, no! Felix is a saucy boy that courts my Rosa: but he's very ugly, isn't he, master?

Sul. Yes, he's a deform'd man.

Don. I don't care twopence about his ugliness or prettyness; but if he's a rogue, there's danger.

Sul. Then, Felix is so hellishly uncivil.

Billy. He woudn't put one foot before another to oblige a living soul.

Sul. And he's so unmannerly, that if you'd take off your hat, and say "How do you do Mr. Felix?" He'd stump by you like the post of a pigeon house.

Don. I'd be glad to see these walking pigeon houses—so, on a sum up, this Felix is a saucy, rude, ugly, deformed, uncivil stump of a post.

Sul. Sir, he's a thief.

Don. I'm a magistrate; he shan't stay here to frighten me when I'm running over the sweet blooming heaths. I'll transport him, the rascal! you've fired me so, that if he comes in my way, I'll —

Enter FELIX.

Ah, my dear worthy lad! (*shakes hands cordially*) I'm very glad to see you—I long'd to make some acknowledgement, and return you my hearty thanks.

Fel. Sir, the pleasure of assisting any that stand in need, is to me sufficient recompence.

Sul. Billy—I'm amazed!

Billy. Sir, I'm astonished!

Don. Why what's the matter with you both? is a little civil gratitude such a raree shew amongst you?

Sul. Felix, I charge you before squire Donnybrook, as a common high-way footpaddy.

Don. Then this is the lad you've been abusing so?

Billy. Sir, he's a robber.

Don. He can't, he saved my life!

Billy. He's the scare-crow of the whole country.

Don. Impossible, he sav'd my daughter!

Sul. I tell you, Sir, he's a most notorious depredator.

Don. No such thing; he saved my four coach horses—your proofs?

Sul. Sir, he wears the best of cloaths.

Billy. And a ruffled shirt; so he must be a rogue—I wish I had ruffles to my shirt—Dom him, how fine he looks!

Sul. Felix, you either rob, or have sold yourself to the devil for your gold.

Fel. Neither.

Sul. Why you do more good in the village, than all of us put together: so you must be a bad man.

Don. Eh! How's that, Bob?

Sul. Then you're always going to Dublin, and coming back, and what for?

Don. Why he goes to come.

Billy. And people sends him letters; now nobody sends me letters, tho' I'm an O'Rourke.

Sul. Well thought on; as I'm postmaster, and all the letters come thro' my hands, I'll open your's, and find how you come by your money.

Fel.

Fel. Open my letters ! then all is blown indeed : the boy is now on the road with the Arklow mail. (*aside.*)

[*Exit, hastily.*]

Sul. There, he couldn't stand the charge, but has run away with himself.

Don. Then by the time this Felix does good enough to be canoniz'd for a saint, he'll be quite a devil amongst you all. But am I to have no supper here ?

Sul. And that you shall.

Billy. Suppose, Sir, you go and shoot a little ; I'll shew you such big round fat flocks of grouses—I wish I cou'd get some for a present to Rosa. (*aside.*)

Don. But it will soon be dark—Come, boy, then you shall see how I'll cock one eye, and wink the other—Hey, they're up, whiz ! (*points and shouts.*)

Sul. Pray, squire, turn your muzzle another way.

AIR.—TRIO.

DONNYBROOK, SULLIVAN, BILLY O'ROURKE.

Don. A life of town fashion is all a mere folly,
Grimace, affectation, nor friendship nor truth ;
High up among green hills, in altitude jolly,
We rove on the tip-toe of pleasure.
The bees in great cities, for drones buz and cluster,
Why blast in smoak'd dungeons, our rosy-
cheek'd youth ?
To freedom and nature, dull mortals be juster ?
O'er mountains your limits come measure.

Sul. A basket of turf go bring in my brave Billy,
I love a good fire, Sir, to comfort my nose;
A bowl of Calcannon Oghone! is the lilly,
And let a big Turkey be roasted.

Billy. I'll bring you of whisky a plentiful methers,
And, Sir, I'll remember a pitcher of booze;
Then round your square table we'll sit down
together,
And all the fine girls shall be toasted.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Dusk.—*Before Rosa's Cabin.*

Enter FRANKLIN (in his disguise.)

Frank. This clash of contradictory reports—
they allow Felix is their universal benefactor, yet
also agree that he must get his money by improper
means. Eh! he's here—running out of town this
late hour is suspicious—if, as that clown said, his
business should be to collect from travellers.

[*Retires.*]

Enter FELIX.

Fel. Yes, here the post-boy must pass; if there
is a letter for me in the bag, he may, for a little
cash, give it, and keep secret, so prevent Sul-
livan discovering my hidden precious resource.
A pity my nurse was from home when I called
there yesterday; she'd be distress'd, and her un-
easiness may induce her to write this very post—
what may she say in the letter? perhaps enough
to let any reader know the means by which I
have

have relieved her. (*sees Franklin*) Isn't that the facetious pedlar?

Frank. He sees me. (*aside, advances*) Then Heaven bleſs you, my good young man.

Fel. The ſame to you.

(*Horn without.*)

Frank. The poſt-boy.

Fel. Yes, with the Dublin letters for Arklow—I—I—want—to—ſpeak to him.

Frank. Sure he wont rob the mail—yet ſo communicative of his villany. (*aside*)

Fel. I think he has a letter for me, that I woudn't wiſh ſhou'd fall into the poſt-maſter's hands.

Frank. Then its only a letter for himſelf he wants out of it—I think, I hope he is ſlander'd. (*aside*) From a girl? Eh! ah, ah.

Fel. Ha, ha, ha! No, faith, its from my old nurſe that lives in Dublin.

Frank. Indeed! How fortunate! (*aside*)

Fel. To get that from the boy would make me the happieſt fellow in the world. (*half aside*)

Frank. If your mind is really good—now for a ſevere trial. (*aside*)

[*Exit. unperceived.*]

Fel. Shou'd I aſk the boy or no? upon conſideration I'd better not---he might reſuſe, and I get vext---perhaps he run into town complaining---then Sullivan will have a handle for his ill will to me. No, if there is a letter, I'll leave it to chance---Eh! I'm before Roſa's cabin---well thought on, I ſup with her to-night. (*Horn without*) How ſweet that ſound this tranquil evening over the hills! but harſh to the voice of love and Roſa.

AIR.

AIR.---FELIX.

The Horn shrill, mellow, loud and clear,
 May call to chace a fearful Deer ;
 How poor the hunter's pride!
 The Trumpet puffs in boasting strain,
 To fight, and o'er the verdant plain
 Must flow a crimson tide.

The post-boy's Horn---hark ! music rare !
 Now skims the lake, now fills the dell,
 Or sink, or float upon the air ;
 Or dying pant, or nobly swell.
 His eager sports let death proclaim,
 To camp and forest round ;
 The lover hears the voice of fame,
 When flutes melodious found.

At rural feasts, the master's skill,
 The pipe can warble, make at will ;
 To join the dulcet voice.
 Blind Minstrel, sit in tuneful state,
 Thy Harp ! oh sweetly modulate ;
 You charm, and we rejoice.

The post-boy's horn---hark ! music rare !
 Now skims the lake, now fills the dell,
 Or sink, or float upon the air ;
 Or dying pant, or nobly swell.
 Horn, Harp, Pipe, Trumpet loud proclaim,
 Fight, dance, or song around ;
 The lover hears the voice of fame,
 When flutes melodious found.

Re-enter FRANKLIN.

Ha ! my merry honest fellow here again !

Frank. Young man, the money you generously
 gave me this morning for my spectacles was four
 and sixpence over the price ; that buys me a jolly
 stock

stock of merchandize, and makes me happy. You said the letter you expected wou'd make you so—there it is. (*gives a letter.*)

Fel. S'death! you havn't forced it from the boy?

Frank. Ask no questions, you have it, and be happy. [*Exit.*]

Fel. This is a very dangerous act of kindness—why there's no post mark! she must have sent it in a cover—then my new 'venturous friend has torn it off to prevent detection—I wish he hadn't been so busy; however, since I have got it, I may as well see what says my good old woman. (*peruses*)

Enter BILLY, (with Birds in a net.)

Billy. Ah, they'll catch the robber. I've left Mr. Donnybrook to grope his way home as he can—let him lay down on the top of the hill, and roll into the town at the bottom of it. He, he, he! I've got all his birds; he has had the sport, but I have the game. Rosa shall broil these fat grouses for her and my supper! (*going in sees Felix*) What, Felix! Arklow, and the whole country is up—do you know any thing about it?

Fel. About what?

Billy. Why the mail is robbed.

Fel. Ha! Then he did force it from the boy—is he in the habit of doing these things? or was it the impulse of the moment, to serve me? I observ'd his activity in endeavouring to assist the people when the coach broke down, so I'll think the best of him. (*aside*) But, Billy, sure there's only one letter taken—and for that, I'll—sooner than have a noise—I myself will pay the postage out---out of my own pocket, and then there's no harm done.

Billy.

Billy. You'll pay the postage! Why what is it to you? and how came you to know how many letters were taken? No harm done! Mr. Sullivan says they're always gibbeted upon the spot where the fact is committed, hung up in chains, as a warning to the crows, and the sheep, and the sea-gulls.

Fel. Wretched man! Why wou'd he do this? (*aside, much agitated*)

Billy. What's the matter with Felix? he was reading a letter just now---Eh! How, bless my head! He said there was but one letter taken---Oh, oh! Then the secret's out---(*whistles*) if this should be the way he gets his money. (*aside*) Felix, upon the very spot where we now stand, what a terrible fine place for a gibbet. (*significantly*)

Fel. I'm faint—and tremble—

Billy. Why your face is as white as a goat's elbow!—here's Mr. Sullivan and the whole posse coming to look for the robber. Ah Felix, I wasn't quite out when I said you hid behind the windmill to rob the gentlefolks.

Fel. (*alarmed*) Me! Am I suspected of this?

Billy. Oh no, you're not suspected—pretty well known—I'll go in and tell Rosa—that winds him up with her, she's so honest—good bye, Felix. [*goes into house.*]

Fel. The poor fellow wou'd not have committed this action but for me—the crime is all mine—yet unless I give him up, a shameful death must be my doom—how to escape? Rosa is beloved by all, if she conceals me, they'll not force their way into her cabin—Rosa! Rosa! (*calls*)

(*Rosa appears at the window.*)

Rosa. Who's there?

Fel.

Fel. My love open the door, quick, quick and you save my life.

Rosa. Felix, as long as I could, my affection for you repell'd every thought to your prejudice; whilst all were in full certainty of your dishonesty, Love whispered, "Rosa only doubt it," but this last action—I must speak to you no more, and if possible forget you. [*Retires.*]

Fel. My life is in your hands, won't you preserve it? Save me my dear, my only love! (*kneels*)

Billy. (*at the window*) Get away we know nothing about you.

Fel. Then this is the cause—treacherous Rosa!

Billy. Come don't you abuse the girls with your impudent robberies.

Fel. Oh my Rosa!

AIR.—FELIX.

The Day from the tops of the Mountains is fled,
No Stars will appear, and the Moon hides her head;
The voice of pale Death hollow sounds in the wind,
But quick let him come, for my Rosa's unkind;
Still I cry my sweet Rosa, dear love let me in,
And save the poor life of thy Felix O'Fin.

My heart sinks with grief, and my soul is dismay'd,
My limbs how they tremble, is Felix afraid?
Tho' Death is so dreadful, more terrors I prove,
For she gives me up, the dear maid that I love:
Still I cry my sweet Rosa, dear love let me in,
And save the poor life of thy Felix O'Fin.

[*leans against a tree.*]

Billy. Here they come to take him—Ecod I'll have the reward—my beautiful Felix, if you attempt to run away I'll shoot you flying.

[*retires.*
Enter

Enter SULLIVAN and REDMOND O'HANLON.

Red. When I questioned the boy, he said the robber was muffled, and he cou'dn't swear to him.

Sul. Redmond, I know Felix did this by his running out of my house, when I talk'd about his letter.

Enter DONNYBROOK, groping.

Don. I'm quite astray, how shall I get home.

Sul. Justice Donnybrook! Sir, the mail is robbed.

Don. Aye you're a pretty parcel of pick-pockets! that fellow pretend to be my guide—lead me about, and about then run away with my birds.

Enter BILLY hastily from house.

Billy. Master, I saw a letter——

Don. Oh you poaching villain! Where's my game? (*collars him*)

Billy. Lord Sir, none of your game now, a'nt we going to law?—Master, I just this moment saw Felix reading a letter that he took from the mail.

Sul. You saw him! then Billy honey you were the man that was seen with him.

Don. You're an accomplice.

Billy. Me! I wasn't within ten miles of him.

Red. I know who it was.

Don. There! I knew it wasn't Felix—an honest fellow! didn't he save my life? tender-hearted

hearted fellow ! didn't he save my daughter ? a brave fellow ! didn't he in the danger put Helen's little lap-dog in his coat-pocket ?

Billy. Pocketed a puppy ! aye he can afford to pay the dog tax.

Red. The begging pedlar was Felix' confederate.

Fel. (advancing) I had no confederate, the crime was all my own.

Don. Indeed ! is it possible I cou'd be so deceived in this young man—but what a foolish knave to own it. (*aside*)

Red. Felix must be lock'd up in the chapel to-night, and to-morrow I'll convey him under a strong guard to Wicklow jail—let him slip the collar by the way tho'. (*aside*)

Sul. Billy boy, fetch away the children's copy-books, or Felix will be stealing the paper to write petitions to the Lord Lieutenant.

QUARTETTO.

Sul. Felix you have robb'd the mail.

Don. And thus I speak the law's decree.

Sul. Honey you must go to jail.

Red. And hang upon a tree.

Fel. I shall make no resistance,
With Hope lost is existence.

Rosa. (at the window) Ah how cruel ! to my jewel,
Love I have used thee too ill.

Chor. Felix you have robb'd the mail, &c.

Fel. Like the glorious Sun is death,
Which we cannot bear to look on :

Come, and yet my latest breath,
Shall blessings call on Rosa.

Billy. Strike a light, gay and bright,

Rosa broil our little grousy ;

Felix swing, oh I'll sing,

Rosa then shall be my spousy.

THE WICKLOW MOUNTAINS.

- Rosa.* When worth thus from the world departs,
Our prayers to heaven ascend;
And tears and sighs from grateful hearts,
Thy fleeting soul attend.
- Chor.* When worth thus from the world departs, &c.
- Sul.* We'll lock you up in the chapel all night.
- Red.* Tomorrow to prison as soon as light.
- Fel.* Come then away farewell, in your night stories tell,
How fond Felix was betray'd, by a dear lovely maid:
With joy shall I hear the knell of poor Felix' passing
bell,
Bear me then quick along, love hear my dying song.
- Chor.* Felix you have robb'd the mail, &c.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE I:

*Inside of ROSA's Cabin.**Enter ROSA.*

ROSA.

THIS must be some malicious story raised against Felix thro' envy—last night he was to have told me how he came by his money—he'll place my shutting him out to preference for Billy, ah! how that will wound his heart!

AIR.—ROSA.

A Linnet pursued, to my window it flew.
It flutter'd, and trembled, the Hawk was in view;
So plaintively tender his note still I hear,
Ah tender indeed! 'twas the voice of my dear;
No pity cou'd move, I the trembler betray,
And thus the vile Hawk tears my Linnet away.

Where now is my Felix? where soon shall he be?
And what must his thoughts be if thinking of me?

The

The Dog he once gave me, I view with a sigh,
 So faithful his master, as faithless am I:
 No longer my gentle companion and friend,
 My innocent flock like a Tyger he'll rend.

Enter HELEN.

Helen. Ha! good morning to you my dear girl.—*Rosa* I pretended to my father that I'd take an easy quiet saunter over the hills—but 'twas only to have a little more chat with you—do you know that I like you vastly.

Rosa. Oh ma'am, I cannot think that such an ignorant young girl as I could so soon obtain the favor of a lady.

Helen. What a delightful romantic place this is. Have you ever been in Dublin? No? then you have no idea of the elegant delights of plays, riddottos, public breakfasts, castle balls, Circular road canters, new garden concerts, and black rock cassinos? *Rosa* you shall be my confidante. Lord I cou'dn't exist without a confidante, when we're so puzzled and perplexed that we dont know what to do, how sweet to have a friend to ask their advice—When we are predetermined to follow our own. (*aside*) Both papa and mama think me ill, but dear I only counterfeited—deceived even the Doctors. So they sent me into the country.

Rosa. But why Miss did you pretend to be ill?

Helen. Because mama so grand! would have me marry a man only on account of his having come to an immense estate by the death of an uncle, and this compulsion has given me a great aversion for him—I hav'nt yet seen him, but have set him down in my fancy as a coxcomb.

Rosa. Aye, but ma'am, since these delights of
 Dublin

Dublin are only to be enjoyed by rich gentry, a marriage with this gentleman procures you pleasure to your heart's content.'

Helen. True Rosa, but the content of my heart is to chuse for myself: I never yet was in love, and 'tis'nt mama's experience can convince me its so charming.

AIR.—HELEN.

Virgin snows the landscape spreading,
 Wide one vacant blank display,
 Hidden charms our steps o'er-treading,
 'Ere descends the ardent ray.
 Tender thoughts, the maid despising,
 Cold to nature and her laws,
 Love's pure genial flame arising,
 Forth each latent passion draws.
 Fly my bosom sage reflection!
 Fill the void some kind affection.
 Friendship smiling,
 Time beguiling,
 Soothing, cheering,
 Life endearing,
 Till the lover
 I discover,
 Who can make me yes repeat,
 And my heart pit-pat to beat,
 Such the spark of life to me,
 Or my heart be cold and free.

Enter BILLY in DONNYBROOK's first cloaths and large wig, a flaggon in his hand.

My father! (*seeing Billy*) Rosa I must be very ill. (*apart*) Oh this lassitude is intolerable—heigho! (*pretends to faint, Rosa supports her*)

Rosa. (*not looking at him*) Oh Sir! Miss is so fatigued, and so weak—won't your honor please to sit down?

Billy.

Billy. Honor! Now she's talking to my garb. (*aside*) Get out of that you huffy—how dare you catch ladies in your arms when I am by?

Rosa. Why gracious!—Miss its only Billy O'Rourke.

Helen. (*starts up*) What an impudent creature, to put me to the trouble of fainting for nothing.—But who is this in papa's cloaths?

Rosa. Billy! isn't this Felix's ruffled shirt? Where did you get it?

Billy. Ask no questions you—Miss I've been searching in every room thro' our house, and I didn't find you. (*takes a glass and trencher from his pocket*)

Helen. You didn't find me—sure!

Billy. So I thought I'd bring you this fine glass of goats milk—(*presents it*) Drink it Miss for the recovery of your consumption.

Helen. Here offers a little diversion. (*aside*) Wasn't it you that handed me out of the coach last night?

Billy. It was Miss—You to set the lady singing till she piped herself out of breath—poor little soul!

Helen. I thought I remembered it was just such a handsome young man.

Billy. Eh! hem! Rosa, Ladies can find I'm a handsome young man—Rosa I know loves me—I'll vex her—Miss your'e a very beautiful soul.

Helen. So I've made a conquest here. (*aside*) And pray is it your way to press ladies hands, when you galant them out of coaches?

Billy. Did I? I believe I did.—I ask pardon Miss—I'll throw a sheep's eye at her. (*winks and grimaces*)

Rosa.

Rosa. Billy you're very rude to stand and make faces at the young lady.

Billy. Ah she's jealous—go you and make faces at your fine thief Felix, thro' the spike holes of the chapel—May be now I'm making my fortune and don't know it—She fainted at sight of me—I'll court her. (*leers, and awkwardly pats her with his hat*) He, he, he! Rosa is ready to die with spite—She'll come and give her a dig with her scissars by and by. (*aside*)

Helen. How shall I keep my countenance.

Billy. Ma'am wont you swallow the milk?—Stop, I'll sweeten it with a touch of my own cherry lips. (*drinks it off*) Ecod it was so nice, it slipped down before I could whistle after it.

Helen. Well this is the compleatest love-scene I ever saw, heard, or read of. Ha, ha, ha!

Rosa. I diverting myself here, and my poor unhappy Felix! Miss Helen might make interest with her father for him. (*aside*) Madam could I speak a word with you.

Helen. With pleasure, my dear—Adieu, Billy, farewell,—bye, bye—Heigho!

[*Exeunt Helen and Rosa.*]

Billy. Well, if this is not being in love with a body I'm not Billy O'Rourke. What a rare conception for me to put on this apparel, how good of her papa to give it me, that jealous wretch to run away with her—this moment is the nick of my fortune. I wish I had some friend to consult—I've a hazle eye and a silver watch—Her father is a sportsman, so am I in my small way, I hunt and I shoot, and damn me I'm a pretty lover too.

AIR.—BILLY.

A sportsman I am, for to sport is my habit,
 No danger-I fear when I'm hunting the rabbit;
 My boots are two stockings, a dram is my spur,
 And my fleet pack of hounds is my bandy leg'd cur.
 With my hey tallyho! I'm a rare hunting beau,
 Chivy! tantivy! Oh Row! my horn is the horn
 of a cow.

We chace and we race, thro' brakes, stakes and
 lakes,

Thro' vales, and thro' dales, quick-fets, and thick-
 fets,

Hey Towler! and Rowler! and Bowler! and Jowler!
 Sylvan scenes, shave the greens,
 Brush the dew from your shoe.

The hounds and the grounds, shrill echo hark
 sounds!

The fleeting wind we leave behind,
 See the rosy morn, and the game all forlorn,
 We spy, him die!

Heigh, ho! hi! hi!

Was e'er such a sportsman as I?

A marksman I am, and when shooting I go,
 I wink my left eye, and I bring down a crow;
 For a shot, oh a paving-stone answers so pat,
 And my pointer so staunch is my tabby ram cat.

Rush, flush, beat the bush,

Anchovies, and covies,

Rough stubble, brace double, and birds in a trouble,

Hey boys remember the first of September.

Partridge in corn, shot-bag, powder-horn,

'Take aim at the game, wild and tame,

Fowls fighting, and crying, shoot flying;

I fling him, and wing him,

Gun, barrel, flint, lock,

Prime, ram, load, and cock,

Flint, trigger, whiz, fire!

Heigh! ho, ho! hi!

Was e'er such a marksman as I?

A lover I am, and I'm mighty love-sick,
 Sly cupid has leather'd me with his oak-stick;

With

With hearts and with darts, oh I'm at it ding dong,
And the rose and the dove, I lug into my song.

I cry, sigh, die!

Tears flow, ah! oh!

Cruel creature! angel feature!

Groves, alcoves, and doves, and loves,

Faces, graces, poney races,

Roses, lillies, Jenny's, Billy's,

Cupid, stupid, Venus, genus,

Quick palpitation, and soft adoration.

Wiles, and smiles, the lover beguiles,

Tender, surrender, and kettle bender;

Reeling, and wheeling, and kneeling,

Breezes, and treezes, and Phœbus freezes,

Frolicksome zephyrs, galloping heifers.

Trobbing, and sobbing,

From harms, in my arms, her charms, rude alarms,

Admiring, desiring, and firing.

Ranting, galanting, enchanting, and panting.

Willing, and billing, and thrilling, oh killing!

But if she flout, then without doubt, her beauty

I'll scout.

Heigh! ho, ho, hi, hi!

Was e'er such a lover as I?

Enter SULLIVAN.

Sul. This scoundrel Billy! I send him round to the young gentlemen's daddies and mammies, to tell them I could have no school to-day, because of Felix being locked up prisoner in the chapel, and he—(*sees Billy*) Arrah then—is it—Billy O'Rourke! The squire's cloaths! and my new caxon too—Oh I see it, you've put them on to come courting.

Billy. You may say that.

Sul. But I'll let Rosa know she's not to take my usher's time, if she was as pretty as a yellow-hammer.

hammer. Come you back home Billy, and mind your affairs. (*stretches out his hand*)

Billy. (*shrinking away*) Pho, let my ear alone now I beseech you.—Master there's a great deal of good sense under your wig.

Sul. Why boy, I have sense to be sure, were you going to talk about that?

Billy. Mr. Sullivan, when a man's without a wife what is he to do?

Sul. Why he's to do without a wife.

Billy. Yes Sir, but how is he to get one?

Sul. Court her to be sure.

Billy. No occasion for that, she I've chosen, love's me already.

Sul. Then are you so vain as to suppose Rosa likes you?

Billy. Rosa! Miss Helen Donnybrook.

Sul. What! Pho you conceited sop—be easy—eh! But what reason have you to think she likes you Billy boy?

Billy. Can't tell my love secrets. Honor, honor, honor! (*strikes his breast*)

Sul. True, nothing like honor, as I say when I catch you at my hen-roost thieving my new-laid eggs.

Billy. Miss Helen Donnybrook.

Sul. Eh, the Squire giving him his cloaths is some sign of favor, now if merely to thwart his proud wife's scheme of marriage for his daughter, he should give her to O'Rourke, and that the young lady herself should take a fancy to him.—I've heard of grand ladies running away with drummers, and footmen, and counsellors, and such sort of jockies.—Billy, I'll give—no I'll lend you my
advice,

advice, if when you've succeeded you'll get my lease renew'd without a rise on the farm.

Billy. Well Sir, I will.

Sul. Then my advice is——You'll make me a present of a hamper of wine?

Billy. Yes, yes.

Sul. Then Billy—listen—You'll give me a Cheshire cheese?

Billy. I will, I will—tell me.

Sul. Marry her if you can.

Billy. You may be sure on't—and if I get her fortune, put me in mind of the bottle of wine, and the pound of cheese.

Sul. Pho! a hamper and a hundred.

Billy. Aye Sir, 'twill be a hamper in a hundred.

Sul. Yonder is her father going to the chapel to examine Felix, run and propose for her to him.

Billy. What did she ever do for me that I should do such a fine thing for her.

Sul. Psha! Go and ask his consent—fie, with that little bit of a pot-lid on your head—here's my grand three cock'd beaver. (*puts it on him*) There now look fierce. Run or he'll be out of sight.

Billy. She's in the next room, let me shew myself to her.

Sul. Talking to the girl before the daddy is beginning the alphabet, at the great A, instead of the aperceand. What strange things happen, 'twas but last Sunday, that Father Murphy said “Mr. Sullivan,” said he, “that Billy O'Rourke your usher, will certainly for his wickedness come to some dreadful end.”—And here you're going to be married, Ha, ha, ha!

Bil.

Bil. Ha, ha, ha!

Sul. We shall split our sides with laughing when you ask the father to perform his function. Ha, ha, ha!

Bil. Ha, ha, ha! But here's the Squire, I must look grave—how is my face?

Sul. Very grave, how is mine? (*looking at each other*)

Bil. Quite grave.—I'll put on a bold look—will that do?

Sul. Aye, Aye, copper, copper. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The Fields—with a view of the Chapel.

Enter DONNYBROOK.

Don. I should like to hear what Felix has to say for himself, more disorders in the country than I imagined, but musn't let all go astray here either. I shall ride a little; must see how my horses look, ah this rustic clod Billy, shall give them a rub down.

Enter SULLIVAN.

Sul. How do you do, Sir? Come Billy—

Enter BILLY.

Don. But about this Felix, Mr. Sullivan—
Eh! who's this?

Bil.

Bil. I'm so bashful, damn my shame-face.

Sul. Arrah what did you say? None of your deed and deeds before the gentleman.

Don. My cloaths!

Bil. Put in a good word, praise me. (*apart*)

Sul. I will—Sir, this Billy has a fine capacity. Then, Sir, he's so genteel in his phraseology, he never swears, except now and then a gadzooks, or 'pon my fancy.

Bil. And, Sir, I'm so handy.

Don. Handy indeed!—Do you think I'll ever wear those cloaths again?

Bil. There you see he gives them me entirely. —Squire if I was to spend all my wife's fortune, I could maintain us both without her wetting a finger.

Sul. Then Sir, he'd send his ten children to my school.

Don. And pray what is this to me?

Sul. Oh that's very good! the schooling of his eighteen small children is nothing to their own grandfather—Pho boy, ask his consent at once.

Bil. I will—hem—you ask him.

Sul. I will—ask him you.

Don. What are you about?

Bil. Sir, I'm about nineteen, and I'm about six inches high, and five foot to the back of that, and I intend to be very fat.

Sul. You're fat enough already, that my cupboard can tell.

Bil. And I've three months wages owing to me.

Sul. Oh boy you must never ask for that.

Don. These are surprising things, but what's the jet—Come to the point. What want you more than you've got?

Bil.

Bil. Why, Sir, the case is——the affair——

Don. But what affair is in this wooden case?
(*putting his hand on Billy's head*) Come unlock—
open—speak!

Billy. Then Sir, as I don't think it would be
fair for me to run away with your daughter
without——

Don. Eh—how—what's that!

Sul. Oh, oh, I see how the consent goes—be-
cause Sir, this vulgar low-bred scoundrel has had
the assurance to think you would give him Miss
Helen Donnybrook in marriage.

Don. I'm struck into such a surprise of amaz-
ing stupefaction—touch my cloaths, and even
dare look at my daughter! I may thank my
condescending humility for this—but I'll not
vex myself in this fine air.—Mr. Sullivan I'd
speak with you. [*Exit with smothered rage.*]

Sul. You go home, and brush my boots—
and make them shine like white marble. (*snatches
his hat and wig off Billy puts them on himself*)
[*Exit.*]

Bil. I'm an impudent scoundrel!—my twenty
little babes shall never learn manners from you,
old Sullivan. Here a young lady falls in love
with a young fellow merely for his prettiness,
and I'm to be badger'd by her codger of a father.
I'll be dom'd if I dont have her tho'—this hand
that has squeez'd a lady's finger brush boots! No,
no, Bob Sullivan, I'll go back no more to your
mouldy cupboard. I'll run away with her or may
I——Oh here's Redmond O'Hanlon—tho' now
the Constable and the County-keeper, yet he
was a Heart of Steel,

Enter

Enter REDMOND O'HANLON, (*With chains*)

Red. I'll have Felix out of this before he's ordered to Wicklow jail. (*aside.*)

Billy. Redmond I've a desperate wicked business, and I want you to help me my good fellow.

Red. I can't, I'm now going to put these irons on Felix.

Billy. You're a bold and a big man, Redmond O'Hanlon, and a fine thief taker when you please, because you were a rogue yourself once.

Red. Yes, I think I'm clever at arresting a man or doing him an execution of chattles—in Antrim I was a Heart of Steel, in Clonmell I was a White Boy.

Bil. But Redmond, what makes you a Heart of Steel?

Red. You ask! See you not what heavy grievances we lay under—our great landlords spending their money abroad, their stewards patch by patch enclosing our commons, and their parsons with their rich livings leaving us in the claws of their cursed griping tithe proctors.

Billy. Well, well, you're a fine lad, but you must help a young lady to run away with me.

Red. Lady! I will—Must step home for my hanger.—This cuts out more work for me.

AIR.—REDMOND.

When young they call'd me roaring boy,
For blows I took delight in,
My Drum I thought a darling toy,
Game chicks I set to fighting.
My play was lusty cudgel raps,
When not my Gig-top lashing,

The

The girls I set to pulling caps,
 ' My work was barley threshing.

The gossips say, ay they'll be sworn,
 A dreadful night when I was born !
 The Moon in clouds her face did muffle,
 The Elements were all at scuffle,
 The brooks into a torrent swell'd !
 A Rock was split ! an Oak was fell'd,
 The neighbours scream'd, " the houses
 shake "

The Banshee moand ! the earth did quake !
 A raven sung !---a thunder peal !
 For then first throb'd an Heart of Steel.

At speed I ride, it does me good,
 If on a Horse that's vicious
 From wrangling Bull a slice my food
 Such Beef-steak how delicious !
 Of all my liquors Punch I love,
 Sweet contradiction jumble :
 With joy the craggy cliffs I rove
 So winds and waters rumble.

The Gossips say, aye they'll be sworn, &c.

[Exit.]

Billy. What a terrible fellow with his rocks and split ravens, and banshees and bull-beef—he may take Miss Helen from me, and murder us both and throw us into a quarrry, like two dying lovers, then they'll be a ballad made about us.

Frank. (*Sings without*) " I humbly beg good christians kind."

Billy. That's the jolly Pedlar—I think he'd help me, and not make such a rumpus as Redmond O'Hanlon intends.

Enter FRANKLIN, (in his disguise)

Frank. My poor Felix within here, under all the horrors of expected death. (*going towards the chapel sees Billy—stops*)

Bil.

Billy. Heak'ye you (*goes over to him with caution*) I want—to—(*whispers*) Come hither, (*takes him to the other side*) you must know—this way—(*takes him to the opposite side*) There's a soul I want to steal—

Frank. What, a fish?

Billy. A fish! Why you're a rascal, what do you talk to me in that stile.

Frank. I don't know, I heard of your running away with the Squire's fowls.

Billy. I eat up your Grousy, and now I'll have your Pheasant old Donnybrook---he, he, he! (*aside*) No, no, do you see that little girl yonder---she's not a lady, tho' she is so fine---so you need not be frighten'd---you must help me to carry her off.

Frank. Indeed! here's a young villain! (*aside*) Ay, well.

Billy. And when I get her to Dublin I'll marry her by hook or by crook---hush---when I touch her fortune I'll give you two guineas to set up a Tavern. How you gape---now don't you go for to give yourself a good name and say you're a rogue if you are not, because I can have a capital Peep a day boy to help me.

Frank. (*In an under tone*) Then to tell you the truth I'm a Defender.

Billy. You'll do---hush---here she is,

Frank. It is my charming Helen, lucky for her that I came into this part of the country. (*They retire*)

Enter HELEN.]

Helen. I've conceived a vast liking for Rosa, her poor Felix! love has made the simple damsel

quite a Dido and a Cleopatra---'till I'm in love
myself I profess a friendship for all true lovers.

AIR.—*Helen.*

Let winter with a churlish blast
Sweet Flora's triumph end,
And angry scowl along the waste,
And far the Swallow send ;
Tho' Seas in chrystal fetters lie,
And own its fierce controul,
The storm is soften'd to a sigh,
If love is in the soul.

Returning Spring can strew delight
The length'ning day along,
And soothe to rest the list'ning night
With Philomela's song.
Tho' round to charm the ear and eye
Transporting pleasures roll,
We seal our transports with a sigh
If love is in the soul.

Ah ! this is the Chapel where Felix is confined---
I'll tell him thro' the key-hole that I'll intercede
with Papa, that will comfort the poor fellow.

[*Going towards the Chapel.*

BILLY and FRANKLIN *advance.*

Oh Billy, did you see my father ?

Billy. Your Papa was just now speaking to your
husband my love.

Helen. My husband ! what d'ye mean ?

Billy. Stop, my sweet, you must come with me.

Helen. What's the fool at.

Billy. Fool ! oh, oh !

Re-enter REDMOND, (with a hanger)

Redmond, that's she.

Red.

Red. But who's this? (*looking at Franklin, draws banger*)

Billy. Our friend-- he's a Defender. (*apart to Redmond who advances to Helen.*)

Frank. (*Interposing*) Offer to touch that lady, and receive the contents of this, (*Shews pistol.*)

Red. S'blood O'Rourke! didn't you tell me he was a Defender?

Frank. I am a Defender — of the helpless, against the brutality of a ruffian.

[*Exit Redmond.*]

Bil. Oh, by the infernal black powers——

Enter SULLIVAN.

Sul. How black you've made my boots—eh? (*takes him by the ear and leads him off.*)

Hel. I'm so frightened—who could suspect so much mischief in a clown—cou'd he really have been serious?—my dear honest fellow, how, how, shall I reward you?

Frank. When I ask a reward, I hope Miss, you won't refuse me.

Enter Rosa.

Rosa. Well ma'am?—Oh, the poor pedlar.—

Hel. Pedlar! I protest I don't know what he is—I remark'd your activity when our horses ran away with us yesterday—Come, now really what are you?

Frank. What am I ma'am!

AIR

AIR—*Franklin.*

I humbly beg good christians kind,
 You'll listen to my ditty,
 For tho' I'm neither lame nor blind,
 I well deserve your pity.
 Tho' gaping friends may wish my death.
 My will shall not deceive them,
 For when that I resign my breath,
 Oh, all the world I'll leave them.
 A farden, a farden, my fortune much de-
 cay'd is,
 Of all the hands out-stretched to me,
 Oh ! blessing on the ladies.

My boots you see are made of straw,
 My coat hath pockets twenty,
 I have no gloves upon my paw,
 Agra, I am not dainty,
 Devoid of care my bags I fill,
 For that let others labour,
 My mercer's or my taylor's bill,
 Is paid by some good neighbour.
 A farden, a farden, &c.

In peace I sleep, or night or morn,
 My gold is never lock'd up,
 My horse eats neither hay nor corn,
 And yet he's never knock'd up. (*Shows his staff.*)
 When asking charity not one,
 Will tell me lie so poorly,
 For when they say "my friend I've none,"
 Oh, that's a truth most surely.
 A farden, a farden, &c.

Hel. (*Gives him money*) Well, surely I owe you something; come Rosa, now for your Felix.
 (*They both go over to the Chapel.*)

Frank. Generous girl ! the concern she takes for the unfortunate, charms me, but I'll see how far it will carry her—from the curiosity
 of

of my boyish rambles, I believe I know more of the country than all its present inhabitants. (*aside*) Rosa, child, you love Felix—I know he's innocent,

Hel. Innocent ! I'll be sworn he is.

Frank. Yet the event of his trial is uncertain, I think he might escape from this.

Rosa. How ?

Frank. There is a way under ground from that very chapel, to the ruins of the old abbey, about a mile up among the mountains—I remember an old ballad about it. (*Sings,*) “ Under the font is a little trap-door.”

Rosa. What the old abbey, yonder ? dear, I recollect that cave perfectly.

Helen. Then Rosa, without telling a soul, we'll go by ourselves, and if possible, free him.

Rosa. Thank ye miss we will.

[*Apart.*

[*Apart.*

Helen. So in there that good benevolent youth pass'd all last night.

Rosa. Aye, but heaven was about him.

GLEE.

On earth's cold face poor Felix lies,
Baum ! goes the bell---'tis Felix dies !

Toll, sad the sound,
Our hearts to wound,
To heaven his deeds shall rise.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Inside the Chapel.

Felix discovered sitting on a form, perusing a paper.

Fel. This unfortunate letter !—I must either betray

betray the man that procured it for me, or suffer in his stead ; if I do, then the secret that has proved my ruin, shall die with me—this source of ill, shall produce no more mischief. Mr. Dross the silversmith, my nurse mentions will certainly be here to day, and if he meets Sullivan all must come out.

AIR—*Felix.*

Life is sure the ocean,
Set in wild commotion,
Or rather say a gallant ship hard struggling 'cross the
deep,
Now we're smoothly sailing,
Now rough blasts prevailing,
And now becalmed in sight of land, the winds are
rock'd to sleep,
Whilst below so jolly,
Foes to melancholy,
Sit the jovial laughing crew around the social bowl,
From the top-mast spying,
Jack aloft sits fighting,
“ In yon flow'ry meadow roves the mistress of my
soul.”
All warm his fond fancy,
Presents his lov'd Nancy,
As reading the letter last sent by her dear.
Now does she bless him,
Close would carefs him,
To her heart press him,
Was the Rover near,
Hope does but cozen,
“ Hoy !” bawls the Bosens,
“ From the land we steer.”
Now we're smoothly sailing,
Now rough blasts prevailing,
And now becalmed the winds are hushed, as rock'd to
peaceful sleep,
Life is sure the ocean,
Set in wild commotion
Or rather say, a gallant ship hard struggling 'cross the
deep.

Sul.

Sul. (*without.*) Felix I command you in the name of the Lord Lieutenant, to keep from the door, whilst I open it to see whether you're there or no. (*Enters.*) Come in Billy—why do you hang behind?

Enter BILLY, in his own clothes, (frightened.)

Very odd, this wretch so beloved that all the country is in tears, and sobs, at his being shut up.
(*Locks the door.*)

Bil. Master, you needn't mind locking the door till we're out.

Sul. I must take care of the two offenders.

Bil. Two! sure there's only one.

Sul. You know, Felix, before you did this last damnable job of journey-work, you lost your character by dashing your money about; some thought you had found a pot of gold, others said you had sold yourself to the devil, but all were of one mind, that you went out robbing for it.

Fel. In a very short time, I purposed making a full and open discovery, but as it has now happened, find it how you can.

Sul. Then stay there and be hanged, you obstinate unmannerly wretch, till a guard of soldiers come with their muzzles screwed upon their bagnets, to take you to Wicklow jail, then you'll be arraign'd, then the judge will put on his little black cap, you'll be condemned, the cord will be put round your neck, and then St. Patrick have mercy on your soul Billy O'Rourke.

Bil. Why the lord have mercy upon you for a great big fool—Sir, what do you talk to me at all, why don't you turn to Felix.

Sul. True, Felix you'll be hanged in chains, and as I write in the boy's copy-books, that will learn you wisdom in the days of your youth.—Eh! what's here? (*Picks up the letter Felix had dropt.*) this is one of the letters Felix took from the mail bag, it may discover something.

(*aside, going.*)

Bil. Now I'll make off. (*runs to the door.*)

Sul. (*Turns.*) Where are you going?

Bil. I—I was not going—only for Mr. Donnybrook to examine Felix.

Sul. (*takes the key from the door.*) Oh, he has run to look for his daughter—neither she nor Rosa can be found. Redmond O'Hanlon has told the squire, that some rascal attempted to carry her off.

Bil. Oh, lord! (*aside.*)

Sul. Billy 'twasn't you sure, was it? you deserved only a horsewhipping for your confounded impudence in asking for her, but the youth that tried to steal her away will shuffle out of the world with Felix—but I'll go and read this letter in a corner. [*retires thro' a small door.*]

Bil. (*terrified.*) Yes I shall swing—a young man gets no good by following the girls, plague choak 'em—Choak!—Oh!—Felix shou'd you be happy to shuffle out of the world in company? I dont mean my Company—I never did any thing to deserve such treatment.—master! (*turns*) gone! why old Sullivan has locked me in too! what have I done?—I didn't do any thing, I never did nothing, oh lord! oh lord!—Felix—I'd get you out if I could, I wish I could get you out, because then I could get myself out.—Felix you should try to get out—its a great sin to die whilst we're alive.

Fel.

Fel. True—Death constantly pursues and must overtake us, yet we shou'd keep our onward way, and not turn to meet him, this simpleton but sad company for the hour of sorrow. Here over the spot where I was born, shall I be hunted like a poor native of Jamaica.

AIR—*Felix.*

Be thy tomb o'er spread with boughs,
 Poor hunted weary deer,
 Quivering leaves thick shade thy brows,
 Sad emblem of thy fear;
 On them make a quick repast,
 Bitter meal and sure thy last,
 Sore afflictions hem thee round,
 And kindest friends forsake,
 Cruel task to spare the hound,
 Thy heart strings nobly break,
 Or when loud and dismal velling,
 Shakes thy sylvan palace green,
 The dell and opening glade,
 And the blood-hound scares thy dwelling,
 Why behind thy flowery screen,
 Dost thou skulk dismayed,
 Thro' the brake thy antlers pushing,
 Valiant in despair,
 To face the brawling strife,
 From thy covert fiercely rushing,
 Thus the conflict dare,
 With glory end thy life,

[retires.

Bil. That wicked fellow singing in the chapel, ay, he's the hunted stag and I'm the goat in trouble.

AIR—*Billy,*

I'm in a blessed taking,
 Gadzooks ! with fear I'll die ;
 In bed of his own making.
 Poor Billy now must lie.

Mercy ! Oh dear ! die in my shoe !
 In Chapel I must not swear,
 Oh death and ounds ! what shall I do ?
 The door I'll open tear,
 To hang me up like the sign of the goat,
 Will be but a foolish freak,
 Then never from this little white throat,
 Shall I hear my poor kid squeak.

No lad could wrestle tighter,
 The boys will not deny ;
 And who e'er danced more lighter ?
 The pretty girls all cry,
 Oh ! with my nose I've such a tofs,
 And my chin I throw up so smart !
 Then such a leg !---for such a loss,
 Will be many a broken heart ;
 The buck am I of our own little town,
 And sure I'm the greatest beau,
 To take from Billy a pretty green gown,
 What girl would cry, Oh no !
 To hang me up, &c.

Felix gone to sit in the vestry—I won't stay in
 this dismal place by myself. (*going.*)

Hel. (*Sings underground.*) Fe—li—x !

Bil. What's that ?

Hel. Fe—li—x !

Bil. That is surely old Harry calling this wicked
 fellow to him.

AIR—*Helen.*

Where now thou art is the path to heaven,
 Yet sinner in the world if thou'd'st longer stay,
 To thy own choice is the power given,
 With my little finger, I could point the way.
 Under the font is a tiny trap door,
 Opening to a passage under the floor,
 Darkly winding to the ragged pile,
 That crumbles down the mountains, hence
 one mile.

Bil.

Bil. An underground passage from this chapel to the mountains! what that opens at the old abbey—Huzza! huzza! thank you sweet little cricket whoever you are.—Its a fine lonely place, I can get off to Dublin, without coming to Arklow again. (*Seeks and finds the trap.*) Here it is—Felix! Felix! but if I take him with me I shall yet be hanged for his rescue—no, no, to save going up, I'll go down.

Re-enter SULLIVAN.

Master not gone! (*shuts the trap hastily*)

Sul. Whoever wrote this letter didn't learn in my school---hand! its a crow's claw---but I must read it, to prepare proofs before Mr. Donnybrook comes.

Bil. Mr. Donnybrook coming! then I'm gone for certain. (*frightened*)

Sul. Billy, where's that pair of spectacles Felix bought for me?

Bil. Yes, Sir, I'll go home for them, Sir, open the door, Sir.

(*Sullivan goes towards the door.*)

This will be better than escaping under the ground I dont know where.

Sul. No, Billy, stay here, we shall want you to write his confession.

Bil. Aye, I shall be sent to jail with Felix--- (*terrified*) hell! death! and fury, let me out--- (*very violent*)

Sul. Why, Billy, what do you curse and swear so for? you're grown such a reprobate! A pretty tutor you are for the boys.

Bil. May I be choak'd and cursed, if I——

Sul. Stop, you wretch! Do you know you are
in

in the chapel, with your dreadful execrations? You make my very hair stand an end. I shoudn't wonder if some sudden judgement was to fall upon your ugly head.

Bil. Let me out this instant, or may I be burn'd if I dont——

Sul. He's surely mad---you blasphemous boy, your soul's gone. Billy, tremble when you think of old Geoghegan, the cobbler; his constant oath was, "the devil burn me"---and sure enough, as he was at his work one night, with the candle innocently standing near him, drawing his arms out at length with the wax end, his right hand came over the flame of the candle, and he couldn't draw it back again, so there he was found by the neighbours as a mark of infernal wrath, groaning with the flame burning thro' his wrist.

Bil. Very true! (*cries*) I wish the people woudn't put me into such passions---I swore as many oaths to-day, about Miss Helen, as wou'd sink my poor soul. (*knocking without*) Oh Lord!

Don. (*without*) Who's here?

Sul. Oh Mr. Donnybrook. (*unlocks the door*)

Bil. I'm a lost man---I'll rush out.

(*Runs against Donnybrook, who enters.*)

Don. Oh you Paris of Troy! where's my Helen? Dont let him go.

Bil. If I know any thing of her, may I be——

Sul. Hold your tongue, you harden'd profligate; I shoudn't wonder if the ground was to open and swallow you up alive.

Bil. Oh, oh! (*significantly, goes to the trap, opens it, and returns unperceived*)

Don. Do you know where your Strephon has hid my daughter.

Bil.

Bil. Lord? What's that? (*looking at the trap, pretending terror.*)

Sul. What's what?

Don. Have you hid her down there?

Bil. A great hole in the earth! blefs me!

Sul. (*Surprised and terrified*) Ah! too late to blefs yourself now, after cursing and swearing in the holy chapel.

Bil. What's the matter with my feet—something pulling them.

Don. I'll make you fast by the legs, you villain.

Sul. Be quiet, Sir; father Murphy told me this would be his end. Billy, have some regard to the school where you were usher---go quietly, dont let them send up fire and brimstone for you.

Bil. Oh, Sir! Master, hold me! oh they'll have me down! (*moving towards the trap.*)

Don. What's the use of that trap door?

Sul. No, no; there was never a trap door here before.

Bil. Oh, help! Help!

Sul. Dont lay a finger upon him; the horrid vengeance that awaits him may communicate like electricity.

Don. Give an account of Helen this minute, or by the heavens—

Sul. Take warning, dont you swear too.

Bil. Oh, they pull me!

Don. There keep him fast—Why the rascal's going!

Sul. Yes, he is going—let him go to the devil.

[*Billy descends, and closes the trap-door.*]

Don. Where's my daughter?

Sul. If I know any thing of her, may—I mean—I dont, gadzooks, and upon my fany.—Dont
be

be frighten'd ; sit down—and if you faint, I've a pitcher of water to throw over you.

Don. S'blood ! What do you mean—Your scoundrel runs away with my child, and then you want to throw water over me. (*noise without*)

Sul. Oh lord, save me ! Oh heaven bleis me—(*runs about frighten'd*)

Don. To rescue Felix ! Dont touch me, I'm a magistrate ; by the lord I'm a magistrate.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter FELIX. (bafily.)

AIR.

Felix. Neighbours, for the fake of Heaven,
Venture not a precious life ;
Liberty cannot be given ;
Without slaughter giving strife.

(*Part of the roof broke through, and the door burft open.*)

Enter REDMOND O'HANLON and country people, with shirts over their cloaths, and oak boughs in their hats.

CHORUS.

At the hazard of our lives,
Cattle, cabins, babes and wives ;
Generous Felix, blythe and free,
Again shall taste blest liberty.

Felix. Good or ill, what e'er betide,
I my trial will abide ;
Hopeless tho' alas my caufe,
I'll never violate my country's laws.

Red. Since destruction thus you dare,
Your unhappy fate we'll share.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

At the hazard of our lives,
Cattle, cabins, babes and wives;
Generous Felix, blythe and free,
Again shall rove the hills, and merrily.

[Exeunt hurrying him off.]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

SCENE I.

SULLIVAN'S *House*.*Enter SULLIVAN.*

SULLIVAN.

BILLY's untimely fate has so stupified me, that I forgot all concern for this other rogue Felix; I thought that by the hurly burly at the chapel door, Lucifer was come for him too, but 'twas certainly at the black gentleman's instigation that the profane wretches broke open the chapel, to loose him upon the world again.—Now for this letter, my threat'ning to stop his letters made him take this out of the bag—the roasted chesnuts must be very sweet, to make a man thrust his fist into the fire. (*opens letter*) “Margaret Fagen!” Why this is from Felix's old nurse. (*reads*)

“Dear Child, I'm sorry I was out when you called, but more sorry to tell you of an unfortunate

"tunate affair; going to sell the two bits you
 "left with me, the silversmith said, he'd send
 "me to Newgate if I didn't tell him where I
 "got them: Dear Felix don't be angry, to save
 "myself, I was forced to tell him your having
 "discovered in one of the Wicklow Mountains,
 "a"—what—heaven—bless us! how's this—a
 discover'd—Heaven preserve us, discover'd—St.
 Patrick and all his angels be about us, discover'd
 a "Gold Mine in Croghan Hill! when I told
 "Mr. Dross the silversmith, who is a hot-head-
 "ed young kind of a chap, he danced about his
 "shop like a madman, for joy. He said, he
 "himself was a great chymist and a great miner,
 "and that he'd go up to Arklow to-morrow; he
 "made me promise to write to you, to tell him
 "all about it."—To-morrow—to-morrow's to-
 day—this miner will be here to-day—oh joy,
 oh joy! and Felix to know this, and not tell a
 soul of us, oh the most damnable villain! I wish
 I had found it, I wou'dn't have let a creature know
 till I had made myself as rich! but then I'm an
 honest man, as the rope is about Felix's neck,
 I'll meet the miner myself, and by letting him
 know I understand all about it, I'll learn how to
 find the gold, and to refine it, and superfine it,
 and double refine it—faith I've an old book of
 chymistry I'll go read that to prepare me to talk
 to him.

Enter DONNYBROOK, reading a letter, which he puts up.

Don. What do they mean by their mail robbery, my letters have been delivered to me.—
 Well Bob Sullivan, we shall have some addition
 to our party—

Sul. I don't know who wrote the book, but its on the shelf. (*aside*)

Don. You have a spare bed—Eh! honest Bob?

Sul. I'll shew Mr. Dross the miner that I know what gold bullion is. (*aside*)

Don. Perhaps this Mr. Franklin is arrived—have you heard of any stranger——

Sul. We shall all be made up of guineas, Arklow will be the guinea coast—we can have guinea slaves, and guinea fowls, and guinea hens, and guinea pigs. [*Exit.*]

Don. What's the matter with the man with his guinea pigs.—Can't imagine where my daughter has rambled to again—her health and spirits seem quite restored, the country air has already had an excellent effect on her, plague of their towns! A million of people clustering up together, as if the Island wasn't large enough! in a great city what are the tops of the houses but the surface of the earth, and the inhabitants walking thro' the streets and lanes as at the bottom of saw-pits? I wish I could prevail on my wife to live in the country, but she's for fashion, riot, and the splendor of affluence.

AIR.—DONNYBROOK.

Ye Gracious powers oh give me sense,
Enough to be content,
With just an easy competence;
If more to me is lent,

A bounteous heart then freely grant;
And ever may that heart expand,
And prompt the ready open hand
To give and cheer the child of want.

If more I have than I can use,
That more I well can spare;
The poor man's boon then why refuse,
My cup my morsel share:

For

For tho' to-day my meal is scant,
To-morrow Heav'n may send a feast;
Or much, or little, be my quest
The drooping friendless child of want.

But let me consider the business of this letter, my friend Sir Richard asks me to become guardian to Mr. Franklin, who when of age will be Lord of the Manor, and falls into the estate round here. He says, that tho' I have never seen Franklin, yet he is well acquainted with my wife, having met her at some public place or other—retire up here for a little relaxation, and pursued by business! troubled with farms, leases, and bonds.—The letter mentions his intention of being here this day to view his estate.—Guardianship is a perplexing trust, but however the young man will be of age in a few months, so I'll not disoblige his friends by a refusal.

[walks up perusing the letter.]

Enter DROSS dress'd fashionably extravagant.

Dross. Now here am I in the Hibernian Potosi; but where to find the discoverer of the mine. Dem it, how unlucky I should forget the name the old woman told me when I threaten'd to apprehend her. If I mention a gold mine to the wrong person, I set the whole country in a flame.

Don. I must see if Sullivan has a spare chamber should this gentleman come (*going*)

Dross. What's that? do you expect any body from Dublin?

Don. Eh! Yes, Sir, I do expect a person from Dublin.

Dross

Drofs. Had you notice of his coming, by a letter?

Don. Well, Sir, suppose so.

Drofs. Was he a smart tasty, tall, handsome young gentleman?

Don. Why as to his beauty, really Sir I know nothing of it, for I never had the honor of seeing him.

Drofs. Then you have that superlative honor, now Sir, (*bows*) as to personal advantages, I am—just so—an elderly looking lad this; but hard labour wears out these country clowns. Now to found him about his discovery. (*aside*) Eh, what master of the ductile servant that masters the whole world (*winks*) found it.

Don. Who is this smart beautiful youth, with his winking and blinking.—But I must inquire whether Mr. Franklin is arrived. (*going*)

Drofs. Stop, a word——

Don. Excuse me, Sir, I'm engag'd—I expect a gentleman.

Drofs. Isn't he a miner.

Don. A minor! yes Sir, what then?

Drofs. I am the man.

Don. Indeed! Can this be my new ward Mr. Franklin! (*aside*) I'm very happy to see you, Sir.

Drofs. You'll comply in this business?

Don. Yes, Sir, I received the commands of my old friend, and am willing to obey them.

Drofs. Oh then, he'll shew me where the mine lies, as the old woman desired him. (*aside*)

Don. Well Sir, and you know Mrs. Donnybrook.

Drofs.

Drofs. Mrs. Donnybrook! Eh, must be Mrs. Donnybrook, of Sackville street,—(*aside*) Oh yes Sir, I have that honor—(*bows*) A fine flashy lady! she had an exceeding handsome silver coffee pot from me.

Don. Indeed! very filly, my wife taking presents from this ridiculous young man.

Drofs. Eighteen ounces, six grains, nine penny weights.

Don. A large property here Sir, fine scope of mountain.

Drofs. Mountain!—all—mine?

Don. Why Sir, as to its being all yours that we shall see by the map, and rent roll.

Drofs. Rent roll! what rent roll?

Don. Well by the survey.

Drofs. I'll survey and examine it with the eye of a Rosacruzian.

Don. But Sir, tho' I do undertake this trust, in four months you'll have the command of all yourself.

Drofs. What you doubt your skill in the working? Depend on me.

Don. I do think if cultivated it might be more productive.

Drofs. Productive! The stream shall equal the Portugal Tagus, the Italian Padus, the Thracian Hebrus, the oriental Ganges, and the Asiatic Pactolus.

Don. Oh he has some wise stupid plans for improving his acres. An odd young fellow. (*aside*) Why Sir, the hills are stony, but by the help of a little gunpowder and undermining, as you remark, they might produce grain.

Drofs. And dust, just so, golden grain, and lovely dust! so pure, we want no refiner, my lucky boy. (*claps him on the back*)

Don.

Don. You want a refiner—What the plague does he mean by his lovely dust. (*aside*)

Drofs. Is the river near?—Little shining bits among the pebbles.—I should like to see a solid wedge.

Don. Look in the river and you'll see a solid block. (*half aside*)

Drofs. What! a whole block! but it can't, be, do you take me for a tinker? that I know no more than sawdering old saucepans.

Don. Sir!

Drofs. I tell you its black Jack, mere zink, is it soluble to aqua regulis? never mind my lad, I'll bring it to liquefaction, tho' you've got a little cash by it, you mus'nt set up for a gentleman, white and delicate as my hands seem, I have blacken'd them with charcoal. I despise the fear of vapours.

Don. Charcoal and vapours! really Sir, I don't understand you.

Drofs. How should you, you country dolt—Hearkye, a word, the knowledge of my coming may cause suspicion, so dont mention the secret till I have viewed the spot, and digested my plan of operations. Listen—both grain and dust must be washed down the mountain by the rapidity of the current, for which a tank must be dug twelve feet deep and three hundred wide, at the brow end cut ten sluices—these when opened shall let forth a gushing torrent, but previous to that the channel down the valley must be planted thick, with rosemary bushes, to catch the precious particles—I'll completely scoop the two hills on either side.—Cut thro' the rock and blow up.—

Don. Hold, hold Sir! Do you mean all these alterations by way of improvements?

Drofs.

Drofs. Just so, to improve my fortune.

Don. A plaguy fool was he who left it you—and I to perplex my head with the affairs of such a puppy; (*aside*) lookye, Sir, its not my wish to disoblige your friends, but undertake this charge, I will not.

Drofs. Who cares? I'll be at all the charge myself, furnace, fire, and gunpowder. Oh I'm already in the very vein!

Don. Well Sir, if you are in the vein for cutting thro' mountains, and blowing rocks about, you dont saddle me with the management of your affairs.

Drofs. Why you upstart ignoramus! do you take me for an ironmonger? I'll leave you to dabble in your little shabby brook like a kennel-raker as you are, but I'll help the Lord of the Manor to freight all the herring-boats in the bay with glorious bullion.

Don. As I understand you are Lord of the Manor.

Drofs. None of your sneers, I'll play the devil with the old woman that sent me to you.

Don. What, do you call my friend Sir Richard an old woman?

Drofs. There's more knowledge in the shadow of this profile, cast upon a white wall, by the gleam of a rush-light, than in Mesue, Avicinna, Raymund Lully, Paracelsus, Geber, Arnoldus Rhazes, Basil Valentine, Lazarus Erebern, Sir George Ripley, Pliny, and Georgius Agricola.

Don. Your friends brag'd to me of your intellect—but I suspect you're no goldsmith.

Drofs. No, but I'm a silversmith:

Don. A silversmith!

Drofs. Just so.

Don. Are not you Mr. Franklin of Merrion-square?

Drofs. No, but I'm Tom Drofs of Copper-alley.

Don. Tom Drofs!

Drofs. Just so. But what an ill use you have made of the cash you've got in our way—You should encourage our trade; ribband in your shoes and knees! fie, fie, nothing like a gold watch chain and silver buckles.

Don. How dare you impose upon me, as Mr. Franklin?

Drofs. Hold! are not you he that discovered the gold mine in Croghan mountain?

Don. A gold mine!

Drofs. No! I see it—you passed yourself on me for him to extract the secret; then you're a busy, eves-dropping, curious, inquisitive, shabby—(*Donnybrooke takes down a horsewhip and shakes it*) I've the honour to be your most obedient humble servant. (*bows*) [Exit.

Don. A gold mine! discovered in Croghan Hills.

Enter Boy.

Is my daughter returned yet?

Boy. No Sir, but I heard Redmond say, he was engaged by somebody to run away with her.

Don. More danger than I at first apprehended in that clown Billy talking to me this morning of Helen.

Boy. But Sir, a gentleman from Dublin wants you.

Don.

Don. Then this is Mr. Franklin, shew him up.

[*Exit boy.*

But first to enquire about Helen, don't half like her stay—that fellow Billy—Nothing but rogues and sharpers in this innocent rural retreat.

[*Exit.*

Re-enter SULLIVAN with a large book.

Sul. Now let the miner come when he will, I know how to talk to him. I've got every word out of the book into my head very scientifically; but he shan't know that I pick my knowledge out of books, so please to march up there, Mr. Old rags, and calves skin.

[*Retires.*

Frank. (without) Above stairs my boy?

Boy. (without) Yes Sir, Mr. Donnybrook is in that room.

Enter FRANKLIN, in his first dress.

Frank. Farewell my assumed character, and now to return to myself; my beggars disguise has done its duty, yes, report has wronged Felix, and Helen's liberality of soul corresponds with her lovely person; but now for my first interview with Mr. Donnybrook, tho' given to rustic amusements, as his lady describes him, he must be a man of sense, or my friends would not have fixt upon him to be my guardian. I will not now ask his consent for his daughter; no, I'll first render myself acceptable to my dear Helen herself—Eh! the boy said Mr. Donnybrook was in this room.

Re-enter SULLIVAN.

Oh, he's here, doubtless pleased to learn that I have such a noble estate here—Sir your most obedient. (*bows.*)

Sul. Now who is this sma Buckll? (*aside*)

Frank. As his lady says, seems a strange rusticated being. (*aside*) Well, Sir, here I am for the first time, to view this new acquisition.

Sul. Acquisition! Why, Sir, have you heard that Felix has found—faith I had like to have let it out—Arrah who are you honey?

Frank. Did'nt the letter come to hand, Sir?

Sul. Why, sure he means Felix's letter from his old nurse.

Frank. It gave notice, I fancy, of my arrival.

Sul. All Saints be about us! why this must be Mr. Dross, the hot-headed young silver-smith—then honey are you the miner?

Frank. The minor!—eh! oh yes, Sir, I am yet a minor, very right—how good of you to undertake the management of my property.

Sul. What does he think Felix has given it up to me—property! (*aside*) oh, but, Sir, don't be in such a hurry, its not your property yet.

Fel. No, true, but in a few months, I shall take all in my own hands in spite of my Lord Chancellor.

Sul. Oh, if he's so conceited as to think of snatching all the mine to himself, I'll let him understand that, thanks to my learning, I know a little of the nature of gold too. (*aside*) Oh, most ingenious Sir! by the accidental discovery of this runagate Felix, you and I may possess—
what?

what ? oh what ! why that that makes Adamantine walls drop down like gates of cobweb, that can make the bad fellow a genteel hero, and the honest lad a sneaking whipper snapper ; it can give handsomeness and take away ugliness—it turns a man's mind round about like a weather cock, and fixes a womans thoughts as steady as the nose of a fundial, it can make little girls run after gouty codgers, and pretty boys galant with old Lady Mousers, it makes a man of talents be treated like a blockhead, and a blockhead talk like Sir Toby Butler, and has made me discourse in this very wise manner.

Frank. So very wise Sir, that I confess you speak beyond my comprehension.

Sul. Oh no, Sir, I'm sure you understand, transmutation, distillation, sublimation, calcination, evaporation, volatilization, exhalation, dephleguation, concentration, rectification, saturation, crystallization, precipitation, conflagration, and botheration.

Frank. What could Sir Richard mean by chusing such a guardian as this for me—certainly touched ! (*aside*)

Sul. As to the edict of dioclesian or Pope John, that we mustn't mind either in our pursuit in the mountains, or over the mountains, after metallurgy, antimony, mercury, ductility, alchemy, and ballinamonyoro, you may perceive Sir, that I have had a solid fixity over the furnace of Homogeneous fluids, as taught us by Boyle, and Bacon——

Frank. Boil'd bacon ! a curst vulgar fellow this ! No, he shall have no concern in my addreses to his daughter.

Sul.

Sul. You think I mean bare ealomine—that's false, my honey.

Frank. Do you mean, Sir, this as the counter-check quarrelsome, or the retort courteous?

Sul. Arrah, man; I'd put you in a retort, and dissolve you in a crucible. I'll tell you what, tho' the old woman nursed Felix, the finder, I'll hang him for robbing the mail; and so yourself, and your learning, may ride back to Dublin on a cabbage stalk.

Frank. Sir, you're mad! Let me see some rational being belonging to you.

Sul. Nobody knows any thing of the mine but me, Felix, and you: I have him lock'd up; and now, by the powers of Plutarch, the God of Riches, if you divulge it to man, woman, or child, or even whisper it in the ear of your little dog, I'll murder you, as my old ancestor did a big Briton. There, swear upon the book, (*offers a book*) or you go. Pho! This is Reynard the Fox; no matter, swear. (*Takes down a scythe.*)

Frank. Hold, Sir! S'death. I shall be murdered here. [*Exit.*]

Sul. I must try to get the guineas by my own ingenuity; for what signifies my genius, and my courage, and my eloquence, and my honour, and my fame, and my beauty, without the guineas.

AIR.—SULLIVAN.

Beauty has a painted face,
And fame upon the Trumpet plays;
And honor, sure, is no disgrace,
And genius sports his bit of bays;
And eloquence is full of clack,
And courage can a rascal whack;
But of all the fine things a man can see,
A little rough guinea for me.

Beauty

Beauty in the street is sold,
And envy spatters fame with dirt;
And honor's now despised and old,
And genius sports a ragged shirt;
And eloquence makes white the crows,
And courage tweak'd is by the nose;
So of all the fine things that a man can see,
A little rough guinea for me.

If beauty would a smicket buy,
Or madam fame would smoke a pipe;
Or honor eat a pigeon pye,
Or genius have a cherry ripe;
Or eloquence be out of debt,
Or courage a commission get;
They'll sing, of all the fine things that I see,
A little rough guinea for me.

Bright guineas I'll get galore O!
And then I'll rattle and roar O!
I'll break up school,
And my golden rule
Shall be, to drive care from the door O!

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

A Road.

(Shouts and clamour without.)

Enter FELIX. (agitated.)

Fel. My friends have hurried me again to life!
(acclamations without) Ay, my treasure lies open
to the world; every one now can come at gold—
was it first pointed out to me by my good or my
evil genius?

AIR

AIR—FELIX.

Guardian fairies in a dream,
 Softly flew my pillow round;
 Caroll'd sweet a golden theme,
 So the precious ore was found;
 No! a wiley fiend did sing,
 "Treasures lie the earth beneath;"
 All the mischiefs gold can bring,
 Yet avenge poor Felix' death,

[*Exit.**Enter SULLIVAN.*

Sul. The mine discovered to all the country—
 Oh the blasphemers!

*Enter country people, with spades, shovels, and
 divers instruments.*

Sul. Oh you're all in a great hurry now—Where
 are you going, old Looney, and your nine sons?

Old Man. Mr. Sullivan, you're a man of learning, and I want you to tell me about this gold mine.

Sul. I will, Mr. Looney, 'cause why you're a fine old fisherman, and also the bell ringer.

Old Man. (apart) Go you, my nine sons, and whilst I keep him here in pallaver, fill the tub, and the pail, and the fossit, and the piggin, and the bucket, and the noggin, with gold—and bring it home, and bury it at the bottom of the garden.

Lads. (apart) We will father. [*Exeunt.*

1st Girl. Mr. Sullivan, is this gold money in the mountains?

Sul. It is—may hap.

2d *Girl*. What under Croghan hill?

Sul. It is—most likely.

1st *Boy*. Is the mine under or over the ground?

Sul. Very probably. But Mr. Looney, I'll open to you my whole soul. Before we go to look for this gold, we must consider whether it's a pot of gold, or whether it's a little bit, or a big bit, or the devil-a-bit.

Old Woman. Ah! It's the black gentleman has hid it, and he that hides can find: I warrant you know where it is, Mr. Sullivan.

Sul. Arrah, then, are you making a devil of me, Mrs. Carney?

2d *Boy*. Whilst we stand talking here—there old Looney is sending his sons. (*all running*)

Sul. (*Stops them*) Hold!

2d *Old Man*. (*very feeble and debilitated*) Tell us, Mr. Sullivan, what sort of a thing is a guinea? for I never saw one in my life.

Sul. This hat shall be the cap of dignity the people's very bodies and souls shall bow to me, because I shall be a golden calf. Stand all of you on this side of me, or else you can't hear what I'm going to say to you, as I'm deaf in this ear. Now friends and neighbours—Arrah, what do you stride your foot across my leg, Darby Mullowny? Now, one word I've to say to you all—listen to me—start fair!

[*Exeunt running.*]

SCENE V; *and last.*

Croghan Mountain—at a distance, the ruins of an abbey.

Enter ROSA.

Rosa. How long they stay—she can't make Felix hear her—if she shou'd lose her way in these these dark windings, the pedlar said it was dangerous to attempt it—Sweet lady, to run such perils to serve me—My poor Felix.

AIR.—*ROSA.*

Ill set my Felix free,
Cou'd gentle hearts but see;
Thou wou'd'st relent,
As I repent,
The wrongs I've done to thee.
Good Angels send a charm,
To keep my love from harm;
Thy heart may hold,
That hearts are cold;
Yet mine to thee is warm.

Oh come sweet love, his footsteps sure I hear,
Impassion'd sighs bespeak my Felix near;
My soul's fond wish, my senses why betray,
In plaintive sounds, that fleeting die away.

Enter Donnybrook. (with a fowling piece)

Don. Oh you huffy, tell me where's my daughter? she was seen with you—I'll not let you go, tho' you squeak like fifty kids.

Rosa. Nay, Sir, dont be angry—Miss is—is—

Enter

Enter HELEN. (at an aperture cover'd with stones and brambles.)

Helen. (Speaks at the entrance.) Come out, my fine little boy.

Don. My daughter in a hole with a fine little boy!

Rosa. No, stay in, you'll be taken.

Helen. My father! now, Sir, don't give the poor fellow up again.

Rosa. Oh, Sir! Save my Felix!

Enter BILLY (from the opening.)

Bil. Here I am, my sweet little cricket—Oh lord! (*seeing Donnybrook*)

Helen. What is it you, you wretch?

Bil. Ah you traitrefs! I thought it was old Nick's voice that sounded so sweet. So then Miss Belzeebub, you coak'd me from lock and key, only to throw me into the hands of your father. Oh, great squire! Spare my life, and indeed I'll never think again of marrying your noble daughter. I never robb'd a mail bag; the only letters I ever stole, were four and twenty on a square of gingerbread, and for that, Father Foley made me do penance, by not eating a roast-ed potatoe for seven long days.

Don. No, no—I'll send you back to old Nick, from whence you came. (*Presents at Billy, who falls on his knees.*)

Bil. Oh mercy!

Enter FRANKLIN. (hastily.)

Frank. Hold! don't let us have murder too.

Don. He has stole my game, my coat, and my girl—

Frank. (*calling off*) Bring the culprit this way.

Enter FELIX. (ironed) REDMOND and people.

Convey him immediately to Wicklow—but my lad, you're very young—you must have had some experienc'd accomplice—(*turns to Redmond*) You mention'd a person—a kind of pedlar, that was seen loitering—come, confess—(*to Felix*) was not that beggarman your confederate? Give him up, and by my honor, I not only promise you a pardon, but a high reward, for your discovery of this gold mine on my estate.

Felix. Sir, if I die for it—my word to the last—the crime was all my own.

Red. I say all the mischief was done by that rogue the pedlar.

Bil. Ave, squire, 'twas he that set me on to affront Miss Helen: he told me himself, that he stole two ponies, four cows, a lamb, and a mile stone.

Rosa. He's a very good creature.

Helen. A brave old fellow.

All. I wish we cou'd catch the rogue.

Frank. Silence! (*sings*)

“A farden, a farden, my fortune much decay'd is,
Of all the hands outstretch'd to me,
Oh blessing on the ladies.”

(*Addressing all around, they express surprise.*)

Then Felix, you positively will not hang me?
Your hand—do you forget your old companion,
Master

Master Franklin, who was nurs'd with you in yon very cabin? I myself brought you that letter from Dublin, and bribed the boy to tell the sham story of the mail robbery. My disguise and stratagem have proved, that your generosity and gratitude are superior to even the concern for your life; and Madam, (*to Helen*) your humane efforts to save a life so valuable, have acted more powerfully on my heart, than all I had before felt from the force of your charms.

Don. Ha, ha, ha! Helen, then, this is Mr. Franklin, your mother's choice, and you, Sir, are my ward; I see now the similarity of sound caused our mistakes of the minor and miner.

Fel. I recollect you, Sir; you are, indeed, the good-natur'd young gentleman, that when we were children, honor'd me with your friendship. Little merit in now acknowledging I did purpose revealing the secret of the mine at a certain period, but was restrained by the known avarice of the late possessor of this estate, who, on hearing it, would have instantly taken the treasure into his own hands, and consequently——

Don. Stopt the current of your generosity.

Rosa. My dear Felix, if you consider every unlucky circumstance, I think you'll forgive me.

Fel. My innocent Rosa, had I been the unprincipled wretch you supposed me, your conduct but displayed the purity of your heart.

(*Dross runs from a winding of the mountain, with a lump of gold in his hand, his dress cover'd with earth and clay.*)

Dross. Oh joy! the pure glorious child of the sun—here it is—look gentlemen—there! there!

Frank. Is it indeed gold?

Dross.

Dross. As certain as I have hid seven bars that will make a Lord Mayor's chain for Tom Dross of Copper Alley. (*aside*) Then this is Felix, (*kneels*) first favorite of heaven! the great discoverer of our Irish Potosi!

Enter SULLIVAN, with a sack, followed by peasants.

Sul. Stop! I command you to stop, in the name of Mr. Sullivan, Postmaster of Arklow, and that's myself. I seize upon all your ill-got pebble-stones and dust; the landlord himself desired me to keep the mine safe for him.

Frank. Did I faith? however, Sir, as I'm on the spot, I'll save you the trouble.

Sul. What, Billy! Oh then King Plutarch has sent you up with this cargo of golden curses.

Bil. Sir, do you forgive me for trying to run away with Miss, and the wicked defender, Redmond O'Hanlon.

Don. It is a duty we owe our country, and the happiness of society, to punish these lawless depredators.

Frank. And yet, Mr. Donnybrook, in this land of abundance, why shou'd our peasantry languish in such lamentable wretchedness—were we to turn our attention a little more to this, instead of the unhappy necessity of punishing crimes, we might prevent their commission, by awakening them from the idleness of despondency, with our countenance and protection, and rewarding their labours by the genial and cherishing encouragement of kindness and humanity.

Sul. But Sir you won't shut us out of the mine till we get enough to build Arklow into a young Dublin? and our China ware and our wooden

wooden ware shall be all gold, and we'll have such plenty that we'll give a guinea for a half-penny roll.

Don. A good Irish plenty—as grass is given to feed the native flocks that bound over the surface of the earth, so hath Providence sent the ore as a gift to the poor inhabitants of this country, therefore they shall have the use of it till all are at least better'd in their circumstances: but as profusion might destroy a greater treasure, industry, then I'll enclose the mine, and each man must leave gold-hunting, and return to a much nobler resource—honest Labour.

FINALE.

FRANKLIN.

Hence Care and Strife! nor damp our joy,
Come Friendship, Mirth, and Love;
And every sordid base alloy
Let's from our bosoms shove.

DONNYBROOK.

For was our Gold but Irish Brass,
Good humour's stamp can make it pass.
With a fal lal la.

FELIX.

To London town our Irish wags
A Fortune-hunting run,
But if with heaps of shining bags
Their paltry souls are won—

HELEN and ROSA.

If Love could e'er unite with gain,
Come lads here find our Golden vein.
With a fal lal la.

BILLY.

BILLY.

I've learn'd the letters in the book,
By post you've letters sent, (*to Sullivan*)
But till of late you're such a rook,
You knew not what they meant.

SULLIVAN.

All Letters nonsense are to me,
But Letters call'd G, O, L, D.
With a fal lal la.

THE END.

FONTAINEBLEAU;

OR,

OUR WAY IN FRANCE.

IN THREE ACTS.

PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN,
IN 1784.

THE MUSIC BY MR. SHIELD.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Lord Winlove,	Mr. INCLEDON.
Colonel Epaulette,	Mr. WEWITZER.
Sir John Bull,	Mr. WILSON.
Tallyho,	Mr. EDWIN.
Henry,	Mr. JOHNSTONE.
Lackland,	Mr. LEWIS.
Lapoche,	Mr. QUICK.
Robin,	Mr. ROCK.
Lady Bull,	Mrs. WEBB.
Rosa,	Mrs. BILLINGTON.
Celia,	Miss WHEELER.
Miss Dolly Bull,	Mrs. MATTOCKS.
Mrs. Cafey,	Mrs. KENNEDY.
Nannette,	Mrs. MARTYR.

SCENE, *Fontainebleau in France.*

FONTAINEBLEAU;

OR,

OUR WAY IN FRANCE;

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Street.—Sign of the Fleur de Lys on one side, the British Lion on the other.—Bells ring.

Enter MRS. CASEY and 1st Waiter.

MRS. CASEY.

COME Bob, what are you about boy? the company tumble in upon us like smoke—quick are all the cooks at work?

1st *Wait.* Yes, Ma'am. (*bell rings*) coming! coming! [*Exit.*

Lack. (*without*) You scoundrel I'll teach you to talk to a gentleman!

2d *Wait.* (*without*) Oh very well, very well, Sir.

Mrs. C. Hey day!

C C 2

Enter

Enter 2d Waiter.

What's the matter now?

2d Wait. Only Mr. Lackland, Ma'am. You know you ordered me to keep the Globe for the large company, there he takes possession of it, and tho' I told him it was bespoke, he wou'd dine no where else; orders a bottle of Champagne, and because I didn't fly with it, kick'd me down stairs, tho' I bawl'd out coming up, Sir.

Mrs. C. Champagne! and not a louis in his pocket! d'ye hear, tell Mr. Lackland, it's my desire he quits the house..

Wait. Your desire! Ecod Madam, he said he'd make you bounce.

Mrs. C. Make me bounce! A shabby, spunging—without a second coat the fellow's as proud as a Galway Merchant.—Make me bounce in my own house! pretty well that, upon my honor!

Lack. (*without*) Here waiters!

Mrs. C. Run, don't you hear?

Lack. (*without*) Where is that infernal——

Wait. Infernal! that's you Ma'am he's calling.

Lack. (*without*) Come here you rascal!

Mrs. C. Hush! here he is. [*Exit Waiter.*

Because I'm a lone woman, he thinks to impose upon me——

Enter LACKLAND.

Lack. Landlady, your attendance is shameful!

Mrs. C. Why the truth is, Sir, my waiters have enough to do, if they properly attend on folks

folks who have money to pay for what they call for. (*takes out snuff-box*)

Lack. (*takes a pinch*) And even your snuff is execrable.

Mrs. C. Look'ee Mr. Lackland, that you're a gentleman every body knows, and you've an estate only its all gone, and you are allowed to be a fix-bottle man, and a choice companion: Ah, the beginning of a good song at the latter end of a bottle, is a capital thing for a house—now—here during the race-time I'll give you your board at the table D'Hôte, and money in your pocket to pay the reckoning, if you'll only be a good jolly fellow and encourage the company to drink, by a droll song, or a comical story.

Lack. What, live by entertaining a company!

Mrs. C. Yes, that's what I call earning your bread like a gentleman.

Lack. Make me your decoy-duck! Mrs. Casey, you're a widow, you'll oblige me if you'll marry somebody immediately.

Mrs. C. And why so, pray?

Lack. Madam, that I may have the superlative honor of kicking your husband. (*bows gravely*)

Mrs. C. Well, upon my word you're a very mannerly fellow! but I wish I had a husband for your sake, oh I wish I had a husband.

Enter WAITER.

Wait. Ma'am, there's a Paris chaise stopt, and the master of the Lilly of France has got hold of them already.

Mrs. C. Then he shall soon quit his hold, that he shall, as sure as my name is Mrs. Casey.—Bill, do you go and try to bring them this way, and
I'll

I'll go see the rooms prepared myself.—Ah my deeree, I wish I had a husband.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Casey and waiter.*]

Lack. (*looking out*) An English Officer.

[*retires.*]

Enter HENRY and POSTBOY.

Hen. There. (*gives money*) Never satisfied!

Post. Monsieur, c'est toute poste royale de Paris jusqu'a Fontainebleau.

Hen. Oh, double postage for the horses? aye, aye, if we approach a mansion of the grand Monarque, we must pay for it—seven posts. (*gives money*)

[*Exit Postboy.*]

Lack. (*advancing*) By heaven my old college chum.

Hen. Pray friend can you direct me to the best—is't possible, but I heard something of this—can you be—Charles Lackland?

Lack. How d'ye do Harry?

Hen. My poor fellow! but how has all this come about?

Lack. Eh!

Hen. I feel for you sincerely.

Lack. What d'ye mean? oh my garb—psha! never mind a man's outside, I've a heart within equally warm to an old friend in snow or sunshine.

Hen. That I've pass'd so many happy, happy days with. All gone? Play I suppose?

Lack. Aye my dear fellow play and pleasure, but what the devil musty melancholy! come to sport here at the races? Eh, flush?

Hen.

Hen. Why faith Lackland as to cash, my affairs are little better than your own.

Lack. Ahem ! Egad that's rather unlucky for us both.

Hen. But my mind my dear Charles ! I am this moment the most unhappy—in a word you see me here an exile, fled from the hands of justice ! you remember my sister Rosa ?

Lack. What little romping Rosa that us'd to steal our fish, and throw our cards in the fire ? Eh, did I dream, or wasn't there a match talk'd of between her and Lord Winlove ?

Hen. All over !—Guided only by the weakness of her sex and the art of ours, she was prevail'd on by Lord Winlove to take the road for the Continent. I overtook them at Rochester, demanded reparation of my sister's character, by an instant marriage : I was violent, my Lord's pride hurt at a charge, which perhaps he did not deserve—a pistol was the umpire—he lost his life, and in apprehension that a verdict might endanger mine, I was compell'd to assume the disguise of a woman to effect my escape.

Lack. Bravo ! Shot a Lord ! I wing'd a Marquis yesterday.—Poor Rosa ! where is she now ?

Hen. I have lodg'd her in the Convent of Vileneuve.

Lack. And have taken the races of Fontainebleau in your way back to Paris ?

Hen. I'll tell you frankly, tho' you'll say rather inconsistent with my present situation ; I'm drawn hither, purely for the hopes of meeting an amiable young English lady whom I engaged in conversation at the Sunday Opera in Paris.

Lack. Her name ? good family—eh ?

Hen.

Hen. I'm a total stranger to both—talks of her brother's having horses to run, and of their intention of being here at the races.

Lapo. (*without*) Jy ny manqueraï pas.

Lack. (*aside*) This cursed taylor! Now shall I be dunn'd and plagu'd—

Enter LAPOCHE.

Lapo. Monsieur Lackland, I will no longer wait for my——

Lack. Hush. (*apart*) I'll make your fortune, a customer rolling in money—Captain, if you're unprovided with neat lodgings and a good taylor, here's your man, and there's his house. (*pointing*)

Lapo. Oh de new customer!—speak de good vord for me. (*apart*)

Lack. He has good apartments.

Lapo. Oh very good! Speak more.

Lack. I will—This ill-looking little rascal. (*apart to Henry*)

Lapo. Much oblige to you. (*bows*)

Lack. (*apart*) If you are slack in cash, you'll find his lodgings convenient.

Lapo. Very convenient because——

Lack. (*apart*) Because when he asks for his money you may kick him down stairs.

Lapo. Much oblige to you, Sir. (*bows*)

Lack. (*apart*) My way of doing things—wasn't I a good customer Lapoche?

Lapo. Oui, it does a tradesman's heart good to see you—outside of his door. (*aside*)

Lack. I paid you eight livres a week wasn't it?

Lapo. Oui Monsieur you did——promise me dat. (*aside*)

Lack.

Lack. Ladies! (*looking out*) Must attend where beauty calls. (*pulls down his ruffles*) My dear Henry at your time, I am yours, from a beef-steak to a bottle of Burgundy—Can't stay now—You know I was always a Philander among the Ladies? [*Exit.*]

Lapo. Always great gander amongst the ladies!

Hen. Poor Lackland!

Lapo. Lately from Londres, Sir? I was vonce great man in Londres, but now I am anoder man.

Hen. Another man! What then my motley friend, I suppose you have a character for every country?

Lapo. Oui, I have appear in many characters, but Londres vas my grand Theatre.—Ah England is de great field of battle for us soldiers of fortune; and ven I could no longer fight my vay—

Hen. Why then you—

Lapo. Oui, I ran away. Ah Monsieur! in England I vas high, and I vas low, I vas dis, and I vas dat—I vas cook, parfumeur, Maitre de langue, juggle, and toos-drawer; in short I vas every ting.

Hen. And pray my good friend what are you now?

Lapo. I am now myself in my true character—
A tailleur á votre service.

AIR.—LAPOCHE.

In Londres I vas taylor nice,
And vork for Lor so gay;
He never beat me down in price,
But den he never pay;

From Lor I cou'd no money get,
 My draper vou'd no stay.
 So like my Lor I ran in debt,
 And den I ran away.

Vid trick on card I please my Lor,
 He vonder how I do't ;
 And ladies all my skill adore,
 Ven cock in glafs I shoot ;
 De British guinea I command,
 My pocket to recruit ;
 I shirk it off by slight of hand,
 Shift off by slight of foot.

To touch de little ready pelf,
 I sell de cordial drop,
 But none vou'd drink except myself,
 So I shut up my shop ;
 Of chimney sweep the tooth so white,
 In noble mouth I drop ;
 My Lor he grin and den he bite,
 Bon jour, and off he hop.

Now here in France I ave no dread,
 For Lor to move my shear ;
 For here in France dey cannot plead,
 De priviledge of peer ;
 Monsieur if you employ a me,
 A pretty coat voud wear,
 Your little tailleur here I'll be,
 Tres humble serviteur.

Hen. A taylor ! what, and come here to the
 races to sport your Louis d'ors upon the jockies
 of France ?

Lapo. No Monsieur, but I am come here to
 sport de pretty jacket upon de jockies of France.
 Ah ! I vil shew so fine de green jockey, de blue
 jockey, and de red jockey—dey may talk of vip
 and spur, but de beauty of de race come from my
 shear and timple.

Hen. Pray, which is your best hotel here.

Lapo.

Lapo. Hotel ! Ah Monsieur, why you no lodge in my house ? Convenient for de single gentil-homme.—I vil not tel him of de lady my lodger, because I love her myself. (*aside*)

Hen. Well, I don't know but private lodgings at this time may be preferable to the noise and bustle of an hotel.

Lapo. Eh bien Monsieur, vill you look at my logement ?

Hen. With all my heart.

Lapo. Je vous attend. (*calls*) Nannette—and if you like dem you may send your baggage and little things after you.—Nannette ! Prepare for de new lodger ! [*Exit.*]

Hen. To live here an exile away from my friends and country ! I wish, like my unhappy sister I could find a comforter in oblivion.

AIR.—HENRY.

My morning of life, ah ! how tranquil, how bright,
No care found a place in my breast ;
My noon now is evening, and soon must be night,
A night without comfort or rest.

The flood how resplendant with clear azure skies,
Tho' tempting, too late to his crest
Beneath for his heaven who, wantonly tries,
In streams of false pleasure is lost.

[*Exit.*]

Enter WAITER from the Fleur de Lys, and Mrs. CASEY, from the British Lion.

Wait. This way, Sir John, this way your honor—Madam it's Sir John Bull, and Lady Bull, and Miss Bull, and all the family.

Sir J. (without) I wish my Lady Bull you'd have let Robin roll'd us up to the door.

Mrs. C. Ha! upon my honor it is Sir John Bull and his lady, this is the truth of an English family.

Enter SIR JOHN and LADY BULL, French Inn-keepers, and Porters, with bandboxes, &c.

Mrs. C. Sir John, you are welcome from Paris.

Sir J. Welcome from Paris! Where the devil are you taking us? such a way to walk over your damned pavement!

Lady B. Oh fie, Sir John! do you consider where you are? when English gentlemen come to France, they should leave their damme's at Dover.

Sir J. I wish I had left you or myself there! What are these fellows doing with the things.

Lady B. Don't you see the gentlemen are porters, Sir John.

Sir J. Porters! pickpockets—paid by the ounce: one Thames-street porter wou'd take the whole seven, and their bundles on his knot, here's a proof.

Enter ROBIN with a large trunk.

My trunk Robin?

Robin. Yes, your honor, four of the Moun-sieurs trying to carry it, dropped it in the dirt yonder. (*lays it down*)

Lady B. Robin you must immediately find Cononel Épaulette's lodge, and let him know we are arrived.

Sir J. Yes, when you've taken care of the trunks;

trunks; and d'ye hear Robin, you'll find squire Tallyho there; tell him that I'm come, and that Dolly's longing to see him—But where is she.

Lady B. Aye, where's Miss Dolly Bull.

Enter Miss DOLLY BULL.

Miss D. Here I am Mamma. Ma'am pray which is the inn. (*to Mrs. Casey*)

Lady B. Inn! Hotel Miss if you please.

Miss D. Miss! Mademoiselle, if you please Ma'am.

Sir J. Aha! Well said Dolly, there was French upon French.

Lady B. Dear Sir, which is the hotel—(*to French inkeepers*)

Sir J. How cursed polite to a waiter too! only because he's French.

French Inn. Dis vay Mademoiselle—I keep de Lilly of France.

Sir J. Let's in, I'm plaguy hungry.

French Inn. Ah Monsieur de nice Vermicelle—de bon ragout and de frais salade.

Sir J. Ragouts! pshta!

Mrs. C. D'ye hear, George, carry that big piece of roast beef up to the Lion.

Sir J. Ay and carry me up to the Lion; I like to dine in good company:—Who are you, Madam?

Mrs. C. I'm Mrs. Casey, Sir, at your service—and I keep this house, the Lion of England.

Sir J. And are you English?

Mrs. C. Yes, that I am—born in Dublin—an honest Irishwoman, upon my honor.

AIR.

AIR—MRS. CASEY.

The British Lion is my sign,
 A roaring trade I drive on,
 Right English usage, neat French wine,
 A landlady must thrive on.
 At table d'hôte to eat and drink,
 Let French and English mingle,
 And while to me they bring the chink,
 Faith let the glasses jingle.
 Your rhino rattle,
 Come men and cattle,
 Come all to Mrs. Casey,
 Of trouble and money,
 My jewel my honey,
 I warrant I'll make you easy.

When dress'd, and seated in my bar,
 Let 'squire, or beau, or belle, come,
 Let Captains kiss me if they dare,
 It's "Sir, your kindly welcome."
 On shuffle, cog, and slip, I wink,
 Let rooks and pidgeons mingle,
 For if to me they bring the chink,
 Faith let the glasses jingle.
 Your rhino rattle, &c.

Let love fly here on silken wings,
 His tricks I can connive at,
 The lover who wou'd say soft things,
 Shall have a room in private.
 On pleasures I am pleased to wink,
 So lips and kisses mingle,
 For while to me they bring the chink,
 Faith let the glasses jingle.
 Your rhino rattle, &c.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Casey, Lady Bull, Miss Dolly, and Servants.*]

Enter LACKLAND.

Lack. Sir John Bull I think they call him
 from the City end of London. (*aside.*) Mon-
 sieur, Si vous netes pas bien empressé——

Sir

Sir J. Don't you pressé me, I am English.

Lack. You are? Your pardon—I see it in your honest face.

Sir J. Well, what have you to say to my honest face?

Lack. Say! me!—I have nothing to say—but only—how d'ye do?

Sir J. Why pretty well; how are you?—an impudent rascal this. (*aside.*)

Lack. And how have you left all friends in—in—Throgmorton Street?

Sir J. Eh!

Lack. That is—I mean—you're come to Fontainebleau, and just arrived, my heart warmed at the sight of my countryman, for I am English too, a little unfortunate—but——

Sir J. You're poor?

Lack. Why, Sir, I have had money.

Sir J. And what did you do with it?

Lack. Sir, I laid it out in experience.

Sir J. Oh, then I suppose you're a very cunning fellow now.

Lack. I know the world, Sir, I have had rent-rolls, lands, tenements, hereditaments, mansions, arables, pastures, streams, stewards, beasts, tenants, quarter days, and such other incumbrances.

Sir J. What, and you've got rid of them all?

Lack. Oh! yes.

Sir J. A clever fellow! but couldn't you have got your teeth drawn at the same time, I suppose now you've little use for 'em.

Lack. Ha, ha, ha! very well indeed!—oh, you vile dog! (*aside*) as you're English I feel an attachment—harkye, a sharpening place this—you may profit by my advice; avoid strangers, particularly

ticularly our own countrymen, all upon the sharp — they'll introduce themselves, intrude their conversation, amuse you with some sham of their families, and spending fortunes and losses, and the story generally ends in borrowing money from you, that is, if you are fool enough to lend it—now my dear, Sir, 'tis my pleasure to warn a gentlemen like you, of the tricks and deceptions of these sort of fellows.

Sir J. I'm very much obliged to you—give me your hand—will you eat a bit of mutton with us ?

Lack. Sir, I should be proud of the honour—but, something awkward—this dishabille—and as I understand you have ladies, you know they expect a man—the fellow here, detains a handsome suit of mine only for—Sir, if you could oblige me with a guinea, I should repay you with many thanks.

Sir J. What ! when the arables come back ? —a guinea !—well, I don't mind as far as—distress in a strange country is—what's your name ?

Lack. Lackland, at your service—

Sir J. A guinea, you say—there Mr Lackland. (gives money)

Lack. Sir, I am e'ernally obliged to you—I fancy I may pass in these cloaths, eh ?

Sir J. Yes, yes, you may pass—for a shop-lifter. *(aside.)*

Lack. Waiter ! *(calls)* If you'll give me leave I'll treat you with a flask of most excellent Champagne. *(goes to tavern)*

Sir J. Treat me ! my own money too ! champagne ! and I doubt if the fellow has got a shirt to his ruffles.

Lack.

Lack. (*advances.*) Upon my soul, you're a very fine old gentleman; mind my advice; I warn you against our countrymen, they'll only borrow your money, and laugh at you afterwards—ha, ha, ha!

Sir J. Ha, ha, ha! So they'll laugh at me afterwards. Ha, ha, ha!

Lack. Now you know their tricks, mind you keep your hand on your cash.

Sir J. Yes, yes, the moment they talk of Throgmorton Street, you may be sure I will, ha, ha, ha!

Lack. Ha, ha, ha! Very well! Bravo! Bless your jolly face, how a laugh becomes it.

Sir J. My jolly face! Good! Ha, ha, ha!

Lack. I'm thinking how surprised you'll be when I pay you this guinea to-morrow.

Sir J. I shall be surprised indeed.

Lack. Aye, I have bought my experience by wholesale.

Sir J. Yes, and you now retail it out at a guinea a dose.

Lack. My dear Sir, I shall always acknowledge myself your debtor.

Sir J. I dare say you will.

Enter WAITER.

Lack. Shew a room, scoundrel, and change for a guinea. [*Exeunt laughing.*]

SCENE II.

A Chamber in Lapoche's House.

Enter ROSA, reading.

Rosa. " Can'st thou forget what tears that
 " moment fell,
 " When warm in youth I bid the world
 " farewell,
 " As with cold lips I kissed the sacred
 " veil,
 " The shrines all trembled, and the
 " lamps grew pale."

Poor Eloisa in the Cloister spoke my sentiments!
 —I begin to repent my elopement ; by this time
 the Abbess has heard of my departure from the
 Convent, heigh-ho ! I wonder if Lord Winlove
 has received my letter, I wish he was come.

AIR—ROSA.

Oh, lingering time ; why with us stay,
 When absent love we mourn,
 And why so nimbly glide away,
 At our true love's return.

Ah, gentle time ! the youth attend,
 Whose absence here I mourn,
 The cheerful hours in pity send,
 That bring my love's return.

I feel my heart with rapture beat,
 No longer shall I mourn,
 My lover soon with smiles I'll meet,
 And hail his glad return.

Enter

Enter NANNETTE.

Nar. Madam, here's a gentleman—

Rosa. My Lord Winlove himself! Why didn't I with sooner?

[Exit Nannette.]

Enter LORD WINLOVE.

Lord W. My charming Rosa!

Rosa. Oh, my Lord!

Lord W. My dear creature, how could you think of Fontainebleau of all places, and at such a time too—so full of English, and fifty people that may know both you and me; safer as I advised you waiting for me at Villeneuve, and by a cross route get to Paris.

Rosa. Nay, don't be angry with me; if I had remained in the village, the Abbess might have discover'd my retreat; for tho' only in my noviciate, I dare say she's highly incensed at my escape.

Lord W. Your letter said you got out of the convent in boy's cloaths—Ha, ha, ha!

Rosa. Yes, and I was even obliged to change before I got to Fontainebleau—Oh, my Lord, this is a wicked step!

Lord W. The impiety is mine, my love, to rob heaven of an angel—Well, we may get from hence to-night: my death, from that ren-contre with your brother, is every where believed.

Rosa. My dear Lord! Now only yours—I know no guide, but your opinion.

Lord W. My sweet Rosa! tho' I wasn't to be threatened into a marriage by your brother, yet on my return to England, I shall with pride acknowledge my lovely Rosa to be Lady Winlove.

AIR.—LORD WINLOVE.

Flowers, their beauties all surrender,
When the Sun withdraws his ray;
Now they shine in borrow'd splendor,
Painted by the beam of day.

With each good, fair Eden planted,
Ev'ry sweet that sense cou'd move;
Passion sighs, tho' all is granted,
No enjoyment without love.

Dearest maid, thy smiles bestowing,
Bright and gay my hours shall be;
By this heart, with rapture glowing,
Thou art light, and love to me.

[*They retire up.*]

Enter NANNETTE.

Nan. Oh Madam, Madam! here my master has brought in a new lodger with him! the most charming, beautiful—young officer—our countryman too!

Lord W. Young officer!

Nan. I ask pardon, Sir, I didn't see you.

Lord W. Then I see the necessity of our immediate departure—I'll instantly order a chaise, and remove you, my love, out of this group of jockies, grooms, peers, and pickpockets. [*Exit.*]

Nan. Ah, Madam, of all the men in the globe, give me an Englishman after all. This pretty officer—(*opens a pair of folding doors.*)

Henry.

Henry discovered asleep on a sofa.

Dear Madam, look—he's asleep: yes, he complained to my master that he had been up all night. (*makes signs to Rosa.*)

Rosa. Fye, fye, Nannette—When that gentleman returns, you'll let me know. [*Exit.*]

Nan. Lud, how nice we are! Then I'll win the gloves myself. (*going towards him, Henry stirs*) Oh dear! he's awake!

Hen. (*Rising and advancing*) This travelling by night—I thought to have slept in the chaise, but not a wink—

Nan. Did you call, Sir?

Hen. Who are you? my little countrywoman?

Nan. Nanny, Sir, at your service—Master, tho' will call me Nannette, in the French fashion.

Hen. Oh, you're the little English fille de chambre to Monsieur Lapoche, the French taylor.

Nan. At your service, Sir.

AIR.—NANNETTE.

Indeed I'll do the best I can,
To please so fine a gentleman;
You lodge with us, and you shall see,
How careful poor Nannette will be;
So nice, so neat, so clean your room,
With bow-pots for the sweet perfume.
An't please you, Sir,
When you get up;
Your coffee brown,
In china cup;
Dinner, and bon souper,
Sur mon honneur at night you'll be;
With waxen taper light to bed,
By poor Nannette, your chamber-maid.

Enter

Enter LAPOCHE.

(Goes round and turns Nannette from Henry.)

Lap. Ah, here is fine doing in my house! and you come here vid your vaxen taper, and your caper, your smile, and your smirk on dis English boy—pardi! I vill knock his head against de—*(turns to Henry)* I hope you had a good sleep Sir?—Get you down stairs. [*Exit Nannette.*]
I hope you find every thing agreeable Sir? hope nobody disturb you? and dat you like your apartments—Here you have all convenience; here you may have three course and desert—you may invite your English friend to drink de bon vin here in my house—you may all get so merry, and so drunk, and laugh and roar, and sing, and knock your fistes against one another's heads, so friendly, à-là-mode de Londres—Aha! you please to valk dis vay, Sir; I will shew you your falle à manger.

Re-enter NANNETTE.

Nan. Sir, here is——

Lapo. Go, get you gone! vat you come again here, peeping at de men.

Nan. Monsieur, I only want——

Lapo. You want! Oui, I know vat you want—allez, go, begar I shall have no girl to myself—all de girl in my house vill come after dis jolie garçon.

Nan. Sir, you wont let me tell you that Colonel Epaulette has sent to know if his new liveries are finished;

finished; and the English squire, Mr. Tallyho, has sent for his hunting frock.

Lapo. Colonel Epaulette! and Mr. squire Tallyho! Monsieur, dese are my great customer, dey match de two horse to run on de race to-morrow; dat squire Tallyho is fine man; Ah! I do love to vork for Milor Anglais---dis vay, Monsieur—you vill excuse a me---come, Nannette, he will excuse a you too. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another room at LAPOCHE'S.

Enter ROSA.

Rosa. I wonder what can keep Lord Winlove! I wish we were once upon the road! this anxiety is tormenting! I long, tho' why desire, to see England, when all I love is here.

AIR.---ROSA:

The night when pass'd, in golden skies
If whiten'd cliffs the sailor spies;
Completely blest,
The sight each tender thought inspires,
His love's on shore, and fancy fires
His faithful breast;
The dancing waves salute his oar,
He pulls and sings, my love's on shore.

He waves his hat, and cries adieu,
Farewel good ship, and friendly crew;
For love I steer---
And as around he turns his face,
To view the happy well-known place
That holds his dear;

The

The dancing waves salute his oar,
He pulls and sings, my love's on shore.

Enter NANNETTE.

Nannette, is the gentleman come?

Nan. No Ma'am, not yet; but I desired the boy to shew him to this apartment.

Hen. (Without) What! is the lady this way?

Nan. The blockhead! may I die if it isn't the young English officer he's sending up here!

Rosa. Shut the door, I'll be seen by nobody—
undone! my brother Henry—

Enter HENRY.

Hen. The boy told me a Lady desired—

Nan. Yes, Sir, that the lady desired to be seen by nobody.

Hen. Is it possible!—my dear, will you step down a moment.
[*Exit Nannette.*
My sister!

Rosa. What shall I do?

Hen. Escaped from the convent! tell me, Rosa, what—lost to every sense of virtue! to fly from the only place that could afford an asylum for your shame.

Rosa. My dear brother! tho' appearances are against me, yet, when you are acquainted with certain circumstances, which prudence forbids me at present to account for—

Hen. Talk of prudence, and your fame blemish'd!—your character departed with it's destroyer, But of Lord Winlove's memory let me be tender, as his life answered for his share in your offence.

Rosa.

Rosa. He does not yet know of my Lord's being alive—I dread his return, their meeting again must indeed be fatal. (*aside*)

Hen. Tell me, Rosa? Why would you quit your convent?

Rosa. I must get Henry out of the house before Lord Winlove returns—How shall I? (*aside*) Come, take me; I'll go with you there this instant—do forgive me—come, dear brother.

Hen. Yes, yes! I'll lodge you once more: yet, how perplexing! If I quit Fontainebleau at this juncture, I may lose my wish'd for interview with the unknown charmer that brought me hither. (*aside*)

Rosa. (*Aside*) Heavens! I think I hear—if it shou'd be Lord Winlove—Come, Henry, I have but few preparations, and will immediately attend you.

Hen. Be assured, Rosa, I will not part with you now, until I again deliver you to the Lady Abbess, with a strict charge that she will strengthen your spiritual chains.—And yet the sympathy of my own heart, inclines me to excuse the weakness of my sister's.

DUET.—HENRY and ROSA.

Brooks to your sources, ah! quickly return,
Tear, drop on tear, and give life to the urn;
Truth and virtue pass away,
Ere I for another, my true love betray.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE I:

The Race Course.—Cries and Shouts without.

Enter TALLYHO and JOCKEY.

Tallyho.

HUZZA! ecod Dick my boy, you did the thing nicely!

Jock. Didn't I your honor? I said I'd win for you—Huzza!

Tal. We've bang'd them—hey for Yorkshire, d'ye hear, see Whirligig well rub'd down, and give her a horn of egg milk, oil, and saffron, and while you lead her round the course in triumph, let the French horns play—"Britons strike home." (*sings*) Let's see besides the five thousand from this French Colonel Epaulette—aye, I shall win twenty thousand by the day, and then my flang match to-morrow, eh Dick?

Jock. Aye Sir, Joan of Arc! Whirligig, and Old England against the globe, huzza!

[*Exit.*
Enter

Enter English Waiter.

Wait. Sir, my Mistress wou'd be glad to know how many she must provide dinner for?

Tal. Eh, dinner!—true; tell Moll Casey to knock her whole house into one room, and to roast, boil, bake, and fricasee, as if she hadn't an hour to live.—We're a roaring, a screeching party!

Enter LACKLAND.

Lack. Yes, tell your mistress we're a numerous party—I've left my name at the bar.

[Exit Waiter.]

Tal. Ay, I'll be bound they have your name at the bar—I see by his grin he wants to come Captain Borrowman, but 'twon't do. (*aside*)

Lack. Ah Tallyho! my dear fellow! I give you joy, upon my honor. I never saw finer running in the whole course of——

Tal. I won't lend you sixpence.

Lack. Sir!

Tal. It's a fine day.

Lack. Why Sir, as to the——Ha, ha, ha! upon my soul, you are the most——

Tal. So I am——Ha, ha, ha!

Lack. Oh I have you. Ha, ha, ha!

Tal. No, you ha'nt, nor you won't have me—I'm not to be had—know a thing or two, if your flint I'm steel.

Lack. Well but don't strike fire to me, reserve your flashes of wit, or——

Tal. You will catch 'em as your coat is a kind of tinder. Ha, ha, ha!

F F

Lack.

Lack. Sir, I desire you'll find some other subject for your jokes.

Tal. True, your coat is rather a thread-bare subject. Ha, ha, ha! touching a twenty thousand makes a body so comical. Ha, ha, ha!

Lack. Twenty thousand! ah your wit is sterling to day, Tallyho, and as you carry your brains in your pocket, I wish you'd change me a ten pound joke.

Tal. Oh Lackland, you yourself are so full of jokes, that you even laugh at the elbows—Ha, ha, ha! that is the best humour'd suit of cloaths.

Lack. (*calmly*) Sir, if you were any one else, upon my honor I'd knock you down.

Tal. Hold, if you raise your arm you'll encrease the laugh—Come don't be angry—and I'll help you to a graver sort of coat, that's not quite so much upon the broad grin—Hush, I'll introduce you to Colonel Epaulette yonder.

Lack. (*looking out*) That! aye, a right Frenchman—one might guess by his mirth that he has lost the day.

Tal. True, but I keep up the old saying. Ha, ha, ha! they may laugh that win.

Lack. I've heard the most unaccountable stories of his aping the English fashions.

Tal. Yes, I'm his tutor, I teach him all our polite accomplishments.

Lack. Polite, then I suppose by this, he can drink, swear, play, smook, and—

Tal. Hush—here he comes—Lackland I'll give him up to you—or you to him, to get rid of you. (*aside*)

Lack. Yet I'm told this Colonel has a most benevolent heart—a man of much worth.

Tal. Yes, he is worth fifty thousand a year.

Lack.

Lack. I like a man of fifty thousand a year—hem! tell him who I am, d'ye hear Tallyho.

Tal. I'll tell him you're a wrangling mastiff, pointer-made.

Lack. A what, Sir?

Tal. Why he thinks so highly of our courage, with him the boldest bully is the bravest Briton.—He's so fond of our English customs, that he'd introduce himself to a Duchess with a zounds; and thinks if he can come out with a dozen damme's or so, he speaks very good English.

Enter COLONEL EPAULETTE. (singing)

Col. E. “Rule Britannia, Britannia rule de vay.”—Ah my victorious squire!—(*sings*) If you should like de Yorkshire type, “an honest lad behold me.”—I lose five thousand to you on dis match; dere is one thousand on de Paris bank, two de bank of England, von Drummond, and von Child. (*gives notes*)

Lack. Tallyho, as I have none of my own, I'll adopt that Chld.

Col. E. Ha, ha! le drole! zounds! damme.

Tal. Oh yes, its a very good joke. (*puts up the notes*) Colonel, this is squire what d'ye call him.—Squire, that is Colonel Thing O'me; and now you know one another, shake hands.

Lack. Sir your most obedient.

Tal. Colonel, this is an honest fellow, and a finished gentleman at jig, or allemande, Robin Grey, or Malbrook; he'll whip you thro' with a small sword, or break your head with a cudgel.

Col. E. I'm much obliged to him, zounds! damme! but is he fond of play?

Tal.

Tal. Play! he'll pull the longest straw for a five pound joke, or run with you in a sack for a ginger-bread hat.

Lack. Sir, my friend Tallyho is rather lavish in his commendations. I have the honor to be known, and indeed live with some persons, not of the lowest order in this and—every country.

Tal. Yes, he has so many great acquaintances, and so polite himself—look at his hat, he has almost saluted away the front cock.

Lack. I hate ceremony—but one must know people sometimes.

Tal. Says so many good things too—a capital Bon-motter.

Lack. Hang it, no Tallyho, my wit is rather of the—sometimes indeed come out with a little Sally that—

Epau. Sir, I should be proud to be introduced to your little Sally.

Lack. Ha, ha, ha! you shall Colonel, my little Molly and my little Jenny—you see what I am Colonel—rather an ordinary fellow; but the ladies do leer at me now and then.—Overheard a most diverting confab amongst that groupe of ladies yonder as I past 'em—Oh dear look at him, says one, who? says another, that smart gentleman, says a third; I vow a monstrous pretty fellow, says a fourth: but who is he, perhaps he's the English Ambassador, oh Madam not he, oh not him, no, no: but at last they all concluded from a certain something in my air, that I can be no other than the Emperor incog. Ha, ha, ha!

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Tal. Well said master Emperor—but I will new robe your imperial majesty. I'll touch him for a coat for you. (*apart to Lackland*) A man of taste

high taste in our modes. (*apart to Colonel*) I'll try and get him to change a suit with you.

Lack. Why I must say I'm somewhat partial to the Newmarket stile.

Epau. I tink his coat look de old-market style, ha, ha, ha!

Tal. Yes, but from your striped coat and feather'd hat he took you for a drummer.

Epau. Sacre dieu! He did not, zounds! damme!

Tal. Yes, but he's such a shot, he'd snuff a candle on your head.

Epau. Sir, I vill snuff my head myself, and I vill snuff my nose myself in spite of any body. (*takes snuff hastily*)

Lack. Colonel, without offence to your nose, lend me your little finger.

Tal. Do, he'll give it you again.

Epau. (*shakes hands with Lackland*) Ah, I see he is de true brave man, for he has de courage to fight, and de good nature to forgive. Mr. Lackland, vill you dine vid me to-morrow.

Lack. Dine! My dear Sir, I'll breakfast with you, I'll sup with you, I'll stay a whole month in your house.

Epau. Indeed! (*joyfully*)

Tal. Yes, and you'll find it curs'd hard to get him out of it, he's so friendly.

Epau. Mr. Lackland, give me your hand, you're amost hospitable fellow, zounds damme!

Lack. Oh, pray Tallyho, isn't that your sister Celia? (*looking out*)

Tal. Yes, that's sister Cely.

Lack. Haven't seen her some time—a fine girl indeed!

Tal.

Tal. I wish I had left her behind in Paris—badger'd—pester'd with petticoats, when we have our betts and business to mind.

Epau. I vill wait on de lady.

Lack. Yes, we'll all wait on the lady—I shall engage her hand at the ball to night.

Tal. Lackland be quiet, she has a fortune:

Lack. Well, has her money spoiled her dancing?

Tal. No, but I am her guardian, master Emperor.

Lack. Ha, ha, ha! then by heaven I'll attack Miss Buffalo, or what is the name?—the Grocer there——

Tal. Thrust your copper-face into Sir John Bull's family too!

Lack. Bull! Aye, I thought it was some beast or other.

Epau. Oh, my lady de Bull, dat is she dat is recommend to me, by a noble Duke in Paris.

Tal. The daughter, Doll, is a fine filly, we start for matrimony on our return to Paris. Yoicks forward my boys!

Lack. After dinner I'll challenge her in pint bumpers of Casey's Burgundy.

Epau. And I shall shake an elbow, and set the merry-caster.

Tal. Very well, very well gentlemen, have at you both—yoicks! hurrah!

AIR—TALLYHO.

I'm yours at any sort of fun,

My buck I tell you so!

A main to fight, a nag to run,

But say the word, 'tis done and done,

All's one to Tallyho!

Upon

Suppose you challenge in a glass,
Sweet Doll my pretty doe,
And think your love could mine surpass,
I'd swallow hogsheads for my las,
All's one to Tallyho !

[*Exeunt.*

Cel. Brother, but one word !

(Calling after him:

Tal. Ah Celia—did you want me?

Cel. Yes, where are you going?

Tal. Spank along to Casey's—I'm with you.

(calling off.

Cel. Lord, it's very odd, Brother, that you leave me here alone.

Tal. I'll lay you ten guineas of that.

Cel. Of what?

Tal. I don't know—any thing for a bet—hurrah! Celia, I'll be here again, when I come back—"I'm yours at any sort of fun, my buck I tell you so." [*Exit singing.*]

Cel. Was there ever such a mad mortal! I wish he had left me in Paris, I wish I hadn't quitted England. Fontainebleau! better to have shone on the Esplanade at Weymouth—Oh, if I had but one dear beau—suppose only to keep me out of the way of the coaches; talk of French gal-

lantry, and attention to the ladies, I protest we've quite spoil'd them; no I find I have no chance here, whilst rivalled by Eclipse, High-flyer, and Joan of Arc—now if love would but throw the handsome officer in my way that entertain'd me so agreeably at the Sunday opera in Paris—

AIR—CELIA.

Search all the wide creation round,
On earth in air, or deep profound,
To some great universal end
Power, sense, instinct, reason tend,
'Tis love, sweet universal love!

Why Phœbus smile upon the morn,
Why lend a ray to Dian's horn,
Why flowers perfume the breath of Spring
Or why do birds on hawthorns sing?
'Tis love, sweet universal love!

With honor join'd or form'd to bless,
Thy power let every heart confess,
If sense and reason but remove
The bandage from the eyes of love!
Of love, sweet universal love!

Deuce take the man! if he was worth a smile, he wou'd have follow'd me here to Fontainebleau. Oh temptation! yonder he is.

Enter HENRY and ROSA.

Hen. Yes, 'tis she! 'tis my charming unknown. (*aside*)

Cel. Is that lady with him! (*Rosa takes his arm*) Takes him by the arm! I wonder women haven't some regard to decency in public.

[*Exit singing.*
Rosa.

Rosa. (*Agitated*) If Lord Winlove follows me, death to him or my brother, must be the consequence. (*aside*) Henry, if you design to take me to the Convent to night, we shall be too late, the gates shut at vespers.

Hen. (*aside*) 'Sdeath! if I lose her now, difficult perhaps to meet her again, and if I quit Rosa——

Enter LAPOCHE.

Lapo. Ah, Mademoiselle Rosa, I'm glad you have escape from that cruel rogue of a—(*Henry turns*)—My dear friend I am so overjoyce I overtook a you, I did vash you all over dis great horse-field, I did ask a for you all de little Jockey boy, and I vas vip, and push, and kick, and thump about from dis a post to dat a post.

Hen. Well, pray, and what did you want with me?

Lapo. Only in your hurry, I did forget to give you a receipt for your lodging money.

Hen. Oh, I forgot to pay you, but I wasn't gone—if my charmer mixes in that croud I shall certainly lose her; may I venture to leave Rosa in this fellow's care? (*aside*) Lapoche, I want to speak to a person yonder, you'll oblige me exceedingly if you will remain with this lady, until my return.

Lapo. Oui, Monsieur—I warrant I vill stick close. (*aside*.)

Hen. Rosa, I will be back in a few minutes.

[*Exit.*

Lapo. Ah, dat you may never come back—except to pay a me.

Rosa. Yes, I see that strange lady is the charm
 O O 2 —cruel

—cruel Henry! so severely to censure me for a passion, of which your own heart is susceptible.

Lapo. Oh, my dearest! Sweetest!—

Rosa. Tell me, have you seen the gentleman since?

Lapo. De pretty gentilhomme dat love a you?
Oui.

Rosa. Where?

Lapo. Dis morning in my looking glass.

Rosa. How perplexing, tell me man—I mean the gentleman that—has he been to enquire for me since?

Lapo. Ah, fly coquine! I have hear all about you—you scape from de Convent in boy's coat to de gentleman, and den you run away vid de captain from de gentleman, and now I see it in your eye, you vant to run back to de gentleman again.

Rosa. You're not much out there.

Lapo. I see she love him very much (*aside*) I vill go see vere de Captain is got—hush, you little devil of a fly rogue. [*Exit.*]

Rosa. How perverse! by waiting here Lord Winlove and Henry must certainly meet, and I have the worst to dread from their violence of temper.

Re-enter LAPOCHE.

Lapo. All is safe; your Captain is facing up to anoder Lady, come to my house vid me.

Rosa. 'Tis certainly the easiest and speediest means of seeing my Lord again—then the necessity of relieving him from the anxiety into which my absence must have thrown him—I'm strongly tempted

tempted, notwithstanding the impertinence of this man.

Lapo. She very fond of me---vonce I have her in my power, if she be unkind, up I lock her for de Lady Abbess. (*aside*) Oh you pretty pattern for a taylor's wife! I do adore you; and de dimple of your chin, and your hand, soft as English broad cloath; your lip, Genoa velvet, and your eye, bright as de Birmingham button.

AIR.—LAPOCHE.

Love does so run in my head,
 Devil a stitch can I do;
 From my jump out of my bed,
 Till my jump in it vid you.
 Oh sweet Pet!
 Liver once cold as a cucumber,
 Hey ho! go, get,
 Get away, Little Nannette,
 Welcome my bosom, a new comer.
 Who, like me, loves you?---ah! not a man,
 My handkerchief, vas I great Ottoman,
 Drops at your petty-toe.
 Sweet hen, in your beauties I'll sun me,
 Your twinkles and dimples have won me;
 Now vink and smile pretty upon me,
 Your game-cock den I vill crow.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Another part of the course.

Enter CELIA and HENRY.

Hen. Charming creature! Since the pleasure
 inspired

inspired by your conversation at the opera, and the grief of such a hopeless separation, to the instant of this happy rencontre, I have not enjoyed a moment's peace.

Cel. You think this a lucky meeting, Sir? I congratulate you on your good fortune, and leave you to the enjoyment of your happiness.

Hen. One moment, my love.

Cel. Very fine this! So here my captive presumes to make his conqueror a prisoner of war!

Hen. I am your captive, your slave, and thus I kiss my chain. (*kisses her hand*) And thus on my knee—

Cel. Stop, you'll soil your regimentals.

Hen. (*Aside.*) I wish I knew her name.

Cel. Ha, ha, ha! do forgive me.

Hen. I am enchanted with your gaiety, charmed with your beauty—

Cel. Pray, were you ever enchanted, or charmed before?

Hen. But never loved till now.

AIR.—HENRY.

Thro' circling sweets I freely rove,
And think my passion true;
But every charm that man can love,
Sweet love I find in you.
I will not boast with stoic pride,
That I've a heart of stone;
That I have often gaz'd and sigh'd,
To you I'll frankly own:

That beauty bears a gentle mind,
The source of every joy;
Is now the hope I wish to find,
Then don't that hope destroy:

And

And since that each external grace,
Is by my fair possess'd ;
In pity let her mind keep pace,
To make her lover blest.

Cel. Oh, if you're serious, I must—come come,
I'll talk no more to you.

Hen. Nay, but my Angel—

Cel. Well, well, I know all that; but if you
really expect to meet me in the field again, you
must send me a challenge by my brother—Eh!
but I'll not tell you, for you seem to be vain
enough already.

AIR.—CELIA.

No hurry I'm in to be married,
But if its the will of my brother ;
I'd much rather stay,
But since in the way ;
I as well may have you as another.

A strange custom this to be married,
Tho' follow'd by father and mother
The grave and the gay,
But since in the way ;
I as well may have you as another.

A Prude, tho' she long to be married,
Endeavours her wishes to smother ;
I'd give you her nay,
But since in the way ;
I as well may have you as another.

[*Exit.*

Hen. Charming woman !

(*Tallyho, without.*)

Yoics ! I'll bring in the stragglers ; I'm the boy
to fill the rooms and empty the bottles.

Hen. Oh, here's Tallyho—as this brother she
speaks

speaks of, is a man of the turf, probably he knows him—I'll just ask him, and then for my sister:

Enter TALLYHO.

Tal. I'm an excellent whipper-in for the bottle. Oh, oh! (*looking at Henry, takes him by the arm*) come along.

Hen. Where?

Tal. To get drunk to be sure—you wear his Majesty's cloth, and go to bed sober, when my English Whirligig has beat the Mounseers! Such a pack of jolly dogs! such Burgundy—wont you come and fall in with us?

Hen. Certainly; but pray, Tallyho, can you tell me—you saw the young Lady that parted from me now? admirably handsome!

Tal. Handsome! Yes, every body says she's like me.

Hen. I shall soon call her mine.

Tal. The devil you shall.

Hen. I have some hopes—the only obstacle is a brother—but perhaps you know him; one of our stupid, thick-headed fellows without an idea beyond a cock or a horse.

Tal. For fifty guineas, I have as many ideas as you?

Hen. You!

Tal. Yes, Mr. Captain, who gave you commission to talk o' my thick head.

Hen. What a mistake. (*aside*) But really squire is that young lady your sister!

Tal. Celia? Yes to be sure, she's my sister, and that's your share of her too. (*snaps his fingers*) She has a great fortune, and you Captains are cursed poor; but huzza I have it, tol, lol, lol, You

You shall fill your pockets with French gold—Louis—Louisdors, sous and soucees ; you good natured dog give me your hand.

Hen. In the name of heaven, what is all this ?

Tal. You shall go halves in my slang match to-morrow. Colonel Epauvette has matched his Black-prince to run against my Kick-him-Jenny, it's play or pay, you shall back his Black-prince, take all the odds. I will get my jockey to lame Kick-him-Jenny, and to give a colour for her not being able to run, I've mounted Sir John Bull to take an airing on her. Ha, ha, ha. I warrant she plays him some prank. So as he's a cursed bad horseman, I'll lay her accident upon him. She can't run, pays forfeit, you sweep the field, touch 'em all, and when you've gathered in the cash, we'll meet privately and divide it—even, fair, and honest in our pockets. Dam me, there's our snug ten thousand a piece, with a twopenny nail.

Hen. And this, perhaps, you call honor ?

Tal. Yes, 'tis good turf honor.

Hen. What to be a scoundrel ?

Tal. Oh, very well, if you're so nice.—Aye, now you're a very delicate chicken, but hearkye, the next time you see sister Celia, don't look at her. (*going*)

Hen. Stop Tallyho—I think I'll punish my knowing one. (*aside*) On second thoughts, I will join with you in this roguery.

Tal. Then you're a devilish honest fellow, and Celia is yours.

Hen. Indeed !—but with her consent.

Tal. Psha ! if we make the match, what has

her consent to do with it. I'll settle that; come, you shall have it from her own mouth this instant.

Hen. But what shall I do with Rosa? (*aside*)

Tal. Are you making a set my pointer? come along and get drunk you dismal dog! Why I'll get drunk to-night, tho' I'm in love up to the saddle girths. My darling Dolly!

Hen. Oh Miss Bull! Aye, we shall soon have you a bridegroom too.

Tal. Yes. Ha, ha, ha! I shall soon be a happy Bull-calf.

DUET.—HENRY and TALLYHO.

Tal. Your hand!

Hen. Your hand!

Tal. My hero!

Hen. My buck!

Tal. No more pother.

Hen. No more words.

Tal. My sister is yours.

Hen. Your sister is mine.

Both. And the bargain is struck.

Tal. My brother!

Hen. My brother!

Both. The field round.

Tal. We'll slang 'em.

Hen. We'll slang 'em.

Tal. And if they complain, the Captain shall bang 'em.

Hen. In this, and that, in every nation,

Tal. Every rank and every station,

All, all declare,

That cheating is fair,

Hen. If it takes but the knowing one in.

Tal. Miss Polly how coy,

With her amorous boy,

Cries "dear Sir, oh fye, Sir," and bridles her chin.

"You

" You impudent man you!
 " How can you, how can you,"

Hen.

'Tis all,

Tal.

'Tis all ;

Both.

To take the knowing one in.
 For all declare,
 That cheating is fair ;
 If it takes but the knowing one in.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

An Apartment in the Hotel.

Enter SIR JOHN BULL, (*a large patch on his forehead*).

Sir J. Ah, see when they catch me upon a race-horse again ! that scoundrel Tallyho did it to break my neck—above all the beasts of the field to mount me upon Kick-him-Jenny.—But I must get something for my wound, holloa !

Enter FRENCH WAITER.

Have you no 'Pothecaries here in France—what do you stare at—can't you speak ? get me a Doctor, I wan't a Surgeon.

Wait. Ah Monsieur, c'est bien dommage !

Sir J. D'ye understand, I was riding on Tallyho's mare, and she threw me. (*roaring*) You scoundrel, what do you stand grinning at me !—Get somebody to dress my head.

Wait. Oui Monsieur, je suis tres faché.

[*Exit.*

Sir J. Oh dear—get me once out of France—then my wife and daughter, such a pair of Mademoiselles as they are making themselves, to receive this French Colonel Epaulette,—Egad here thep come in full puff.——

Enter LADY BULL, and MISS DOLLY, extravagantly dressed.

A-la-mode de Paris! (*bows*)

Miss D. Bless me papa! what's the matter?

Lady B. What have you been fighting, Sir John!

Sir J. Fighting! no Lady Bull, I got upon Kick-him-jenny, she threw me off, and broke my head, ha, ha, ha!

Lady B. What is he at now?

Sir J. Eh, nothing. (*examines their dresses, turns, smothering a laugh.*) George, get me a pipe.

Miss D. La Pa! lets have no piping here.

Lady B. Pipes! what man dye think you're at Dobney's bowling-green?

Miss D. Con sider we are now at Fontainebleau in France Pa, the very country feat of the beau-monde.

Sir J. Oh very well, Mrs. Casey get me yesterday's ledger.

Lady B. Ledger! oh now he has got to Garraways—I tell you again you are not at Margate raffling for twopenny toys.

Miss D. Or dancing in your boots at Dandelion—Pa! La now do Pa! get into the mode like us.

Sir

Sir J. Thank'ye Doll, but I'm not quite so modish.

Lady B. But consider, my dear, if Colonel Epaulette does us the honor of a visit, how he'll be shocked at your appearance.

Sir J. Thank'ye wife, but I don't think I'm quite so shocking.

Enter WAITER, with a tankard.

Wai. Here, Sir John, my mistress has sent you a treat.

Sir J. What porter! London porter!

Lady B. Strong beer! Ah heavens! now he's at the Five Bells in Mincing-Lane.

(Lady Bull and Dolly walk up.)

Sir J. Oh, glorious Mrs. Casey, in France, to give me British Burgundy.

AIR—SIR JOHN BULL.

Great Porter now inspires my song,
That makes us jovial, bold, and strong,
Now Rosy Bacchus quits his vines,
The Hop around his thyrsis twines,
Forfakes his tun a butt bestrides,
And as he quaffs he shakes his sides,
And roars, if Britons thus are free,
Oh, give me British Burgundy.

Signors that Ladies may admire,
Now whet their whistles with intire,
Mynheer preferring goot French dram,
Gets Prussian kicks at Amsterdam,
Our Porter clear, our spirit such,
Shun froth of French and dregs of Dutch,
Nor tools of power, or faction we,
Whilst quaffing British Burgundy.

Lady

Lady B. (Advancing.) I desire Sir John—I will not have this quaffing and roaring here—*(takes the tankard and puts it aside.)* Colonel Epaulette may introduce us to the Prince—to tell you a secret, I have already sent for one Mr. Lapoche, a celebrated French taylor, to make you a new suit of cloaths for the occasion.

Sir J. A French taylor for me! very well, very well, ladies.

Enter WAITER.

Wai. Mr. Lackland, madam — wou'd you chuse to see him.

Sir J. Aye, aye let the poor devil come up.

Lady B. Mr. Lackland! Aye here's more of your friends—a pretty thing to come all the way to France, to pick up English acquaintances, and then such a paltry shabby—

Enter LACKLAND, elegantly dressed in Colonel Epaulette's cloaths.

Lack. Ladies your most obedient—How d'ye do Bull?

Sir J. (Surprized.) Shabby! Eh! Why in the name of—oh, oh—ha, ha, ha! recovered the suit, or another fool from Throgmorton-Street.

Lack. Oh, pray don't let my presence disconcert any body—Ladies I dined with my friends Tallyho and Epaulettee—the Colonel understanding that I admitted Sir John, here, to some share of my notice, begg'd I'd make his respects, and say, that he'd wait on you immediately.

Lady

Lady B. Now Miss Bull, summon your graces.

Miss D. Oh dear, the powders all out of my hair—the Duchefs's Barber, must titivate me up directly.

Lack. Miss, don't mind me—people say I'm particular, but I'm the most condescending—Bull be seated.

Sir J. Bull! I will not be seated.

Lack. Yes, she is a fine girl indeed.

Sir J. Who Doll? Yes, Doll's a devilish fine girl, and I shall give fourscore thousand pounds with her.

Lack. What! this may prove a good hit—but such a vulgar family.—Heark'ye you—(*haughtily*) You've kept a shop?

Sir J. Fifteen years, the Grafshopper on Garlick-hill.

Lack. And you sold raisins?

Sir J. Yes I did, and figs too.

Lady B. D'ye hear him?

Lack. Hem! Yes I'll marry her—a dowdy—he's a feller of figs—yet eighty thousand. (*aside*)

Sir J. And yet do you know—

Lack. (*puts him back*) Softly. (*to Dolly*) Upon my soul you're a fine creature.

Miss D. Sir!—Lord I like him vastly. (*aside*)

Lack. Madam do me the honor—but hold, I had best begin with a compliment to the mother tho', Ma'am, your dress is extremely elegant, well-fancied—(*Sir John interferes, Lackland puts him back*) Be quiet Bull—with so many native charms, difficult to say whether ornaments grace the person, or the person ornaments the dress. (*bows*)

Miss D. He's vastly well bred Mama.

Lady

Lady B. Yes, but speaks English too plain for a gentleman.

Lack. Miss Bull's spirit and good humour is the emblem of English liberty, and your Ladyship looks the British Ninon de L'Enclos.

Sir J. Ninon Don ! talks French.—I lent him a guinea too—well. (*aside*)

Lack. I presume Ladies you go to the Ball to-night, if disengaged Miss, I shou'd be proud of the honor of your hand.

Miss D. Yes, Sir, with all my heart, Sir—a charming man. (*aside*)

Sir J. Your heart ! Didn't you promise Squire Tallyho.

Miss D. True Pa, but then I hadn't seen this gentleman.

Lady B. Haven't I hopes of Colonel Epaulette for you.

Miss D. Aye, but none of us have ever seen the Colonel, he mayn't like me, and perhaps I mayn't like him.

Lady B. Dolly, Dolly, you're too ready with your yes.

Lack. Consider if your ladyship had always cruelly said no, Miss Dolly could never have been the admiration of the Court of Versailles.

Sir J. Yes, and I dare say——

Lack. Softly, my honest fellow.

Sir J. What the devil do you mean, honest fellow ! I don't believe you know who you're talking to—oh, oh, Tallyho is likely to be jockied here. (*aside.*) Bob, if squire Tallyho comes shew him——

Lady B. Shew him out of the house.

Sir J. What the squire ?

Tallyho Sings without.

" At Six in the morning by most of the clocks,
 " We rode to Kilruddery in search of a Fox."

Lack. Here comes Tallyho, yes Casey's Burgundy has quite done him up.

Lady B. Fontainebleau! one might as well be at Ascot heath.

Enter TALLYHO, intoxicated and singing.

Tal. " Or, I'll leap over you, your blind Gelding and all,"—Ha, ha, ha! Sir John, I'm so sorry you should be hurt by that tumble—Ha, ha, ha!

Sir J. Ha, ha, ha! yes, I see you're very sorry.

Tal. But how is your leg?

Sir J. My leg! its my forehead.

Tal. Your forehead is it, my old prize-fighter.

Sir J. I've been fighting your battle here.

(Lady Bull looks scornfully at Tallyho.)

Tal. (Observing her.) Right, Sir John, for I see if the grey mare's the better horse, I lose the filly.

Lady B. I can't stay with this savage. *(going.)*

Lack. Will your Ladyship honor me—Miss Dolly, your lilly hand.

Tal. (interposing) No matter whether her hand is a lilly, or a tulip, or a daffidowndilly—Damme Jack, you had a devilish fall—so sorry you hurt your elbow—by your leave neighbour.

(Pushes Lackland aside.)

Lack. Sir, you know I am always ready to correct insolence; if a man insults me, 't isn't his fortune can protect him. *(turns to Sir John.)*

Prithee Bull, step and ask if I left my snuff-box in the bar below.

Tal. Jacky run for the gentleman's snuff-box.

Lack. Mr. Tallyho, when you're inclined to quarrel, I am always ready to go out with you.

Tal. My lady Bull, will go out with you, and I wish her much joy of her company. (*bows.*)

(*Exeunt Lackland and Lady Bull.*)

Sir John, I am so hurt that my mare should—how is your collar-bone now?

Sir J. Psha! don't you see its my forehead—Go out with me, isn't that one of your sword and pistol terms?

Tal. Oh yes, at those amusements, in a small room, that gentleman is indeed pretty company.

Miss D. Lord, he must be charming company in a small room.

Sir J. An impudent dog to send me for his snuff-box.

Miss D. I do like him monstrously.

Tal. Like him! why Doll you're a fox upon a double ditch, none can tell which side you'll leap—ho, ho, what am I thrown out here old Hurlothrumbo.

Sir J. Me! I don't know what the fellow has been about here among 'em, with his snuff and his feathers—but where have you been Tallyho, I tell you if you'd have Doll, you must stick to her my boy.

Miss D. Aye, that you must indeed my boy—lord 'squire what has made you so tipsey.

Tal. Love and Burgundy, swallowing your health my sweet Dolly. (*Sings.*)

“ Had Diana been there she'd been pleased to the

“ life,

“ And one of the lads got a goddess to wife.

When

When you come across my noddle, I get upon the half-cock, and then a dozen bumpers makes me tol lol lol—Ha, ha, ha! Old dad how cursed comical you looked when kick him-jenny flung you over his ears—Damme, you came upon all fours like a tom-cat with a parachute.

Miss D. Ha, ha, ha! Oh what a rare fellow you are—Ha, ha, ha! Oh, what fine game you do make of my father.

Sir J. Game of your father! why you jade!

Tal. Sir John, I am sorry my mare broke your chin.

Sir J. Zounds! don't you see its my forehead—but, however, I forgive you.—Ha, ha, ha! I'm so pleased at your winning the race to day, and beating the Mounseers, that if I'd twenty daughters, and each with a plum in her mouth, you should have 'em all.

Tal. (*Looking at his tablets*) Plum! Oh, true, Sir Jacky my lad, I have you down here for fifty.

Sir J. Fifty what?

Tal. Pounds, that you owe me.

Sir J. Me! I never borrowed sixpence of you in my life.

Tal. No, but you lost fifty pounds tho'.

Sir J. (*alarmed*) Lost! Oh Lord! I had a fifty pound note in my pocket-book. (*takes out his pocket-book*) No faith, here it is.

Tal. Then you may as well give it me, Jackey my lad.

Sir J. Give it you! For what?

Tal. Why don't you know you laid me fifty pounds upon the Colonel's Joan of Arc, and didn't my Whirligig beat her.

Sir J. Damn your whirligig, Sir.

Miss D. La Papa! why should you damn his Whirligig?

Tal. Come, your debts of honor—fifty pounds here down with your dust.

Miss D. Aye, Pa, down with your dust.

Sir J. What the devil do you mean?

Tal. Why didn't you lay?

Sir J. Lay! I remember I said, I thought the brown horse run the fastest.

Tal. Yes, but when I laid fifty he'd lose, didn't you say done?

Sir J. And so you come the Dun upon me—pho, pho, none of your jokes man.

Tal. Jokes! you shall pay me in earnest.

Sir J. Pay you, zounds! Sir, do you think I'll give you fifty pounds because one horse thrusts his nose out before another? Doll that's a rogue.

Tal. Rogue! cut while you're well—I'll make no more words, that bet was done, and done, and if you dont pay me I'll post you at Tatterfals, indeed I will Sir Jackey, my lad.

Miss D. Never mind old Fogrum, run away with me. (*apart to Tallyho*)

Sir J. Oh very well—there (*gives a note*) by winning fifty pounds, you lose my daughter and fourscore thousand, and now post that at Tatterfals, Tally my lad.

Tal. Aye, aye, enough said.

AIR—TALLYHO.

In an orchard there hangs an old crab-tree,
Yet on it there hangs and within my reach,
One apple as sweet as a downy peach,
The tree that I mean is the surly he,

(*To Sir John.*)

And the dulcet apple's the lovely she,

(*To Dolly.*)
Oh

Oh how crabbed and crusty he !
Oh a delicate fruit is she.

There's a crazy old wall that's tumbling down,
Yet on it the fragrant Jessamine grows,
As Lilly 'tis fair and as fresh as a rose,
The crazy old wall is the surly he,
And the fragrant flower's the lovely she,
Oh how rugged and mouldy he !
Oh sweet flower the lovely she !

There's a filly old afs in a rusty coat,
A filly he has full of sport and play,
And I with this filly will canter away,
The filly old afs is the surly he,
And the sprightly filly's the lovely she,
Oh what an old jack-afs is he !
Oh the sprightly filly she !

Sir J. Dolly, child, go to your mama.

Miss D. I wont to go to ma—I'll meet you bye
and bye at the Colonel's. (*apart to Tallyho*)

Sir J. You wont ! You shall huffev.

Miss D. I wont, I wont. (*cries*) oh the cruelty of old tough fathers, to force away young tender maidens from the amiable swains that love them.—Oh, oh.

Sir J. Go in there, you jade, (*puts her off*)
how knowing you look now, Tally my lad.

[*Exit.*]

Tal. Don't force her from her beautiful swain—
(*looks disappointed and whistles*) so here's a pretty
commence, but if Doll meets me at the Colo-
nel's, I'll whip her off; and if Captain Henry
has laid the betts upon my slang match, I shall
roll in rhino—first marry Doll in private—then
London—hey for a wedding in full cry.

AIR

AIR—TALLYHO.

The morning were married how funny and jolly,
The bridegroom my honor the bride Lady Dolly,
When rous'd by sweet clamour we open our peepers,
And Phœbus salute in our night-gown and slippers,
Then under our windows musicians all come,
Play fiddle, sweet oboe, sharp flagellet, drum,
But to my Dolly's amorous sing song,
All is puff, rattle, squeak, and ding dong.

The cymbals they grind and the basses they grumble,
Piano's and forte's a delicate jumble,
All joy to your honors, see see, how they flock,
Whilst cleavers and marrowbones go nick a knock,
Tantivy the horn, tantara the trumpet,
Sound, sound, while we swallow our coffee and crumpet,
But to my Dolly's amorous sing song,
All is puff, rattle, squeak, and ding dong.

[Exit.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

SCENE I.

Before the British Lion.

Enter 1st. WAITER.

1st. WAITER.

HERE you George! Why George!

Enter 2d. WAITER.

2d. *Wai.* What the deuce bawling do you keep.

1st. *Wai.* Then why do you run about the streets with your hands in your pockets at such a time, and the house full of company.

2d. *Wai.* Did'nt mistress desire me to look for Captain Huff, to see if he could bully this Mr. Lackland out of her house, as there's no chance of his ever being able to pay his bill here.

1st.

1st. *Wai.* Bully him out! I don't think the Captain and all his regiment can do that.

Mrs. C. (without) Mr. Lackland, I desire you'll quit my house.

2d. *Wai.* See what a woman's tongue can do—here he comes and my mistress at his heels.

Lack. (without) Upon my honor Mrs. Casey, I'm amazed that any gentleman would enter your doors.

Mr. C. (without) Upon my honor Mr. Lackland, you may take yourself out of my doors.

Enter LACKLAND, and MRS. CASEY.

[*Exeunt Waiters.*

Mrs. C. Why I tell you, Sir Harry Bisk's Valet has locked up all his master's baggage in it, and you can't have that chamber.

Lack. I'll thin your house—No more carriages—I'll bring no more coronets about your doors to enquire after me madam—by heaven, I'll ruin your house.

Mrs. C. Aye, my house may be ruined indeed if I haven't money to pay my wine-merchant—I'll tell you what my honest lad, I've no notion of folks striving to keep up the gentleman when they can't support it, when people are young and strong, I can't see any disgrace in taking up a brown musquet or the end of a sedan-chair, or a knot—any thing better than bilking me or spunging upon my customers, and flashing it away in their old cloaths.

Lack. See when you'll get such a customer as I was, haven't I left the mark of a dice box upon every table in your house? Was there ever a morning that I didn't take a sandwich, or a day
passed

passed without my drinking my four bottles?

Mrs. C. Four bottles! but how many did you pay for?

Lack. Never mind that, that's my affair, by heaven Madam I'll ruin your house, d'ye hear! (*calling*) carry my baggage over to the Lily.

Mrs. C. Aye, take his baggage upon a China plate, for its a nice affair.

Lack. Hey my baggage!

Mrs. C. Ah man what signifies your conceit, such a bashaw! here you come and call like a lord, and drink like a lord, and there you are in my books six whole pages without a scratch, like a lord; ogh! you've run up a thumping bill, and I warrant you'll pay it like a lord.

Lack. That I shall madam—produce your bill. (*takes out a purse and chinks it*)

Mrs. C. Oh miracles will never cease, well, I said all along that your honour was a prince. (*curtsies*)

Lack. Madam my bill.

Mrs. C. Lord, your honor, what need your honor mind the bill now, sure your honor may pay it any time. (*curtsies*)

Lack. Very true, Mrs. Casey, so I can. (*puts up the purse*)

Mrs. C. But, however since your honor insists upon paying it now, you shall see it—here Bob—squire Lackland's bill. (*calling off*) Then heaven save your handsome face and your handsome hand, and your handsome leg, pretend to be without money, oh dear, how jokish these gentlemen are. Here Bob, squire Lackland's bill—quick, quick.

[*Exit.*

Lack. I'm vastly obliged to Colonel Epaulette for this recruit of finance, if it was only to res-

cue me from this Irish harpy—come, I do very well—After paying her bill, I shall have as much as will set me up at the faro-bank—dem it, I musn't, cannot think of this grocer's daughter, vile city bulls and bears. No, no, Tallyho may have her.—

Enter TALLYHO—crossing quick, and singing.

Oh Tallyho!

Tal. Cou'dn't stop to speak to a Duke—not even a clerk of the course.

Lack. I'll bet you fifty guineas you stop with me?

Tal. But my little doe Doll waits for me at the Colonel's—a word, she's going off with me, so I must leave my match in the hands of the jockies—soho pufs! (*going*)

Lack. Stop—

Tal. Come, come, d'ye think people of business can stand gabbling—lose time with people that's got no money—this is a place of sport, and those that can't—

Lack. What d'ye mean, Sir—gabbling!—can't sport!—Sir, I have spirit and ability. (*shews the purse*)

Tal. Spunk and Rhino!

Lack. Gabble—Can't sport! there (*throws down the purse and takes out a pack of cards*) the highest card against that if you dare. Can't sport! you shall find me spunk.

Tal. You are? at you my merry harrier.

Lack. (*cutting the cards*) Trey.

Tal. (*cutting*) His nob—won—(*picks up the purse*) Tol, lol, lol.

Lack.

Lack. Damnation ! Tallyho, you'll never miss it, return me the purse.

Tal. The purse ? to be sure my dear boy—there's the purse. (*takes out the money and throws him the empty purse ; sings*)

“ Then leap'd he over Lord Anglis's wall,

“ And seem'd to say little I value you all.”

[*Exit.*

Lack. Perdition seize cards, dice, every cursed tool of fortune, that infernal, blind, partial hag ! Oh may she be tortured on her own wheel, strangled with the bandage from her eyes.—Here comes Mrs. Casey with her sedan chair and brown musket upon me—What, what shall I do ?

Enter Mrs. CASEY, 1st WAITER, BOOTMAN, COOK, &c.

Mrs. C. Here your honor—here's your honor's bill ; Bob has drawn it out fairly. (*offers bill*)

Lack. Damn you and Bob !

Mrs. C. What d'ye say honey ?

Lack. Do you think a gentleman has nothing else to do but to encumber his pockets, and to carry about lumps of cursed heavy gold, when you and Bob take a fancy to thrust long scrawl'd papers into his hand.

Mrs. C. Why didn't you desire me to get your bill and hadn't you your purse out just now to pay me.

Lack. There you see my purse out now, but there's nothing in that.

1st Wait. Your honor will remember the waiters.

Cook. The cook, your honor.

Boots. Your honor won't forget Jack Boots.

Lack. Jack Boots too ! Scoundrels, faucy, impertinent, insolent. [*drives them off.*]

Enter LAPOCHE.

Lapo. Monsieur Lackland ; I hear you have hooked up some cash, so before its all gone, pay a me my money.

Lack. You too, you little infernal miscreant, I'll pay you. (*beats him*)

Lapo. Ah miserecorde ! ah ciel ! Diantre, et Diable ! [*Exit.*]

Lack. No keeping ground—then marriage is the dernier resort, and in spite of figs, raisins, canvass sleeves, and moist sugar, have at Miss Bull of Garlick-hill, and her fourscore thousand. [*Exit.*]

Mrs. C. Well, upon my honor this is a pretty caper, all because I'm a lone woman—I see there's no doing without a bit of a man after all ; ah they think nothing of me now, but 'twasn't always so.

AIR.—MRS. CASEY.

Kilkenny is a handsome place,
As any town in Shamrockshire ;
There first I saw my Jemmy's face,
There Jemmy first beheld his dear ;
My love he was a bashful boy,
And I a simple girl to see ;
Yet I was Jemmy's only joy,
And Jemmy was the lad for me.

But Dublin city bore the bell,
In streets and squares and houses fine,
Oh there young Dick his love cou'd tell,
And there I told young Dicky mine ;

For Dick he was a roving blade,
And I was hearty, wild and free,
He lov'd, and I his love repaid,
Then Dicky was the lad for me.

When Dover strand, my happy lot,
And William there my love did crown,
Young Dick and Jemmy I forgot,
Kilkenny fair, and Dublin town,
For William was a gentle youth,
Too bashful nor too bold was he;
He said he lov'd, and told me truth,
Then William was the lad for me.

[*Exit*;

Re-enter LAPOCHE, peeping.

Lapo. Vat is he gone—'tis vell for him he is gone—Mounfieur Lackland you be von scoundrel villain of de rogue, rascal, and I vou'd break your foul.

Enter ROBIN.

Robin. I say, master——

Lapo. (*starts frightened*) Heigho! oh if it had been Monsieur Lackland, I vou'd——hem!——vat you vant?

Robin. What do I want? why I want you, if you're the French taylor.

Lapo. Oh I mustn't affront my customer. (*aside*) Vel Sir, I be de tailure, a votre service. (*bows*)

Robin. Then my master, Sir John Bull, is ever so impatient for you.

Lapo. Oh, Sir John de Bull, ah to take measure of him for de new cloaths, malpeste! I ave so much business as de grand financier.

Robin. Will you come?

Lap. Aprez vous monsieur.

Robin.

Robin. What?

Lapo. After you, Sir.

Robin. Oh!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Inside of MRS. CASEY'S:

Enter 1st WAITER *introducing* COLONEL EPAULETTE *in English dress.*

Col. E. Only tell Sir John and my Lady de Bull dat Colonel Epaulette is come to vait on dem.

Wait. Sir! what name—

Col. E. Colonel Epaulette—zounds damme!

[*Exit Waiter.*]

By all I can hear dey must be vile bourgeois, but on account of my Lord's recommendation I must malgré moi shew dem some civilité, and squire Tallyho tells me dey have a fine daughter too—ah my English dress is lucky upon de occasion, dey must be wonderfully pleas'd vid it; Lapoché my Tailleur has not been in Londres for nothing, and I am much obligé to Mr. Lackland for his advice in my affairs—I hope he did tell my Lady de Bull dat I was here. [*Retires back.*]

Enter SIR JOHN *and* ROBIN.

Sir J. You've been Sirrah, but where have been.

Robin. Why la Sir, wasn't I sent for the French taylor.

Sir J.

Sir J. Oh, to take measure of me, well where is he.

Robin. I don't know, he came into the house with me.

Sir J. Well go and send him up here.

[*Exit Robin.*]

Ha, ha, ha! any thing to please Madame my wife.—Since I must be a jackanapes and have a French taylor. ha, ha, ha! (*Colonel Epaulette advances*) Oh, gad here he is.

Col. E. Eh! dis must be Sir John. (*aside*) Sir, I am your most obedient servant.

Sir J. Servant, friend.

Col. E. I presume you are Sir John de Bull, zounds damme!

Sir J. Aye.

Col. E. Sir, I ave receiv'd letter from my friend the Duke——

Sir J. His friend the Duke, what a grand taylor it is. (*aside*)

Col. E. I ave great reason to tink I am dear to him, and he recommend you to me in the highest terms.

Sir J. Sir if you are dear to your friends, no doubt but your terms will be high to me.

Col. E. Sir!

Sir J. However since my wife will have it, out with your shears.

Col. E. Monsieur!

Sir J. Let's see your book of patterns.

Col. E. Pattern!

Sir J. Yes, to choose my colour.

Col. E. I carry de colour! vat you take me for an Ensign, but I excuse, as the custom of your country gives a privilege—

Sir J. I can't answer for my country, but you shall

shall have my custom—now pray friend how many men may you have.

Col. E. About a thousand.

Sir J. A thousand journeymen! must have great business—or a damn'd gunner. (*aside*)

Col. E. About a thousand in my regiment.

Sir J. Oh you work for a regiment!

Col. E. Vork! I no understand vat he mean—
Sir de Ladies—

Sir J. You understand the work for the Ladies.

Col. E. Monsieur, in compliance vid the lettre of his Grace I shall shew you every civilité, and vid your permission, vill have de honor of introduce my Lady de Bull and Mademoiselle her daughter to Le Prince.

Sir J. You! Lady Bull introduced by a taylor!

Col. E. Taylor! Sacristie! Monsieur, if you vere not an Englishman your life shou'd answer for dis affront, but from my respect to your nation, I pardon you.

Sir J. Affront! what are you above your business, you proud monkey you.

Col. E. You are under some gross error, or you are a person void of manners; if de former, you are a fool by nature, if de latter, a clown by habit; and as both are beneath my resentment, I shall look to de Duc for an explanation of dis affront offer'd to Colonel Epaulette. [*Exit.*]

Sir J. Colonel Epaulette! zounds! what a blunder I have made. My Lady, My Lady Bull. (*calls*)

Enter

Enter LADY BULL:

Lady B. What's the matter now, Sir John?

Sir J. The devil to pay, here has been Colonel Epaulette, and I unfortunately mistook him for the French taylor, that I expected to take orders for my new cloaths.

Lady B. Sir John, why will you ever attempt to speak to persons of distinction! take a colonel of the Gens-d'Armes for a taylor, how absurd! who waits? Sir John, pray stay and explain this affair.

Sir J. Me! I wou'dn't face him again for the pay of his whole regiment. [Exit.

Lady B. Who waits I say?

Enter ROBIN:

Shew that gentleman up stairs.

Robin. Who, Ma'am?

Lady B. The Taylor, as your master calls him.

Robin. The Taylor! Oh, here he comes.

[Exit.

Lady B. Aye, here is the Colonel indeed, no regimentals! yes, I heard of his dressing entirely in the English fashion.

Enter LAPOCHE.

Sir, (*curtsies*) I almost blush to see you, and scarce know how to apologize for Sir John's mistake.

Lapo. Madam, I vaite upon Sir John to——

Lady B. Really Sir he's ashamed to appear in

your presence after—but he has contracted such unfashionable habits that he——

Lapo. Madam, I vill equip him vid de fashionable habit, dat he need not shame to appear in de royal presence.

Lady B. You are very obliging—but Sir you have had a loss to-day.

Lapo. Oui, I did lose my lodger.

Lady B. By this day's running?

Lapo. Yes, dey did run away.

Lady B. Sir, I—I mean the match.

Lapo. Aye, I suppose dey make de match.

Lady B. But Sir, I wish better success to your Joan.

Lapo. Success to my Joan! (*aside*)

Lady B. But for all your turf amusements, I dare say your'e a great man in the Cabinet, in Committees, Beds of Justice, Privy Councils and Board of Works.

Lapo. Board of Works! Oh, she mean my shop-board. (*aside*)

Lady B. And I warrant you are in all the deep French political secrets, you know all the minister's measures.

Lapo. Oui, I take all deir measures:

Lady B. We were informed, Sir in Paris, that you were much with the Prince de——

Lapo. Oh I am quite free in de family.

Lady B. And when it suits you to introduce us to His Highness——

Lapo. Me! Non! But I cou'd introduce you to de head-butler——

Lady B. Introduce us to the Butler! aye, aye, from Sir John's rustic behaviour, the Colonel thinks us fit for no better company.

Enter

Enter SIR JOHN.

(Lapoche bows and takes out patterns).

Oh Sir John! I have been endeavouring to apologize for you to the Colonel here—

Lapo. Colonel! *(looking about)*

Sir J. Ha, ha, ha! Egad I fancy this is the Taylor indeed.

Lapo. I am a Tailleur at your service, Sir!

Lady B. How!

Sir J. Ha, ha, ha! My Lady, “why will you pretend to speak to persons of distinction? mistake a Taylor for a Colonel of Gens d’Armes,” ha, ha, ha!

Lady B. A Taylor! then you’re a very impudent little fellow:

Lapo. Oh I shall lose custom here. *(aside)*
Vell Miss, your moder wou’d not call me so.

Sir J. Her mother, you villain!

Lady B. Sir John, pray don’t abuse the young man.

Sir J. Abuse! you little rascal, how dare you have the impudence to be taken for a Colonel, get away this instant or I’ll crop you with your own shears—get along—go. *[Exit Lapoche.]*

Enter ROBIN.

Robin. Madam, there’s Miss Dolly gone off, and Mrs. Casey says, upon some marriage scheme or other.

Lady B. My daughter!

Sir J. My Doll!

LL 2

Robin.

Robin. And from what I can learn from squire Tallyho's man, she's to meet his master.

Lady B. There's your honest Yorkshireman, Sir John Bull.

Robin. And I think they say, Sir, she's gone to Colonel Epaulette's Lodge.

Sir J. Aye, there's your honorable Frenchman, my Lady Bull; but come along, I'll have my daughter; rob me of my child, oh for a search warrant, oh for a Bow-street justice, come along.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

An apartment in Col. EPAULETTE'S.

Enter Col. EPAULETTE and Miss DOLLY.

Col. E. Miss, I do congratulate my felicity in meeting you.

Miss D. I'm sure I'm much obliged to you, Colonel.

Col. E. If I cou'd get her instead of my fille de l'opera, I shou'd be up vid her father for calling me a taylor. (*aside*)

Miss D. Lord, I wonder what keeps squire Tallyho! (*aside*)

Col. E. Miss, was you ever in love? Zounds, damme!

Miss D. Not above nine times, I thank you, Sir. (*curtesies*)

Col. E. Hey!

Miss D. Nine! Let me be certain—yes, three times

times before I got out of my slips—twice at Hackney boarding school---I dont reckon my guittar master: then Frank Frippery, Mr. Petitoe; no, Sir, only eight, for I never would listen to the handsome staymaker of Duck lane.

Col. E. Miss, vill you be in love de ninth time, and run away vid me.

Miss D. Lord, Sir, are you going to run away?

Col. E. Oui, I vill scamper off vid you.

Miss D. Oh, now I understand—but why scamper off, Sir, when I'm sure Mama wou'd consent?

Col. E. Consent! ah, dat is so mechanique.

Miss D. True, Sir, it does sound of Bow Bell. and as you say scampering off is such a pleasant thing—Ha, ha, ha!—Egad, I've a great mind; if I shou'd, how squire Tallyho wou'd be surprised. (*aside*)

Col. E. Allons, ma chere. (*going*)

Miss D. Stop; will you excuse me afterwards to squire Tallyho?

Col. E. For vat?

Miss D. Because I promised to run away with him.

Col. E. Comment!

Miss D. Yes, but dont tell Mama; sure 'twas for that I come here to meet him.

Col. E. Yes, but here I come first.

Miss D. True, Colonel; and first come, first served, as Pa used to say in the shop at home—He, he, he—Well, Lord, why dont you come?

Col. E. Avay den, my ange adorable! vive l'amour! ah, stay Miss, I vill auparavant order my gentilhomme to pack up some poudre, and pomade, and my dancing pump, as von cannot
tell

tell vat may happen—den hey for love and pleasure. [Exit.

Miss D. (*calling after him*) Colonel, make haste.

(*Tallyho, without*)

Tal. Halloo, Doll! hip, my dainty Dolly!

Miss D. Squire Tallyho! Oh dear! what shall I do?

Enter TALLYHO.

Tal. Well, Doll, are you equip'd, my sweet gosling, I've got a fine rosy friar, ready; but when I get you into Yorkshire, we'll be married over again—You remember my chaplain, honest parson Thump.

Miss D. Lord, squire, dont tell me of parson Thump; what kept you so long? Here have I been crying my eyes out for you.

Tal. Crying! fudge—shew—why your eyes do look as if—ah, come now, you've an onion in your handkerchief?

Miss D. No, indeed—as I hope for—He, he, he!

Tal. Now, now there now, what's that for?

Miss D. I was laughing, to think of our marriage.

Tal. I begin to think marriage is no laughing matter, Doll. Now I tell you truly, I like you as well as any thing I ever saw—good points, fancy thirteen hands high—and by my lady's account, rising nineteen years last grass—but I tell you some things you must learn to be my wife. My mother, you must know, was a fine lady, all upon the hoity-toities, and so good for nothing.

Says

Says father to me, one evening, as the last whiff of his fourth pipe sigh'd to the tears of the third tankard—Gaby, my dear boy, never marry a girl that can't breakfast on beef, carve a goose, will withdraw from table before King and Constitution, and not sing a jolly song at first bidding; and then says he, (*snores*) take care of the girls, Gaby, and dropping asleep—Yes, father, says I, I'll take care of the girls, and with that I slipp'd a brace of yellow boys out of his purse, and next day bought Peggy Trundle, the house-maid, a pair of Bath garters, silver shoe buckles, and a marquise pin for her stomacher—Ha, ha, ha!

Miss D. I shoudn't have thought of your entertaining me with your old father's pipe, and Peggy Trundle's stomachers—if you're come here to run away with me, why do the thing at once, and let's have no more talk about it.

Tal. True, Doll; such a fortune as yours dont offer every day. I've a chaise at the door, and a sulky for father Dominic; and as your dad may be for pursuing us, I wont depend upon those rascally French post-boys; it's all crack, smack, jabber, grin, and bustle, great noise and little work with them—no, no, I'll put on a jacket, and great boots—A good disguise too, I'll drive you myself, gee up, my Queen. You'll see how we'll tatter the road—do it there, whipcord, shave the signpost—ah, softly, good Bully, up hill—bit of hay to cool their mouths, pint o'two-penny, and a new lash—then spank the Unicorn—slap dash—gee up—once we're coupl'd, let Sir John come whistle for you—gee up—ah Button, do it there softly my honies—gee, ah, ah!

[*Exit.*
Miss

Miss D. O make haste, my dear dear squire—
 Oh, delicious, charming—I hope the Colonel
 wont come—Ha, ha, ha! our elopement will be
 in all the newspapers, and then such intercession,
 and pardons, tears, giggling, visits, how d'ye
 do's and kisses.

AIR.—DOLLY.

When dress'd in all my finest things,
 My gold Repeater, Bracelets, Rings;
 In Toilette glass,
 A lovely Lais
 I view so gayly glancing;
 I know not how,
 But ne'er till now
 I felt my heart a dancing.

The Coach is come, down stairs we trip;
 The Opera---Robin plies his whip;
 " What sparkling eyes,"
 Sir Fopling cries,
 As to our box advancing---
 I know not how,
 But ne'er till now,
 I felt my heart a dancing.

Sultana, Queen at Masquerade,
 Or Nun, or humble Village Maid!
 So fine, so bright,
 The splendid night;
 Like fairies nimbly prancing,
 I know not how,
 But ne'er till now,
 I felt my heart a dancing.

Why Tallyho! (*calls*) What the deuce keeps
 him? upon my word this is very clever: so one
 gentleman can't go to be married without his
 great boots, and t'other youth couldn't go without
 his dancing pumps. Ecod, if one of my old
 sweet-

sweethearts was to step in now, I am so vex'd, I shou'd be strongly tempted to give 'em both the double.

Lack. (*Without*) Oh, the lady's this way.

Miss D. Who have we here? I protest the sprightly elegant gentleman that sent Papa for his snuff box—he's a vastly pretty fellow.

Enter LACKLAND.

Lack. At last I have found her; I hate courtship; no occasion here, I fancy; so fans ceremonie, here goes. (*aside*) Ma'am, your most obedient.

Miss D. How do you do, Sir? (*curtesies*)

Lack. Well, my dear, 'tis at last settled.

Miss D. Sir?

Lack. Yes, tho' with some difficulty to prevail on myself, I am now determined to marry you.

Miss D. Marry me!

Lack. A fact, but dont let your joy carry you away.

Miss D. You'll carry me away?

Lack. I said I wou'd, and I never break my word.

Miss D. Said! to who pray?

Lack. To myself; and you know if a gentleman breaks his word to himself, what dependance can the world have on him? You're a fine creature, but I woudn't tell a lie for all the women in France.

Miss D. (*aside*) what a high notion of honor! a much handsomer man too, than either Tallyho or the Colonel—he's a charming flashy beau.

Lack. Just as I thought; of fifty lovers with

this young Lady, I see the last is the most welcome.

Miss D. I vow I've a mind, but Pa says you've no money.

Lack. Me, no money! pleasant enough that faith. Ha, ha, ha! why he might as well say I borrowed a guinea from him.

Miss D. Eh! now I remember, he did say it too.

Lack. Oh, well he was right. Ha, ha, ha! Why what an old lying—but he's your father, therefore let it be so—Ha, ha, well I have no money. (*with pretended irony*) I am the poorest dog in nature. Ha, ha, well, that is very good, faith—such a joke.

Miss D. Joke! Lord, I knew it was; I thought you must have been very rich by your fine cloaths.

Lack. Cloaths—Oh, I've only borrowed 'em from somebody, perhaps; you know, where cou'd I get money to buy such cloaths as these? Ha, ha, ha! Well, this is excellent.

Miss D. I knew you must have a great estate.

Lack. Me! Oh I havn't an acre, or may be a mansion in Herefordshire; nor perhaps I havn't a house in Portman square.

Miss D. Portman square!

Lack. Without a guinea in the funds—perhaps at this moment I havn't half a crown in the world—I'm such a miserable dog.

Miss D. Ha, ha, ha! Estate in Herefordshire, oh lud, then we can make at least—twenty hog-heads of cyder.

Lack. Cyder! hem—Oh you elegant—Garlick hill. (*aside*)

Miss D. I've a monstrous mind—now answer me one question, that's all: if I shou'd consent to

run

run off with you, wou'd you leave me standing here for great travelling boots, or your dancing pumps?

Lack. Me! not for the button of King Louis' hat.

Miss D. No! come along.

Lack. Where?

Miss D. Lord, don't you know?

Lack. If we had but a chaise and a priest.

Miss D. One's in the house, and t'others at the door below.

Lack. Indeed! my dear you're young and frank; I throw myself and all my fortune at your feet, in spite of figs, raisins, canvass sleeves, and moist sugar.—Oh, you amazing fine creature!

Miss D. Oh, you astonishing charming man!

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter COLONEL EPAULETTE.

Col. E. All is ready, allons ma chere Mademoiselle—eh, where is de lady?

Enter TALLYHO (in great boots.)

Tal. Well Doll, here I am, booted and pistoled, —How!

Col. E. Why the lady is gone.

Tal. Ay, where is she gone?

Col. E. Vere have you put her? Zounds, damme!

Tal. Sir, I insist on knowing what you've done with her.

Col. E. Moi! I did leave her here.

Tal. You mean you found her here, master poacher.

Enter Sir JOHN.

Sir J. Where's Doll? Why Dolly.

M M 2

Tal.

Tal. So there, you couldn't give your daughter to an honest Englishman; and now she is whip'd up by a poaching Frenchman; I wish you joy of your son-in-law my old Nag. Ha! ha! ha!

Sir J. Where is she?

Col. E. Ask dat gentleman dat did stole her.

Sir J. Harkyee, you Yorkshire bite, you shan't rob me of my child.

Tal. What the devil, are you mad, old Holofernes? It's that there greyhound has whip'd up little pufs.

Sir J. I believe it.

Col. E. Diable m'emporte, it is no such ting, zounds! damme!

Sir J. It is.

Col. E. It is not, you are as wrong in dis as ven you took me for de tailleur.

Sir J. Where have you hid my daughter? restore her, or by heaven I'll—

Col. E. (*Calmly*) What Sir?

Sir J. Why Dolly Bull! Dolly! [*Exit, calling.*]

Tal. I am so vexed and perplexed, oh, if I had you at Dover I'd fight you—aye with a pair of Queen Ann's pocket pistols.

Col. E. Monsieur, any thing to oblige you, I vill fight or let it alone, all von to me—ma foi! pardi! who's there? hey! Le-fleche! Justine!

[*Exit.*]

Tal. Oho, since I find I am jockied in this, I must look sharp to my other matches, see what Captain Henry has been about, this French poney is now in his own stall, and let him stay there. A silly tit! to prefer the Colonel to such a tight lad as I! but if I get once back to London, with a fob full of French gold, see if I'll let the finest lady in the land fetter my gamarels.

AIR.

AIR.—TALLYHO.

In London my life is a ring of delight,
 In frolics I keep up the day and the night,
 I snooze at the Hummums till twelve perhaps later,
 I rattle the bell and I roar up the waiter;
 Your honour says he, and he makes me a leg,
 He brings me my tea, but I swallow an egg,
 For tea in a morning's a flop I renounce,
 So I down with a glass of good right cherry bounce,

With swearing---tearing,
 Ranting---jaunting,
 Slashing---smashing,
 Smacking---cracking,
 Rumbling---tumbling,
 Laughing---quaffing,
 Smokeing---jokeing,
 Swaggering---Staggering!

So thoughtless, so knowing, so green, and so mellow,
 This, this is the life of a frolicsome fellow.

My phaeton I mount and the plebs they all stare,
 I handle my reins and my elbows I square,
 My ponies so plump and as white as a lilly,
 'Thro' Pall-Mall I spank it and up Piccadilly,
 Till losing a wheel egad down I come smack,
 So at Knightsbridge I throw myself into a hack,
 At Tatterfal's fling a leg over my nag,
 Thus visit, for dinner then dress in a bag,

With swearing, &c.

I roll round the garden and call at the Rose,
 And then at both playhouses pop in my nose,
 I lounge thro' the lobby, laugh, swear, slide, and swagger,
 Talk loud, take my money, and out again stagger,
 I meet at the Shakespeare a good-natur'd soul,
 Then down to our club at St. James's I roll,
 The joys of the night are a thousand at play,
 And thus at the finish, begin the next day,

With swearing, &c.

SCENE.

SCENE IV; *and last.**Lapoché's House.**Enter LAPOCHE.*

Lapo. Taken for a Colonel! aha! 'tis certain dat I ave something in my air dat is grande, I wrong my bon addresse and figure to stick to dis tailure trade, oui dat is de reason of Miss Rosa's scorn, if de lady de Bull did think me a Colonel, dress'd as I am, vat must I be alamode de noblesse—I have a thought, I will surprize Madame Rosa into de love for my person—ah! le Marquis de Cresant's cloaths fit me a mervielle, how lucky I did not take dem home yesterday---oh! here she come.

*[Retires.]**Enter ROSA.*

Rosa. Ah, cou'd I again behold my dearest lord, every separation from those we love seems a chasm in existence: no danger I think from my brother Henry, he's now too busy with his own love to give any interruption to mine, and yet I think had his passion for this young lady but commenc'd previous to that of Lord Winlove's for me, Henry wou'd not now lament the life which he imagines he has taken; no, his heart then possess'd only with rage, was but a partial judge of so pure a passion, tho' I fear Lord Winlove's is rather a rare example.

AIR.---ROSA;

Confess fond youth my charge is true,
Behold the wanton boy,
A gilded butterfly pursue,
And win but to destroy,

And

And thus when struck by Cupid's dart,
 With fervor you adore,
 But once you win the virgin's heart,
 Her beauties charm no more.

Re-enter LAPOCHE drest---(Kneels to her.)

Rosa. (*Not recollecting him*) Pray sir, if I may——

Lapo. Heigho ! behold a gentleman dat love a you, throw your arms round my neck like Solitaire, and give me kifs my charming fair.

Rosa. Ridiculous ! Where is Lord Winlove ? into what complicated distress has my imprudence plunged me ? and to add to it must I endure the insults of this fool.——Where is my Lord ?

Lapo. Here he is—your gentilhomme, dis moment has von knee on de ground, and a pinch of snuff in his finger ; your bright eye is de sun, and before it here he lies like a cucumber under a hot-bed.

Rosa. Trifling, impertinent !

Lapo. Impertinent, ah, ha ! (*rises hastily*) do you know who you talk to Miss ? impertinent ! you are great lady indeed, but I vas just now, little as you may tink of me, taken for a Colonel, by my lady de Bull, tho' perhaps not so great as you, yet begar she is three times as big, impertinent ! may I never set a stitch, but I vill have satisfaction—I am enragè.

Enter NANNETTE.

You Nannette stand out of my vay, or I vill put my foot upon you.

Nan. Why, what's the matter.

Rosa.

Rosa. Nannette, step with me to my chamber.

[*Exit.*

Lapo. Dere you may stay in your chamber—
Stop you here Nannette, ah, madam runaway,
since you scorn me I vill deliver you up to de lady
abbess.

Nan. But Miss Rosa wants me.

Lapo. I vill want you—and I am your maitre—
you want a gentilhomme, Madam Rosa, do you
but dere, you may play vid your pincushion—
ventrebleau. I dat am so fine and clever.—Nan-
nette you come and kifs a me.

Nan. Pho, nonsense!

Lapo. Comment!

Nan. Ah, sir, what signifies your strutting
about here, like a jack daw, and there's the fore-
man waiting to take home that suit of clothes on
you, to Lord Cressant.

[*Exit.*

Lapo. So, I vas just now impertinent, and now
I am jackdaw, fort bien! de devil's in all de
vomen about me to day, (*knocking without*)
malpeste! here is dat Lord Winlove return again,
by gar he vill cut my throat; best hide a little.

[*Retires.*

Enter Lord WINLOVE.

Lord W. No, I cannot drive her from my heart
—but let me not condemn her too hastily, I'll first
know to a certainty who accompanied her from
this house yesterday morning.—My death from
that rencontre with Henry, is every where believed,
and even a reward offered for apprehending him;
well, one comfort I'm a living witness of his inno-
cence, but now for his lovely sister, ah! see where
she sits, dissolved in grief and tears.

[*Exit.*

Enter.

Enter HENRY.

Hen. Lapoche ! where is this fellow ? What has he done with Rosa ? pray heav'n she hasn't given him the slip ; now with Tallyho's consent, and the amiable Celia's acceptance of my passion, I have no alloy to my golden delights, but the mournful memory of Lord Winlove, thus reviv'd in my unhappy sister's recent elopement ; was she still in possession of her unsullied name, I of my Celia's love, and the esteem of such a friend as Lord Winlove ; fortune might do her worst.

AIR—HENRY.

Let Fame sound her trumpet, and cry, “ to the war !
 Let glory re-echo the strain,
 The full tide of honor may flow from the scar,
 And heroes may smile on their pain.
 The treasures of autumn let Bacchus display,
 And stagger about with his bowl,
 On science let sol beam the lustre of day,
 And wisdom give light to the soul.

Let India unfold her rich jems, to the view,
 Each virtue, each joy to improve,
 Oh give me the friend that I know to be true !
 And the fair that I tenderly love,
 What's glory but pride ? a vain bubble is fame !
 And riot the pleasure of wine ?
 What's riches but trouble ? and title's a name,
 But friendship and love are divine.

Enter LAPOCHE.

Where's the lady your lodger ?

Enter LORD WINLOVE and ROSA.

Lapo. Dere now, all de murder's out—ah,
 VOL. II. N N diable !

diable ! sacre dieu ! ventre bleu, malpeste Nannette ! run you jade—call up de constables, archers, exempts, bailiffs, Brown-bear, Commissaire, and Ministers of State. [Exit.

Hen. Lord Winlove alive !

Lord W. Sorry to see me so Henry ?

Hen. I own, my Lord, I am surpris'd, yet rejoice to find my hand guiltless of blood—and you still possess'd of power to heal my honor in doing justice to my unhappy sister ; forgive my former weakness, my joy, my transport to find you living, banishes even every unworthy conclusion I might draw from this present discovery ; no my Lord, my anger really accompanied your imaginary death, and I now only appeal to your humanity.

Lord W. My dear Henry ! I never look'd upon your sister, but with the ardent wish of an honorable connection, a jealous punctilio hurried you to rashness, and the fondest love rendered me imprudent ; thus we see how destructive may prove the noblest principles, if guided only by our passions.

Enter CELIA.

Celia. Oh Captain Henry ! but I didn't know you had company—a thousand pardons—upon my word I don't know how to apologize for this strange intrusion of mine—don't be vain if I make the alarming news of your danger an excuse for my coming hither.

Hen. A thousand thanks for this kind solicitude—My Lord, sister, give me leave to introduce a lady, who I hope will soon honor our family by the dearest tie. (*Celia and Rosa salute*)

Miss

Miss D. (*without*) Run husband—or they'll catch us.

Enter LACKLAND and Miss DOLLY BULL.

Lack. Let's rally and face the enemy.

Enter SIR JOHN and LADY BULL.

Sir J. So you're a pretty jade, but I'll——

Lack. No abuse Bull. (*stops him*)

Sir J. What not my own daughter?

Lack. Nobody must abuse my wife.

Sir J. Wife! I shall go mad, my daughter married to a fellow that I saw this morning in white shoes and a black shirt.

Lady B. Aye, you wou'd have English?

Sir J. I hope he's a rogue.

Hen. Your son-in-law!

Lady B. Tell me Dolly how dare you take up with that person?

Miss D. Why, la mama, when the Squire and Colonel Epauvette left me, I was glad to take up any body.

Lack. What's that you say, Mrs. Lackland? I'm very much obliged to you—you have done me infinite honor. (*bows*)

Enter TALLYHO.

Tal. Eh, what, have you all got about the winning-post here?

Miss D. Yes, and now you may canter off to Newmarket in your big boots.

Tal. Lackland, I give you joy of little ginger, for she was never good, egg, or bird.

Enter COLONEL EPAULETTE.

Col. E. How do you do good folks? ah Miss Dolly—run away.

Miss D. Yes Colonel, and didn't wait for my dancing pumps.

Col. E. How is my good Lady de Bull? zounds! damme!

Lady B. Sir, if you're a Frenchman, behave like one—

Col. E. I vill never behave myself damme! zounds!

Lack. Now I will frankly tell you Colonel, that you had better let the English alone, by a clumsy attempt at our blunt honesty, the French may become brutes; as by an awkward aping of French politeness, we polish into puppies.

Tal. Oh Captain, you made the betts against my mare, when do we share my Trojan? (*apart*)

Hen. Sir, I don't understand——

Tal. Why, didn't I pay forfeit, and let the Colonel's Prince walk over the course to-day. (*apart*)

Hen. And seriously did you dare think that I'd join in such a scandalous affair?

Tal. Then you may fling your cap at Celia. (*apart*)

Hen. Hush, you laid me five thousand yourself—Consent to my marriage with your sister, or I'll proclaim you, not only here at Fontainebleau, but at every race-course in England.

Tal. I'm had—yes and trick'd, chous'd slang'd, and bang'd. Celia take him against the field—clever—has nick'd me, that have nicked thousands.

Hen. I fancy the first real good ever produced by

by gaming; our winning is but a decoy; it's joys built upon the grief of others, and our losses stop but in ruin or dishonor.

Tal. May be so, but as I set out a young pidgeon, I'll die an old rook.

Sir J. But how shall I get this rook out of my pidgeon-house. (*to Lackland*)

Col. E. Ah pauvre Lackland, I have a commission vacant in my regiment, which, if you will do me the honor to accept——

Lack. Thank you Colonel, but while I can raise the price of a drumstick, I'll never draw a sword against my country.

Sir J. What! your hand my Briton; then you shan't want a nail for your hat in my parlour at dinner time—you shall post my books, and take the whip hand of my Lady's gig on a Sunday.

Lack. Drive a gig! My dear Bull, you shall rattle up in your vis-a-vis to the astonishment of all Garlick-hill.

Sir J. My decree and I will ride side by side in a vis-a-vis.

Tal. Yes, and if you whip your gig down to Yorkshire, I'll mount her Ladyship upon whirlingig, and Sir Jacky, my lad, up you go again upon Kick-him-jenny.

Sir J. I'll see you astride the dragon on Bow-steeple first; but now I invite you all to the British Lion, where French claret shall receive the zest of English hospitality—Eh my Antigallican son-in-law?

Lack. Well said Bull: but mind, I'll have no illiberal prejudices in my family—general national reflections are unworthy the breast of man; and however in war, each may vindicate his country's

country's honor, in peace, let us not know a distance, but the Streights of Dover.

FINALE.

LORD WINLOVE.

This patriot fire within each heart,
For ever let us nourish;

ROSA.

Of glory still the golden mart,
May England ever flourish.

HENRY.

Let fashion with her glitt'ring train,
Abroad awhile deceive us;
We long to see dear home again,
The love of England must remain,
And that can never leave us.

SIR JOHN.

My future range,
The Stock Exchange;
'Tis there I'll mend my paces,
Nor gig, nor nag,
Jack Bull shall drag,
To French, or English races.

LADY BULL.

At feast or ball,
At Grocer's Hall,
'Tis there I'll mend my paces;
Yet nothing keep
Me from a peep,
At French, or English races.

TALLYHO.

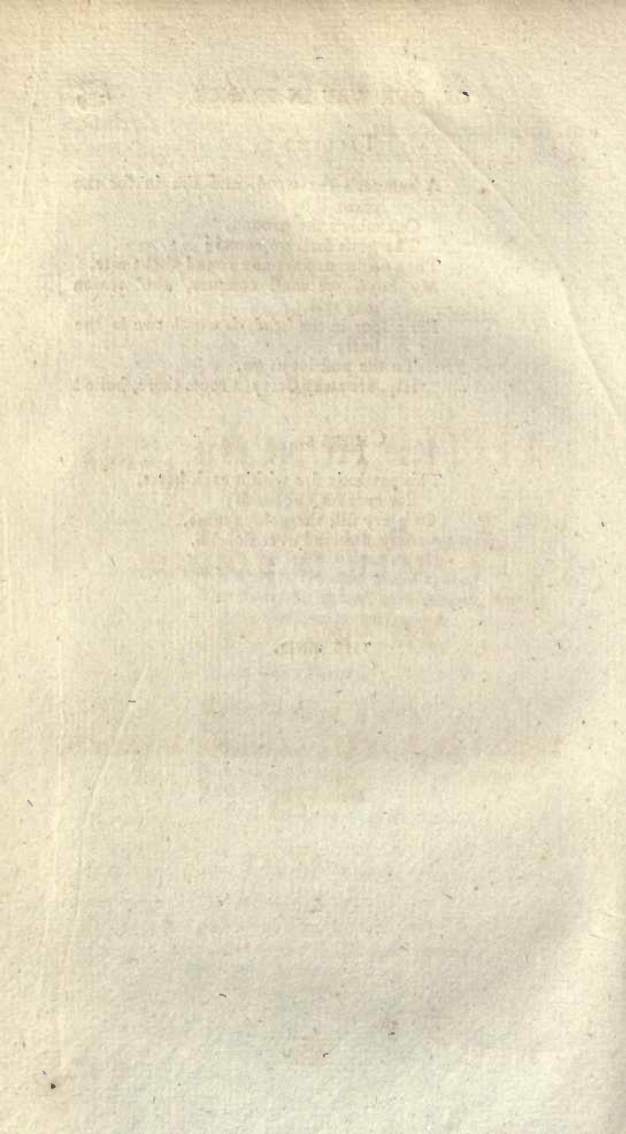
TALLYHO.

A bumper's the word, and I'm in for the
plate,
Our table's the ground,
The glass shall go round;
Then off let us start at a round about rate,
My boys, we shall conquer, tho' reason
may reel,
For a spur in the head, is worth two in the
heel;
To the post let us go,
Hip, fire away Casey, a room there, hollo!

CHORUS.

This patriotic fire within each heart,
For ever let us cherish;
Of glory still the golden mart,
May England ever flourish.

THE END.



THE
LITTLE HUNCHBACK;
OR,
A FROLIC IN BAGDAD.

IN TWO ACTS.

PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN,
IN 1787.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Bassa,	Mr. DAVIES.
Crumpy,	Mr. QUICK.
Cross-Leg,	Mr. EDWIN.
Zebede,	Mr. WILSON.
Babouc,	Mr. PAINTER.
Cadi,	Mr. EVATT.
Doctor Quinquina,	Mr. WEWITZER.
Crank,	Mr. BOOTH.
Abfalom,	Mr. MACREADY.
Habby,	Mr. MILBURNE.
Dominique,	Mr. ROCK.
Crier,	Mr. THOMPSON.
Courier,	Mr. LEDGER.
Dora,	Miss ROWSON.
Juggy,	Mrs. WEBB.
JANIZARIES, MUTES, OFFICERS, MOB, BOYS, &c. &c.	

SCENE, *Bagdad.*

TIME, *an Evening, Night and Morning.*

THE
LITTLE HUNCHBACK;

OR,
A FROLIC IN BAGDAD.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Street in Bagdad.—The Bassa's Palace in View.

Enter ZEBEDE.

ZEBEDE.

LET me give just one look at my bill of fare.
(*takes out a paper*) Let's see at which of the
tradesmen's shops do I first touch in my voyage,
to lay in every delicacy for our grand entertain-
ment.

(*Horn sounds without.*)

Eh! the Courier with dispatches from Constan-
tinople.

Enter COURIER, blowing Horn.

Cour. By'r leave! Letters for his Highness, one of the great Officers, to——

Zeb. Stop, I am a great Officer, Prime Caterer to the Bassa—he cou'dn't live without me, for I provide him his dinner every day.

Cour. Perhaps you've provided a dinner for me too.—A long post this last from Rabba—so I'll beat up your palace pantries if you'll give these two letters to Babouc the Aga, for his Highness the Bassa.

(Gives the letters, then runs off, blowing horn.)

Zeb. Babouc the Black-a-moor! No; I will deliver them to his Highness myself, and that will shew my great care and diligence. *(putting the letters into his pocket, drops one on the ground without knowing it.)* Lie you there safe and snug; here comes my nephew, Absalom—the villain is going to marry with a christian womans, after my bringing him up so genteely; and binding him 'prentice to a barber. Ah, here's the rascal, with the very dow'rless damsel, and that hungry beggarman, Cross-Leg the taylor; I've a mind—but let me contain my passion.

Enter ABSALOM and DORA.

So nephew Absalom, you're about to marry?

Abf. Yes, Sir. *(bows)*

Zeb. And Miss Dora, you're going to be married?

Dora. Yes, Sir. *(curtsies)*

Zeb. You have monies? *(to Absalom)*

Abf. No, Sir.

Zeb.

Zeb. You bring a portion ? (*to Dora*)

Dora. No, Sir.

Zeb. Where do you eat your wedding supper?

Enter CROSS-LEG.

Cross-L. At my house.

Zeb. Is it bought ?

Cross-L. Yes ; when you give a little money to buy it.

Zeb. Oh ! then I'm to buy it.

Cross-L. Will you—Gad, old Zebede's growing kind. (*aside*) I thought you wou'd ; none can do it better, as you're his Highness the Bassa's Caterer ; no man in Bagdad, genteeler knows how to provide, and this is only a neat little bit of supper for a poor young couple and their few friends.

Zeb. Eh !

Abf. Yes, Sir, you know a poor couple have but few friends.

Cross-L. Now if you'd only take a pretty little walk (you see it's a very pleasant evening) just round to the Bassa's butcher, poult'rer, fishmonger, confectioner, and wine-merchant, and order us in a small joint, two capons, a brace of carp, a cream tart, and a hamper of Cyprus wine ; you, the generous founder, shou'd be toasted in noble bumpers by us the grateful confounders.

Zeb. Thank'ee, Timothy Cross-Leg. Then as it is a very pleasant evening, why I will take a pretty little walk, and desire the poulterer, butcher, fishmonger, confectioner, and wine-merchant——

Dora

Dora. Good Sir!

Abf. Kind Uncle!

Cross-L. Most comfortable Ca- } (*all together*)
terer!

Zeb. If they've got a small joint, two capons, a brace of carp, a cream tart, and an hamper of Cyprus wine, that they take particular care to—

Dora. What good nature!

Abf. Generous Uncle!

Cross-L. Plentiful Purveyor!

Zeb. To keep them safe in their shops.

Cross-L. Eh!

Zeb. Then, my poor young couple, I wish you joy of your wedding supper. Ha, ha, ha! Eh! so you'll marry a Christian you wicked reprobate, [Exit.

Cross-L. (*after a pause*) Oh! I wish I had only an order from the grand Signor to sew up your ugly mouth, I'd do it with as much pleasure as ever I stitch'd a button-hole.

Abf. I'm not disappointed.

Cross-L. So, because your Uncle won't have you marry the daughter of a Christian, and your step-father won't let you have the nephew of a Jew, you must both starve, poor things! You shan't this night, however, for a wedding supper you shall have, though I pawn my goose for the price of it. Hark'ee—hasn't Father Anselm, the Armenian Friar, promised to marry you.

Abf. Appointed Dora and I to come to his cell, by the Fountain of Palms, at eight.

Cross-L. Then go you, boy, and dress in your best; Dora shall meet you there. As she cannot go home to her father's, my wife, Juggy, shall

shall trick her out nicely. There they'll consult about the cookery. Tol, lol, lol! Courage my young folks. Come Dora!

Dora. Then, my dear Abfalom, don't let us be cast down by the cruelty of those who should be kind to us. True love is the best of good cheer!

Cross-L. You shall have somewhat more substantial, I warrant! My Juggy will toss up a comfortable morsel, without the help of—Hang me if I should think a christian wedding lucky, if the supper was provided by a Jew. Ha, ha, ha! Cheer up, I am but a poor taylor, to be sure; but an honest mind is my workshop; there Content sings all day to the music of a good Conscience. *[Exeunt Cross-Leg and Dora.]*

Abf. It goes against my spirit to lay all the expences of my wedding on my honest friend the taylor! What to do now to raise but a little money. Oh! for a few beards to mow, even at an asper a chin—What's this? *(looking on the ground, takes the letter up which Zebede dropt. Reads the superscription)* "For his Highness, the Bassa of Bagdad." Trod under foot! Now if I could deliver this letter to the Bassa myself, he'd probably give me a reward sufficient to defray the charges of my wedding. How shall I get admittance though? My old Uncle has always kept me at such a distance, that I'm not even known at the palace; and the attendants there are so faucy—No, they'll never let a poor strange barber pass the antichamber.

(Crumpy sings without)

Odso! here comes little Crumpy, the Bassa's favorite Hunch-back jester; he's a good-natur'd fellow; and from my saving him from a beating
in

the street-quarrel, that his jokes brought him in to the other night—If I could prevail on him—he has high interest at court——

Enter CRUMPY singing and dancing.

How do you do, Mr. Crumpy?

Crump. Fellow ! (*proudly, but changes on recollecting Absalom*) Ha ! my gay spirited—my little finger (*holds out his hand*) don't slip my ring off. Your prowess in that rencounter, when those villains attacked me the other night, saved—Did you ever see the like ? Had I the lives of seven cats, they'd have hammered them out ; for there I lay like a little anvil, and the rascals laid on me like so many Cyclops, turn'd me about as if I was a three-penny nail—only for your passing by just at the nick, those ruffians would have broke my bones. Yes, they'd have crack'd my ivory ; their heads were so hard, and their fists so heavy, that my great wit and little body—Oh dear !

Abs. Going to the palace, I presume, Sir ?

Crum. Ay, his Highness has got into a merry mood, and has just sent for me.

Abs. Then, Sir, that horse with the fine trappings, that I saw the slaves take by just now, was to carry you to court ?

Crum. Yes ; they had the insolence to think I'd perch upon a poney ; but if I must ride, it shall be on an elephant.

Abs. Certainly, Sir.

Crum. By virtue of my high office, lord chief justice joker, I am obliged, when called upon, to be provided with some comical story to divert his Highness, entre nous, tho' my wit is as ready as any man's, I am sometimes plaguily put to it ; but as
I'm

I'm determin'd to keep my place, to pick up novelty and character, I get upon those night rambles in the street, which often, with a little of my ingenuity in dressing up, furnish a good merry tale, or pleasant incident for the Bassa to laugh at the next morning.

Abs. I thought, Sir, you statesmen were too wise to laugh?

Crum. He that's wise enough to refuse a good hearty laugh in this world, will be cursedly bob'd, if there should be no laughing in the next. Here he has sent for me, takes me a little unprovided, so I'll go make my bow, and retire.

Abs. What a prodigious favourite you are, Sir.

Crum. Ay, ay; the Circassian beauties dance, ambassadors black, blue and yellow pay compliments; courtiers smile, cringe and tell lies, but no life at court without little Crumpty. (*sings and dances*) Oh, barber, could you supply me with a decent, fashionable, flourishing whisker?

Abs. Why, Sir, you've a very handsome pair already.

Crum. Only one real, t'other was pluck'd off by the roots in that affray; this is false, a favourite lock that fell from the forehead of a celebrated beauty at the last ball, I pick'd it up, and stuck it on with a little gum, and it graces the lip of her humble admirer. Ha, ha, ha!

Abs. How gallant.

Crum. Yet the courtiers smil'd, the ladies tee-hee'd, but honi soit—I should not wonder if the circumstance gave birth to an order of knight-hood, and the black eagle and golden fleece gave way to the knights of the whisker.

Abf. Ha, ha, ha! Sir, I've a letter here for the Bassa, and——

Crum. A petition? Give it me; I'll deliver it into his highnesses's own hand?

Abf. Ah, Sir, if you'd only procure me the honor of laying it at his Highnesses's own feet?

Crum. You served me; I will be grateful; you shall have an audience; come along my noble shaver.

Abf. But, Sir, if any of the grand officers in waiting should stop me?

Crum. What when I take you by the hand.

Abf. The court eunuchs are such great men—

Crum. They great men; the rascals, slaves, ah hah! trip, skip, come, tol lol lol. [*Exit singing and dancing, Absalom follows admiring him.*]

SCENE II.

An Antichamber of the Palace.

Enter ZEBEDE and HABBY, meeting.

Zeb. (*greatly distressed*) Oh ruin! Habby! Habby! I'm undone for ever.

Hab. Hey, what's the matter, master?

Zeb. I have lost (I don't know how) one of the letters the courier gave me for the Bassa. Oh, I shall lose my place that I have held so long with credit. I have been prime Purveyor to him, ay, fifteen years next Passover.

Hab.

Hab. But this trust, how discharged?

Zeb. Discharged, you dog! I have charged and over charged; take that, you scoundrel.

(strikes him.)

Hab. What's that for?

Zeb. You, my clerk, throw out your inuendo's against my honesty, when you see me distressed and enraged—get out of my sight.

Hab. (aside) Good master, I'll give you a blow worth two of this. *[Exit.]*

Zeb. Oh this letter, what will become of me? If I confess I lost it, I may not only lose my place but my life too. I will deny that I did receive any letters; and even if the courier do say he did give me them, my word will be taken before his oath: yes, that will save me; 'tis a good thought.

Enter BABOUÇ, attended.

Bab. Zebede, the Bassa desires his letters, he'd learn if——

Zeb. His Highness wants to learn his letters?

Bab. His dispatches, the express,

Zeb. Well, express.

Bab. Psha, the letters for him?

Zeb. Me! I did get no letters for him.

Bab. No! Why his Highness himself saw from his window the courier give them to you.

Zeb. The devil! what eyes he has got! *(aside)* he saw! I quite forgot, my memory is distracted with my accompts and marketings. Lord—yes, here they are—What shall I do? *(aside)*

Enter ABSALOM, looking about.

Abf. I wish Mr. Crumpy would come on, I'm afraid to——

Zeb. My nephew! How dare you put your face into the palace? You graceless vagabond.

Bab. Go, go, friend; what brings you here?

Abf. I have business.

Zeb. You business, you impudent——

Bab. Guards, thrust him out.

(Slaves attempt it.)

Crum. *(within)* Very well; you may all depend upon my influence and interest.

Zeb. Stand out of the way you rascal. Here comes the Bassa's first favourite, and if he sees such shabby rogues as you here, he'll order you to the whipping post.

Enter CRUMPY, singing.

Crum. Eh! what noise is here? Babouc, I'll have none of these doings.

Bab. Sir, my station and rank demands——

Crum. Rank! don't I allow you to be the greatest black in the palace? Ha! my good friend, I ask you millions of pardons for making you wait. *(to Absalom)*

Zeb. Eh! good friend! *(surprised)* How did my nephew do this. *(aside)*

Abf. Sir! *(to Crumpy)*

Crum. Come, come along! Fling open the folding doors there. I protest a man has scarce room to pass. Come *(to Absalom)*

Abf. Yes, Sir, but these gentlemen may have some objection.

Crum:

Crum. Gentlemen! Give me your hand.
(*takes Absaloms hand*) Room there, ye slaves—
stand by.

Bab. Room there for Mr. Crumpy.

[*Exit Crumpy with great importance, and Absalom.*]

You must stop, Zebede, till Mr. Crumpy has had his audience.

Zeb. And my poor rascally nephew. Dear me, what is all this? [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A magnificent Apartment in the Palace.

Enter The BASSA and BABOUC.

Bab. Zebede is bringing your Highness the dispatches from Constantinople.

Bassa. Oh, Babouc! happy is the life of a Bassa whose government is at a distance from the Sublime Port, and good was my friend the Vizier, to appoint me Bassa of Bagdat. While the seraglio there is distracted with cabal and faction, here, an Emperor in epitome, I enjoy all the pleasures of peace and security; my nod gives death, and my smile preferment. Have you ordered the dance, the banquet, and sent for my Little Hunchback Jester? My soul, and every sense, are this evening devoted to laugh, love and joy. (*Crumpy sings without.*)

Bab. Here is Crumpy, please your Highness.

Bassa.

Bassa. Approach my man of whim and frolick.

Crum. (*without*) Stand aside, make way there.

Bassa. Ha, ha, ha! he has got introducing some of the Mesopotamian Plenipo's.

Enter CRUMPY, takes a sweep round, puts the Officers and Slaves aside.

Crum. Room—hem! Sir, permit me the honor of introducing to your Highness this most magnificently—magnanimous—Come in Barber,

Enter ABSALOM.

Bassa. Impertinence! your office is to please; a step beyond that and you offend, remember Crumpy——

Crum. I wish you'd remember Crumpy when there's a good place to give away.

Bassa. Leave me!

Crum. When I go I shan't take you with me; this humble barber comes with an humble petition.

Bassa. A petition! I were indeed unworthy of the luxuries of life myself, did I lose an opportunity of diffusing the comforts of it to all around me—What's your grievance.

(*Absalom, kneeling, delivers the letter.*)

Crum. That's his grievance, and he delivers it to your Highness.

Bassa. The Grand Vizier's hand! How came you by this?

Ab. Sir, I found it in the street.

Crum.

Crum. Yes, Sir, the Grand Visier's hand was at a poor barber's foot.

Bassa. (*Reads*) "The joys of a long and happy life attend my dear Abdallah, the success of our Russian and Austrian enemy has set Constantinople in a clamour against the christians, the rumour of your partiality for these unbelievers has reached the Emperor, who to appease the Divan, was compell'd to send you the dreadful letter you receive with this."—Eh, this is part of the dispatch the courier gave Zebede for me; how careless must he have been to lose it! (*aside, reads*) "The orders for your death, contained in that mandate, being merely a matter of state policy, you may safely disobey, your mind may be satisfied, as I inclose you the copy of your pardon; but the conditions are, that in future, you treat the christians under your government with the utmost rigour."

"Your friend for ever,

"SELIM, Vizier."

Yes; Zebede drop'd this; and here, had not it been found by the meerest accident.—Had I received only the other, from what I imagine the contents to be, my life was gone. (*Aside*) You have done me a signal service! (*to Absalom*)

Crum. Eh! What's that?

Bassa. You found this letter in the street?

Crum. Yes, Sir, he found it in the street, upon my honour! Did you?

Abf. Yes, my Lord, and thought it my duty to deliver it to your Highness.

Crum. Of such consequence! then I'll come in for my share (*aside*). Yes, my Lord, I thought it my duty to see it delivered to your Highness;
the

the young man here was for running back in a vast hurry to finish dressing a lady, daughter of a grand French merchant; but, says I, man alive, never mind her; bring this to the Bassa directly: for my Lord, says I, is the most generous, liberal, prince-conditioned—he won't matter what he gives you and I for this piece of service. Well, Sir, he would go, I insisted he should come; he brandishes his curling tongs; I whip'd out my sabre, tuck'd him under my arm, and in five strides of a game cock, dash'd into the palace, cut, kick'd, shuff'd and elbow'd my way through the guards, mutes, and janizaries.—Here I've brought him, while poor Mademoiselle waits, her hair half papered, half friz'd, fretting like an affronted porcupine, ha, ha, ha!

Bassa. For which, the three first requests you make, if in my power, I grant them (*to Absalom*).

Crum. Oh, Sir, I thank you, hem! you'll grant us our three first requests! So, here we have a brace and a half of promises from a Lord; but one performance we'll get—the Lord knows when!

Bassa. Here (*to slaves*) take this young man (*pointing to Absalom*) cloath him splendidly.

Crum. Aye, take me, and cloath me splendidly.

Bab. You! its the——

Crum. Fsha!—His Highness calls me young man; you know he's always complimenting me.

Bassa. And let my treasurer instantly pay him down 1000 zingerlees.

Crum. My good, bountiful Lord! it is really too much! 3000 is full sufficient for me.

Bassa. You! I mean——

Crum. I know you mean every thing that's for my good. As to the splendour of the robes, the
more

more gold lace the better they'll fit me: and I have a little bag for the 5000 zingerlees. Come along barber, you shall have a hundred and fifty for your trouble, and the rest shall rest with me.

Bassa. Why, I mean it all for—

Crum. Me. I know it—but I will be generous—I will give the lad the fifty, as I said I would—Come, I am good myself, and I do good; but till I am big myself, I will be good for little. Shaver, follow me.

[*Exeunt Crumphy, Absalom, and officers.*]

Bassa. Finding this letter was a most fortunate circumstance! Yes, here's my pardon (*looking at a paper that he had taken from the letter*) the conditions of it, severity to the Christians. Persecution is against my nature; but to disobey, would be ingratitude to my prince. I'll do it by proclamation through the city, order the Cadi here, ha, ha, ha! Here comes Zebede. How will he bring himself off for losing this; as yet I don't think he knows it has been brought to me.

Enter ZEBEDE, (bowing)

Zeb. This letter for your Highness. (*gives it*)

Bassa. From Constantinople, signed by the Emperor himself. Ay, this is the dreadful mandate; but now it brings no terrors (*aside*). (*Reads*)
 “Trusty and well-beloved, greeting: We do
 “command you, that within three hours after the
 “receipt of this, you have yourself strangled;
 “but first leave orders for your head to be cut off,
 “and sent to us. This fail not to do, on pain of
 “our high displeasure.” Ha, ha, ha!

Zeb. Well; I did not think that strangling and beheading was so good a joke.

Bassa. Yes; he does not know that I am in possession of the other letter, that countermands this order. (*reads*) "Given at our Sublime Port, "1167th year of the Hegira, ACHMET." Since my Emperor thinks I should die, I obey, (*kisses the letter*) and this night I sup with Mahomet—now to try my very careful steward (*aside*). I'll first settle my worldly affairs, instantly prepare your accounts for my inspection.

Zeb. Oh! the devil! I have cheated him so damnably that my head goes off first, if he finds out my rogueries (*aside*). Sir, you'd best think of nothing now but obeying the Emperor's command, he may be angry, indeed, he says, instantly send me your head, on pain of our high displeasure.

Bassa. I'll put his fidelity to the full proof (*aside*) I am surpris'd my friend the Vizier would not interpose in my behalf, not even to condole or comfort me. Pray was there no other letter came with this?

Zeb. No; as I am an honest man, this is all the letter I got—Except the one I dropp'd (*aside*).

Bassa. Then I must die!

Zeb. Do, my Lord, it will prove your great loyalty, and your readiness to oblige the Grand Signior, dear, yes, my Lord, and here your Lordship may have all done in your own house, so comfortable every thing; all the conveniencies of death here within yourself; your own trusty mutes, with a fine soft silk string, will choak you so gently; and then you have your own faithful black Babouc, with his shining scimeter of Damascus too—he'll flive off your head; I warrant he'll do it so neatly, that you'll never say after,
"Babouc,

"Babouc, you did hurt me that time." I'll order them to prepare (*going*).

Bassa. But, my good steward, prepare your own accounts, I'll look over your books.

Zeb. Then Babouc will have the first slice at my head (*aside*).

Bassa. I'll leave a fair name behind me; bring hither your accounts.

Zeb. Oh! my dear lord, you and your head are old acquaintance, and since you're so soon to part for ever, at such a time dont think of troubling it with my foolish totums of sugar, rice, coffee, and candles. You mutes, you ministers of death prepare (*speaking to the officers*).

Bassa. Prepare supper.

Zeb. You forget your Highness was engaged to sup above with Mahomet.

Bassa. Ha, ha, ha! Why no; I'll send him an apology.

Zeb. Apology!

Bassa. Ay, and you shall take it.

Zeb. Me!

Bassa. Or suppose, Zebede, you go sup with him in my stead?

Zeb. Thank you, Sir; but I eat no supper now-a-days.

Bassa. Refuse the honour of supping above with our great prophet!

Zeb. 'Tis a great honour, but I'd rather eat even a pork chop here below, than partake of the finest feast that was ever prepar'd above for Mahomet's table.

Bassa. (*Changing to firm resentment*) Where's the other letter you received for me?

Zeb, Ruin'd! Somebody's told him. (*aside and*

and terrified). Oh! mercy, my lord; as I hope for heaven, I dropt it out of my pocket.

Bassa. Then heaven shall be your reward; first for your negligence of such a precious charge, next your perfidy in denying you received it. Dispatch him. (*to the mutes*).

Zeb. Oh! Lord! where, where is this letter?

Bassa. Here (*shews it*) brought to me by my guardian angel.

Enter CRUMPY, sumptuously dress'd.

Crum. Ay; brought to him by me and his other—You see what a pair of fine angels we are. Come, my friend—

Bassa. Perform your duty (*to the mutes, who seize Zebede, he drops on his knees*).

Zeb. Oh! save my life!

Enter ABSALOM, richly habited.

Abs. My uncle in the hands of the mutes! dread Lord, I claim one of the three requests you promis'd me. Whatever be his crime pardon it.

Crum. Half the promises were mine; so let him be half choak'd.

Abs. Hold.

Crum. Be quiet; his crime deserves death. Pray what has he done, my Lord? (*to Bassa*)

Zeb. This my nephew! (*looking with surprise at Absalom*).

Bassa. The important service of bringing me that letter; lost by his negligence, has a claim much beyond that promise. Live. (*to Zebede: the mutes quit him*).

Zeb. Gracious Highness Oh! dear, dear nephew—

nephew—you damn'd scoundrel; why did you give him the letter? (*apart*) my beloved lad, you have sav'd my life—I'll hang you; you pick'd my pocket, you thief. (*apart*)

Bassa. Instantly let me see your accounts; then quit my service and my sight for ever.

[*Exeunt Bassa and attendants. Zebede, on the opposite side, with a revengeful look at Absalom.*]

Crum. Now, why would you interfere? One little squeeze of the bow-string would have done no harm to the Jew.

Abs. What brought my uncle into this scrape?

Crum. Your's! Well, I wou'dn't suffer such a rogue to be an uncle of mine, nor even my father—tho' according to the present state of things, no man can be born before his father; yet if mine was a bad man, I'd disinherit him, I would by—Zebede's as great a little old robber—Since now you've money, never own such a rascally relation. I and my guitar are tun'd for a frolic. I must fall now into the streets in search of a night adventure, to lay in a morning's hearty laugh for the *Bassa*. You'll come. When I'm in my joking humour I like to have one in company that's able to fight for me. I can fight myself, but I'd as leave let it alone. Indeed I have never been match'd; bigger than myself won't fight me; less than myself I scorn to fight; and a man exactly my own size must be such a microcosm, such a neat picture of perfection, that I could not find it in my heart to hurt him. Come.

Abs. I'm engag'd, Sir.—Near my time to meet Dora at the Friar's, and then to supper with the taylor. (*aside*)

Crum. Nay, do come boy.

Abs. You must excuse me to-night, Sir—Every expence

pence poor Cross-Leg may be at, I am now able to reimburse. (*aside*) Good bye, generous Sir, I humbly thank you for the honour you have procur'd me

Crum. Aye, but don't, like other great men, forget the friend that rais'd you; so as I'm going to-night upon perhaps some dangerous frolic, if in your walks you should find any hard fists rais'd over my fine head, remember, my brave barber, my sword and shield are your razor and bason.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT,

A C T II.

SCENE I:

Evening—A street; CROSS-LEG's House, near the front; towards the back, the DOCTOR's and ZEBEDE's. A tumultuous buzzing without.

Enter CADI, OFFICERS, CRIER, and a concourse of people; ZEBEDE and CROSS-LEG, with a basket, following.

CADI.

CRUER, proclaim the proclamation:

Crier. "All take notice, by order of his Highness the Bassa. Any Christian who offends a Mussulman, shall receive the bastinado; and death is the punishment if he kills one, even by chance."

Zeb. (apart to Cross-Leg) Ah! ha! Did you hear that, master Cross-Leg!

Crier. "Take notice, That any Jew who kills a Mussulman, shall be hung on a gibbet thirty feet high."

Cross-Leg. (apart to Zebede) Did you hear that, old Zebede. *(Zebede sneaks into his house.)*

Cadi.

Cadi. Now to the market-place, and the four gates. [*Exeunt all.*]

Cross-L. What could have wrought this sudden change in the Bassa, he that was always such a friend to the Christians to begin now to persecute us! Yet, ha! ha! ha! I'm glad the Jews are included, for sake of that old arch knave Zebede. Wife, Juggy, Juggy. (*calls and knocks at the door*) Hanged! I shall dread to handle my shares to take a measure, for fear they should take an affidavit I'm going to snip off the tip of their fingers. My 'prentice boy is a Mussulman, and if I should kick him, though I even caught him cribbing my cabbage, I'm lugg'd before the Cadi, and bastinado'd with my own lapboard.—My wife is so busy preparing our supper, that I fancy she doesn't hear me (*knocks loud*). Absalom and Dora by this time are married, and if they bring the jolly father, Anselem, with them, I've got a glass of good Cyprus wine here (*pointing to his basket*). It's necessary; for this plaguy proclamation has let down my spirits, and taken away my appetite.—dangerous to be in the street! Now if we had all our little company safe within the walls of my castle, and some merry fellow to tickle the guitar, while I tune up my small pipes, in a chearful song, I'd lock my doors for the night, and we'd all be as snug as the lady in the lobster (*Crumpy sings without*). What's yonder! a Mussulman! I'll get out of his way (*knocks very loud at his door*)—Deafen this wife of mine. Juggy! (*calls, Juggy opens the door*).

Juggy. Now, husband, what kept you so long?

Cross-L. I say, wife, what kept you so long?

Enter

Enter Crumpy, playing on his guitar.

Cum. Oh! honest friend!—

Cross-L. As you say, Sir, it's a very fine night; heaven save the firmament!

[Goes in and shuts the door hastily.]

Crum. What's the matter with all the Christians and Jews I meet in the street? I frighten them away, as if I was some hob-goblin! Even the pretty girls trip from me, that us'd to take such pleasure in list'ning to my guitar, laughing at my jokes, and throwing up their veils to cast languishing ogles on my comely person—Nobody! (*looking about*) I begin to despair of an adventure—Though by my office, I'm priviledged to say what I please, yet the character of jester is difficult to support.—He! he! he! my introducing the barber into his presence was rather lucky; yet, I've got some how flat—being obliged to tell the same story three times over, and my patron is always gaping for new jokes, like oysters at low tide—Oh! for a nice neat story to have for the Bassa—I'd venture a few knocks o'the pate, or even get into a hobble for one—but I can meet with no living being, except our Turks, and they're so muz'd with their betel and opium—my only gig is amongst Jews and Christians—none can I meet—the devil—I can't make fun out of the posts and window-shutters! I'll try if my instrument can't draw some company about me; if it's only a few cocks and hens. (*Sits on a bench at Cross-Leg's door and plays, Cross-Legs opens a window and looks out*)

Cross-L. A rare musician! If he wasn't a Muselman I'd---but it's now so dangerous even to talk to one, for fear of giving the least offence.

Ha! ha! ha!--I should like to invite him in, his guitar would add such life to our little entertainment (*aside*)—(*Crumpy plays*) Oh! sweet! I think as we are all such quiet folks, there's no danger of a quarrel to bring us under the penalty of the proclamation—I'm strongly tempted to venture—Juggy! come here and listen—the is so busy dressing supper—I'll ask him in; I'll try his temper first, and if he's good-humour'd there'll be no fear of—(*throws a flower pot on Crumpy.*)

Crum. Hey!

Cross-L. In trying his patience, I fear I've try'd his skull!

Crum. Lucky I've so many yards of muslin in my turban!

Cross-L. Sir, I ask pardon, I thought nobody was there.

Crum. No body—Yes, Sir, but pray mind there's some head here—Ha! ha! ha!—My friend, do you know you've made me laugh?

Cross-L. Well, I'd take two knocks on my pate before you could make me laugh so—

Crum. I'm laughing to think, that if my head had been a glass bottle, what a clatter you'd have made about my ears.

Cross-L. Sir, I only intended to clear the pot for fresh flowers in the morning.

Crum. Ha! ha! ha! All wet! You rogue, you must have stain'd my vest.

Cross-L. Oh! my dear Sir!—If you had only light enough to see my sign, you'd find that Cross-Leg, the taylor, has done no fault but what he can easily rectify.

Crum. A taylor!—Oh, ho!—then you spoil people's clothes, for the good of trade. Ha! ha! ha!

Cross-L.

Cross-L. Yes, Sir, Ha, ha, ha! And since you take my blunder in such good humour, if you'll only send me the stuff, I shall be proud to make you a new vest for nothing; and then—Sir, your guitar is most melodious.

Crumpy. Is it? (*plays*)

Cross-L. Beautiful! He's so good-natured too! I think no harm can come of asking him in (*aside*)—Sir, worthy Sir! we've an humble wedding here to-night, and if you'll honour us with your agreeable company, and partake of our little supper, you'll make us the happiest of folks.

Crum. Ha, ha, ha! I delight in a wedding; the pleasantry of the occasion draws out my jokes, like party-colour'd ribbons from a juggler's mouth; I'll engage I'll set every lad's wish agog to be a bridegroom, and make the bride laugh, without bringing a blush into her face. Pray who's to be married?

Cross-L. A poor, but very honest lad, Sir, one Abfalom.

Crum. A barber? My intimate friend!

Cross-L. You a friend to my friend Abfalom! Stop a moment, my dear Sir—Juggy!—a light
[Retires.]

Crum. Ha, ha, ha! don't tread down your house, through your hurry to let me into it—but never mind, with a pack of cards I'll build as good—I hope no wind will rise till I get out again—I'll sing here, but curse me if I venture to dance—Ha, ha, ha! Abfalom going to be married! Sly rogue! woud'n't tell me! but I find the taylor don't know of the barber's good fortune, by my means.

Enter CROSS-LEG (from the house.)

Cross-L. Do, Sir, please to walk in—we expect Absalom and his bride every moment from the Friar's—You'll have a so-so supper, but a hearty welcome—We've only got a bit of fish, Sir, as it's Friday.

Crum. Never talk ! I'd sup with my friend upon the fin of a herring—if any fun should offer here, I'll make the most of it. (*aside*)

Cross-L. Pray step in, Sir—Please to stoop, Sir, my door is low.

Crum. And we tall fellows—hem !

Cross-L. Juggy, hold the light (*they go in, and the door shuts*) (*within*) up stairs, Sir—this way, Sir—have a care, there's an ugly turn—

Crum. (*within*) All very well ! How do you do Ma'am, Ha ! ha ! ha !

Enter ABSALOM and DORA.

Abs. The facetious father Anselm has kept us so long, that poor Cross-Leg's supper will be waiting.

Enter HABBY, from ZEBEDE'S.

Hab. I think that's Absalom's voice ?

Dora. Where are you my love ?

Abs. So dark, I can scarce distinguish the taylor's door. Oh, here !

Hab. Absalom !

Abs. Is that Habby—Ha, my boy—What, my uncle's gone to bed, and you are come to sup with us.

Hab. Hush ! are you married ?

Cross-L.

Abf. Yes.

Hab. Then all's safe—I've engag'd the mate of an English tartane, that now lies in the Tygris, to take us to one of their factories, and thence for Europe by their next ships—So to lay in a little sea-store, Absalom. you step with me to your uncle's, I've something there for you.—Dora, do you slip into your step-father's the Doctor's, and pick up you there what you can.

Abf. I thought I had made my fortune to day, but Crumpy seizing the Bassa's two other promises, makes it necessary to get a little more cash; but the taylor is waiting supper for us.

Hab. Never mind his supper. Come, business—

Dora. But, Absalom, if we part now, when, where, and how shall I meet you?

Hab. Leave all that to me—Softly!

Abf. My dearest! (*kisses her hand*)

Hab. Foolish!—You'll have time enough for kissing.—Go, (*to Dora*) Come—

[*Exeunt. Dora into the Doctors, and Absalom and Habby into Zebede's.*]

SCENE II.

Inside of CROSS-LEG'S

(*A Turkish Boy brings on a table, lays cloth, &c. and goes off.*)

Enter CROSS-LEG, CRUMPY, and JUGGY, laughing.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Jug.

Jug. That's the handsomest song, Sir, I ever heard.

Crum. Then you like my singing?

Cross-L. Much.

Crum. So do I.

Jug. What comical things you jokers say.

Crum. Jokers should say comical things.

Jug. And you can dance—do Sir, pray—

Crum. Dance! pray excuse me?

Jug. Excuse me, ha, ha, ha! Lord, if I don't delight in you; you're so jacobus.

Cross-L. Yea, Sir, as my wife Juggy says, you're quite jacobus. Ha, ha, ha! But I'm to equip you with a new suit. I'll cut a measure. Juggy the parchment.

Crum. Parchment! you'll not put me into a law-suit?

Cross-L. Oh, you courtiers. Ha, ha, ha! Do you know, Sir, I'd try to be one myself; that is—in the small way.

Crum. What, like me?

Cross-L. Yes, Sir, only I'm so much afraid I might have my head chopp'd off.

Crum. Oh, ho! master taylor, you've an eye to your upper button.

Cross-L. Right, Sir, Ha, ha, ha!

Crum. I tell you I was all right 'till put wrong, by accident; when an infant, I was the prettiest, plumpest little rogue—why I was named the Blossom of Beauty and Bud of Delight.

Jug. Lord! how odd!

Crum. I was an absolute cherry on the tree.

Cross-L. Then the birds have been pecking at you a good deal, Sir?

Crum. But one unlucky day, my mother's maid, starting upon the sudden sight of her
sweet-

sweet-heart, struck out my first two teeth with my coral, flapped one of the bells into this left eye, knocked me off the nursery-table, and breaking my back, made me—regardez—

(shewing his hunch.

All. Ha, ha, ha !

Crum. Ay, you may laugh, but this hunch props my fortune at court—Do you know, that by the help of a second looking-glass, I often stand and laugh at it myself ?

Jug. Yes, Sir, and in the front glass, you and your hunch peeping over, must look like the picture of the ape and her brat in the fable. Ha, ha, ha !

Crum. Ay ; but if it even grieved me—here are eyes, what say you to these ? So much beauty before—I reflect that with my hunch—I leave all my sorrows behind me—*(all laugh)* and then there's a leg. *(puts it up)*

Cross-L. So it is, Sir. Look, Juggy, his honour stands upon a most fine turned pedestal——

Jug. A beautiful calf !

Crum. For all this, I'll lay the price of my new suit of cloaths, I shew as good a leg in company as this.

Cross-L. Oh, no Sir ! No, no you don't !

Crum. *(puts up his other)* That's as good. Gad I've won ! They're fellows, and good fellows too. Ha, ha, ha !

Jug. Very handsome—beautiful——

Cross-L. *(apart to Juggy)* Did you ever see such a bandy rascal ? but he's a great man and we must flatter him.

Jug. But I protest husband I will wait no longer for Absalom and Dora ; our little supper will be quite spoil'd ; and since you have invited this

gen-

gentleman, and prevented his getting a better elsewhere, if he will condescend to partake of our homely meal——

Cross-L. It's certainly very bold of such lowly folks as us, to expect that his Highness the Bassa's chief favourite, would humble himself to——

Jug. Hold your tongue, for here's the supper.

Cross-L. Supper!—then I'll stop my mouth.

Enter Box, with a dish of fish, &c. which he places on the table. [Exit.

Jug. It's as pretty a little bit—Come, pray, Sir, make free, you know, if fish get's cold——

Cross-L. It's a nice morsel!—Juggy, help the gentleman.

Crum. Why, faith, you seem to live very comfortable here—and your morsel does look so nicely tempting—I will eat. (*they sit*)

Jug. Do pray, Sir, we had this prepared for a young couple.

Cross-L. Ay, by their stay father Anselm has brought them into sup with his brethren in the refectory—those holy fathers, Sir, love to live well.

Crum. If it's holy to live well, this is the most pious dish I ever tasted. (*eating*)

Jug. Then do, Sir, pray eat heartily?

Cross-L. Juggy, fill a glass—Sir.

(*Juggy fills, and offers a glass to Crumphy.*)

Crum. Right, fish should swim three times; water, sauce, and wine. (*all drink*) As I'm a Mahometan I'm forbid wine; but when I'm amongst you christians——

Cross-L.

Cross-L. Right, Sir, at Rome do as Rome does.

Jug. (*helping Crumphy*) That's a neat morsel, Sir.

Crum. I'll taste it with attention.

Cross L. Oh, Sir! I don't wonder at the Bassa putting you into office, or giving you a fine pension—I'd do just the same; and I think you'd do so by me. You might get a body a skirt of something pretty at court though?

Jug. Will you never have done with your bodices and skirts? Always shewing the taylor!

Cross-L. I won't. (*apart to Fuggy.*) My wife, Sir, is as sharp as a needle; but, Sir, as I was saying, what a place would I give such a witty gentleman as you, were I a Beglerbeg, or a Wallachian despot I'd give you the finest place——

Crum. I believe you are a Holland Stadtholder, for you've given me a very fine Dutch plaice already, but I must try to kick up some frolick here to-night, to make out a joke for the Bassa, that bill (*slips a paper into Cross-Leg's pocket*) sets the taylor and Zebede by the ears, that's some mischief. (*aside*)

Cross-L. Aye, now you talk of us christians, Mr. Crumphy, as you are such a great man at court, if you'd only use your interest to get this cruel new law against us repeal'd——

Crum. New law, what! Oh! true the proclamation.

Jug. Sir, that's what made my good man at first so much afraid of asking you in.

Cross-L. For, Sir, if you should, which is impossible, be affronted, or receive the smallest hurt under this humble christian roof, what wou'd become of me and my poor orthodox spouse?

Crum. Eh ! this promises a joke. (*aside*)

Cross-L. This fish is very sweet, but it has a great many bones !

Crum. Bones ; a good hint (*aside*)—and so you were afraid if any thing should happen to me in your house, 'twould bring you into the clutches of the Cadi, and his bailiffs and terrible catch-poles. (*eats hastily*)

Fug. That we were, Sir.

Crum. As you say, this fish is very sweet, but it has a deal of bones indeed ; and as I have a cursed narrow swallow—I must take care.

Fug. Pray do, Sir ; but don't spoil your meal.

Cross-L. I was saying, Sir, this severity to us is rather hard, was I the Bassa of Bagdad—
(*Crumphy throws himself into violent contortion, stares and gapes.*)

Fug. You see how you get yourself laughed at, with your Beglerbeks and Bashaws, you noodle.

Cross-L. Now, Sir, am I a noodle ?

Crum. Cluck !—Cluck !—

(*grimaces and points to his throat.*)

Cross-L. Ah, Sir, laugh ; for ha, ha, ha ! I can't help laughing at it myself ; and yet, Sir, if you look into history, as unlikely things have happened.

Fug. I vow, husband, your folly makes the gentleman laugh so, that he can't eat—

Cross-L. Why, Sir, now recollect, pray wasn't the Grand Visier to Mahomet the second a cobbler ?—And the great Prince Menzikoff a pastry-cook ?

Crum. Cluck !

Fug. Entertaining gentlemen with cobblers and pastry-cooks.

Crum,

Crum. Cluck!—Cluck!

Cross-L. Ha! ha! ha! Well, Sir, to be sure it was a good joke, and I'm glad it makes you so merry; but if I'm not allow'd to be a Bashaw, don't let us have our fish cold. (*Crumpy grimaces*)

Fug. Why, husband, you're so very ridiculous, that I vow to heaven, if you haven't set the gentleman into convulsions, laughing at you! Do pray, Sir, eat your supper, and never mind him.

Cross-L. Oh! well, Sir, with submission to your great wit and grand quality—yet for a man to be laugh'd at, at one's own table, tho' one's poor!—

Fug. Why sure the gentleman can't speak! (*looking at Crumpy with terror*) I've heard say, a fit of laughing is as bad as a fit of crying—Eh!—Oh, Lord! husband, something's the matter! Do Sir, take a glass of wine.

Cross-L. No! then I will—Sir, your health; (*drinks*) which of us now is the laugh against? Ha! ha! ha!

Fug. (*alarmed*) Mercy!—(*Crumpy points to his throat*) the fish!—a bone stuck in his throat! hit him on the back. (*she hits him*)

Cross-L. Zounds! wife, you'll knock his hump off, and then he'll lose his place at court. (*filling wine*).

Fug. Will you let the bottle alone, and do something—

Cross-L. Oh! very well! but I thought I could not do better—

Fug. Dear Sir, have you finish'd your supper? (*Crumpy groans*)

Cross-L. No; but his supper has finish'd him

Jug. Yes, he's choak'd!

Cross-L. In our house!—a Mahometan!—then we shall be choak'd!

Jug. Oh dear! good Sir,—if you can't speak, do tell us?

Cross-L. Wife, be quiet, (*puts his ear to Crum-py*) he's quiet!—not only a Muffulman, but the Bassa's prime favourite!—if he's found dead in our house, you and I are thrown over a cross stick and hang'd like a pair of breeches.

Jug. He's dead!

Cross-L. As Adam, the first taylor.

Jug. Ah? (*screams*)

Cross-L. The devil! have you a mind to bring the Janizaries upon us?

Jug. This comes of your peeping in the streets at night—you can't sit to your supper without music, and be curs'd to your fine ears!

Cross-L. I'll try some wine down his throat.

Jug. We were happy and well, and you cou'dn't quietly wait for Absalom and Dora, but you must bring your great turbans, and your Crum-py's and Humpy's in upon us.

Cross-L. I think still there's life—Absalom's a barber, if he was come, he should bleed him!—Stay, I'll cut open a vein with my shears.

Jug. Do.

Crum. (*groans*)

Cross-L. Was that you, Juggy?

Jug. No? 'twas the man you kill'd—you wou'd ask a Turk to eat fish of a Friday, and then talk of bleeding him with your shears.

Cross-L. Zounds! I'd bleed him with a pick-axe, if it could bring him to life, (*Crum-py makes a noise*)

Jug.

Jug. Did you hear? Tim, suppose you try to thrust the bone down with a horn spoon.

Cross-L. No; I'll pull it up with these nut-crackers—but hold, we may squeeze out the little life he has left—Juggy, my dear, do you step down stairs, and open the street door softly, Doctor Quinquina's house is not six doors off: if his soul is not got out of hearing, the Doctor may whistle it back again; listen is the street clear.

Jug. Yes; there's a moon tho'

Cross-L. Our side of the way to the Doctor's, is all in the shade, I'll take Crumpy on my back. (*takes him up*) Come along, you most ugly son of a broken back!—I wish my back had been broke before I had ask'd you up my stairs.

Jug. A pretty thing, that honest women must go to market to buy fish for you to choak yourself with; you most abominable fright! (*Shakes him by the whisker, it comes off in her hand,*) Ah!

Cross-L. Zounds! have you pluck'd off his eye-brow? By the Lord she'll pull him to pieces before I can get him off my back! [*Exit Juggy.* This little Turk is not as big as half a Christian, and yet he's as heavy as two popes. Oh, dear:
[*Exit. with Crumpy.*]

SCENE II.

The Street before CROSS-LEG's house. (Moon-Light.)

Enter JUGGY at the door, peeping.

Jug. Nobody in the way; and if there should,
what

what will become of us? Will you make haste, you Tim Cross-Leg!

Enter CROSS-LEG (stumbling) with CRUMPY on his back.

Cross-L. Now, Juggy, you will leave your patens in the entry.

Jug. Come, quick!

Cross-L. Any one in the street?—If the patrol catches us!

Jug. Stop! Is not that a watchman's staff sticking out?

Cross-L. Yes; keep back (*frightened*)—Oh! no! it's only a barber's pole.

Jug. Do you think there's any life?

Cross-L. Hold your tongue. Give just one knock at the Doctor's door. (*she knocks*) What the devil do you want to alarm the town?

Jug. Lord, how I tremble! I've given five knocks instead of one!

Cross-L. If this same doctor cures him, why then he'll be well—may be—and if he kills him, it's only another death added to the doctor's list; and I shift the danger off my shoulders; that cloud comes across the moon rarely.

Dom. (within) Who's there? (*they start*)

Cross-L. It's only Dominique the doctor's man—wife do you answer?

Jug. Can't you?

Cross-L. Answer, I tell you.

Jug. Indeed I shan't.

Cross-L. And I'm sure I won't then.

Dom. Who's there? (*very loud*)

Both. It's I! (*much terrify'd*)

Dom. And who are you knocking at peoples doors

doors at night? Go along, or I'll call the patrol.

Cross-L. Oh, Lord!

Jug. I tell you Tim Cross-Leg, fling Mr. Crumpy down, and let us run away! (*the door opens suddenly, Doctor Quinquina, and Dominique rush out*)

Doct. Qui est la, who is dat? You, Dominique stand here. I say who are you? It's so dark I cannot know any man's face!

Cross-L. I'm glad of that; I'll darken my voice too. (*aside*)

Doct. Speak what you want, or I'll knock your visage. (*laying bold of Dominique*)

Dom. Lord, Sir, it is I! Here is the man. (*presents Juggy*)

Jug. Here, Sir; here is the man. (*points to Cross-Leg*)

Cross-L. An't please you, master Doctor, I and my mother here—

Jug. Mother—Sirrah!—upon my word (*apart*)

Cross-L. She's a midwife, Sir, and having been called up to a poor woman that was suddenly taken ill, I thought I'd see her safe—so coming along, she desired me—Billy, says she, what is that leaning against that there postess? I directly went to look—for I'm a very dutiful boy—an't I mammy?

Doct. Diable!—Vat you call me out in de street chattering about you and your mammy. (*going in enrag'd*)

Cross-L. But, Sir, I've brought you a patient—and he brings you a fee.

Doct. You are de patient vid de fee? dat is quite anoder ting!

Cross-L. Yes, Sir, 'twas this gentleman—(*points to Crumpy*)

Doct.

Doct. Sacre Dieu ! vat is dat ?

(looks close up at Crumpy and starts)

Jug. Yes, Sir, 'twas this gentleman we saw leaning ; he seem'd to have been taken ill—

Cross-L. And knowing you to be a doctor—

Doct. Cest vrai—dat all de town knows—I'm a very great doctor—

Cross-L. Finding him so bad, we brought him to you in hopes—

Doct. Ventre Bleu ! you tink I am to take into my house all de bad vagabond you pick out of the street ? Allez—bring him to the vatch-house for to-night, and in de morning dey will send him to de hospital—take de man from my door !

Jug. Lord, Sir, he's no man but a gentleman.

Cross-L. Noble Sir, only look close at him ; his fine cloths prove he's some very great personage.

Doct. Eh ! bygar his coat do shine vid gold !
(looking at Crumpy)

Cross-L. Yes, Sir, if the lining agrees with the outside, he may turn out a good patient !

Doct. I vil never turn out a good patient ; bring de gentleman in, I vil cure him in half of tree minutes.

Cross-L. Move him gently, there—take care of his leg, Juggy.

Doct. Oui, take care of his jug, legge ! *(goes in and speaks)* You, Dominique, assist to help the gentleman up to my laboratory. *(Cross-Leg and Juggy put Crumpy in and shut the door)*

Cross-L. Good doctor, there you have him ; and now, kill or cure him as you can—Come Juggy.

Jug.

Jug. Run for it. (*drums and Turkish march without*)

Patrol. (*without*) The twelfth hour; all's well.

Jug. Get in! (*they go in*)

Cross-L. All's well! (*shuts the door*)

SCENE IV.

The Doctor's study, books, phials, anatomical subjects, &c.

Enter DORA, (with a Casket).

Dora. I've got into step-father's study—surrounded by his horrid skeletons: near one!—then no chance of the street door being open'd again to-night—How shall I get out? perhaps Absalom and Habby are waiting for me. (*listens*) The Doctor's up! sure somebody's come in below—since I have got my jewels, I must only watch patiently for the first opening of the hall door.

Doct. (*without*) Bring him up.

Dora. Oh, Lord! they've been robbing the church yard!

Doct. (*without*) Help my patient up here.

Dora. No; it's not a dead man!

Doct. (*without*) Quick, you Dominique, then lock the street door.

Dora. Then I must be quick and first get out, if I can. (*stands behind the door*)

Enter DOCTOR QUINQUINA.

Doct. Help the gentilhomme up to my laboratory. Here! place him in my own easy grand chaise. (*places an elbow chair*) We will see what we cannot do for him. Come Dominique.

Enter DOMINIQUE.

(*The Doctor turns suddenly and lays hold of him.*)

Sit you down, Sir, (*thrusts Dominique into the chair, and feels his pulse without looking at him*) Ah! you're much malade! very bad!

Dom. Not I, Sir! I'm very well.

Doct. Diable! What, Dominique! Get you out of my grand chaise. (*Dominique rises*) What you mean? Where is the sick gentleman, my patient?

Dom. Patiently waiting below, Sir.

Doct. And vy you and the midwife no bring him up?

Dom. Lord, Sir! the midwife and her son Billy are gone—they flung the gentleman into the hall, flap'd the door, and run away.

Dora. (*aside*) Then the door's not lock'd yet!

Doct. Dey are rogues!—dey have first pick'd his pocket—if so, he can't pay me my fee; but he seems nobleffe from his gold coat, so I will cure him at a venture—Sir, vil you please to walk up? (*calling off*) He's weak—Dominique, you go assist him. [*Exit Dom.*]

I vil hold de light for you myself; I am not too proud for dat. (*takes a candle and exit*)

Dora. Now is my time to get out before the door is fasten'd for the night.

Doct.

Doct. (without) Dominique bring the gentil-homme up gently. You see you must carry him—don't knock his head vid de bannisters—he is very weak—ah ! pauvre ?—very well ?—bien !—softly !—up vid him—ah, hah ! (*the Doctor walks in backwards with the candle, and still looking towards the door*) Dere, now he is safe, and vel up—set him on his leg on de landing—Comment se vat il, Monsieur ? (*bowing at the door*) Ay, he cannot talk, he is so weak ;—lift him up, and bring him in, set him gently—

Dom. (without) Lord, if he hasn't a hunch !

Doct. Ciel !—'tis Mr. Crumpy the Bassa's favourite Little Hunchback, joker ! Mon dieu ! if I cure him it will make my fortune at court, tol, lol, lol, take care you, Dominique, don't hurt his hump ! How do you do, Sir ?

Dora. Now for it—(*she blows out the candle in the Doctor's hand, and exit hastily. A noise heard of falling down stairs*)

Dom. (without) Oh, Lord !

Enter DOMINIQUE (frighten'd)

Doct. Sacre Dieu !—Vat is dat ?

Dom. Hush ! don't make a noise, Sir ; who or whatever that is, it has tumbled the sick gentleman from the top of the stairs to the bottom.—Yes ; it has certainly kill'd him !

Doct. Kill'd de man dead !—Ah ! malheureux, den I've lost my fee ! We must instantly send his dead body to court. (*going*)

Dom. Hold Sir ! Do you forget the proclamation against the Christians ?—so severe, that
T T 2 they're

they're getting out of the city as fast as they can carry off their effects. Why, Sir, if his body is found here——

Doct. C'est vrai, 'twill be said I did kill him! I shall be hang'd, and my head will undergo amputation—I am miserable!—but vat was dat, that did do dis?

Dom. Lord, Sir! no time for enquiry now—the only thing to think of is to save our lives, by getting rid of Mr. Crumpy's soul case.

Doct. En verité, 'twould vex me to be hang'd for killing such an ugly coquin, if it was even me dat did kill him, it would be some comfort—ah, ha! I have conceive grand thoughts, Dominique, we must get dis Monsieur Crumpy out of my house, and I have tink of de way to put him into somebody else's house. Get me a rope, dat is all I vant, and den run up stairs and open de sky-light window dat goes out to de leads a-top of my house—

Dom. Suppose, Sir, you feel his pulse?

Doct. Feel a dead man's pulse! Ah, Hébeté! Quick, do my command. (*going*)—Stop! I will go up myself and open de sky-light window, while you get de rope.

Dom. I don't know where to find a rope.

Doct. Den if you don't, de hangman vill find one for you and me, allez.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE

SCENE V.

A Room in ZEBEDE'S House, a table, account books, chests, strong boxes, &c.

Enter HABBY.

Hab. So, Abfalom and Dora, with their booty from uncle and step-father, I have left safe on board the English sloop—my coming back takes all suspicion from me; and I'll pick up something for myself too, and then for Europe with the youngers—Egad, old master Zebede, we have already made a rare haul upon your chests and bags here, that will teach you to beat your clerks as you've done me.

Zeb. (without) Up another story.

Hab. Here he comes to see what I've done to his books.

Enter ZEBEDE and CROSS-LEG.

Zeb. Aye, this garret is my compting-house, ha, ha, ha!

Cross-L. Up in the clouds, like my workshop!

Zeb. Now your business?

Cross-L. Private.

Zeb. Habby, go down! Oh, stop! Have you put all my accounts into confusion, to puzzle my master, the Bassa, if he should look over them? (*apart to Habby*)

Hab. Yes, Sir; you'll find all here in very fine confusion. [*Exit.*

Cross-L. How this draft of Crumpy's came in—
to

to my pocket I don't know, except it was to pay for his supper—however, if the Jew here will but give me cash, I'll have made a good night's job of it. (*aside*)

Zeb. An unseasonable hour for you to call!

Cross-L. I thought money never came out of season with a Jew; discount that bill. (*gives it*)

Zeb. I have no objection—that is, for the premium—Why this is payable to Mr. Crumpy? Oh, he has sent you for the monies?

Cross-L. Yes.—I'm plaguy bad at a lie; I wish my wife had come. (*aside*)

Zeb. But where is Little Hunchback himself?

Cross-L. (*confus'd*) He's—I—I—suppose he's at home.—By this the Doctor has made an anatomy of him. (*aside*)

Zeb. Eh! (*examining the bill*)

Cross-L. I'm all on the tenters! But even if Crumpy's death should be found out, I shall now have money to carry me to Europe with the other Christians, that are getting from the Basfa's persecution. (*aside*)

Zeb. This is a good bill, but I suspect not come honestly by; and I cou'd stop you and it, but as you are a neighbour I will pay you the whole money, if you give me half.

Cross-L. I'm found out. (*aside*) Why man—do you think I'd wrong—(*embarras'd*)

Zeb. Hush! Hunchback is a little impudent scoundrel—it's nothing to me if any body has robb'd, or even cut his windpipe.

Cross-L. I choak him! or know any thing at all of his death—Oh, Lord! what do you go to say that for? (*terrified*)

Zeb. (*calmly*) Why, is he dead?

Cross-L.

Cross-L. How should I know whether he's dead or alive? You've a bad conscience, Mr. Zebede, that's what makes you so frighten'd as you are. (*endeavouring to conceal his perturbation*)

Zeb. Me!—why should I be frighten'd?

Cross-L. And why should I, if you go to that?

Zeb. Why, what the devil are you at? one wou'd think you had been concern'd in——

Cross-L. Every body knows that I'm a man—that—despises all that kind of—what sort of—unlucky dismal looking place to bring a man into.

Zeb. Dismal! (*looks round*) Be quiet, you're enough to make one afraid indeed.

Cross-L. Oh, Lord! (*aside*) (*a brick falls down the chimney*) What do you do that for? None of your tricks.

Zeb. I'm in no humour for tricks! (*frighten'd*)

Cross-L. Mr. Crumpy may be dead for what I know; but if he thinks I had any hand in it, I'd tell him he lyed—aye, to his very whiskers,

CRUMPY is let down the chimney.

Zeb. What's that! (*looking at Crumpy*)

[*Cross-Leg sneaks off.*

(*Zebede falls on his face*) Are you the devil, or the cat?—but what could bring pufs in a pair of gold breeches—it is certainly the—Oh! Samuel, Saul, and the Witch of Endor!—Oh! don't stare so with your big bull's eyes, and your wide mouth like a maiden ray. (*Crumpy stoops his body*) Oh! you are very polite—Eh! he looks—if it should be a live man, he's a robber! I'll drag this
great

great chest of plate and dollars out of this room. I wish I had Habby here to help me, it's so heavy. (*lays hold of the chest with both hands, and putting his strength to it as if expecting great weight, suddenly falls and pulls it over him.*) Oh! death of Israel!—the chest is empty! (*Crumpy bows*) What, you know that, you thief. (*rises hastily, opens the lid and looks in*) Yes, my money and plate is all gone, and you've come down my chimney for more, you drop-gibbet!—but I will defend my property, if you were Bel and the Dragon (*strikes Crumpy who falls*) you banditti!—bandeliro!—you Arab, plunderer of caravans; come before the Cadi, speak—Eh!—he's dead!—bless me! If it should be I that has kill'd him—a hunch! save me, if it isn't Mr. Crumpy himself only come down my chimney to play his jests upon me—or if it should be he that did rob my chest, the Bassa will never believe me—he's dead!—now I recollect the proclamation against the Jews! If this is found out, it is certain death for me; and as I'm already in disgrace—nobody saw me strike him—few people in the streets, and so near morning, the watch are gone off their stands. You ugly little brute! You was my plague when alive, and now you must throw your death upon me with your gambols. (*feels Crumpy*) He is yet warm, but once he's out of my house, let him die or live! Come on my back, and the devil carry yourself and your hump.

[*Exit, with Crumpy on his back.*]

SCENE

SCENE VI; *and last.**The Street. (Day break.)**Enter CRANK and CABIN-BOY. (Crank elevated with wine)*

Crank. The Christian passengers are waiting in my sloop—they'll find brandy enough in my lockers to amuse them—tell them we will fall down the pool this tide. *[Exit Boy.]*

Enter ZEBEDE with CRUMPY on his back.

These pippin-squeezers to break up company! we never begin to cotton together and be jolly till it comes to the little hours. *(sings)*

“How can we depart,

“When friendship has grappled each man by the heart.”

Zeb. *(Having placed Crumpy against the wall)* There, stand or tumble down for Zebede—good morning to you, Mr. Crumpy. *(going)*

Crank. Holloa! stop!

Zeb. Yes; there he stops for you.

[Exit Zebede.]

Crank. Take one bottle with me—you won't?—a pint—then you're a sneaking rascal! So that's your Bagdad Scanderoon manners. I wish I was back again in Old England. What a country this is, that I can't get one honest fellow to take a bottle with me!

Crum. Cluck! Cluck!

Crank. Who's that? (*turns and looks at Crumphy*)
 A very capital Turk, upon my honor! How do
 you do, Sir? (*bows*) You might make a leg, I
 don't expect you'll take off your hat, because
 you have none—will you do me the favor to
 take a glass with me, or I must turn in.—Eh!
 what d'ye say? Oh! I know you're not allow'd
 wine—none of your winking! over the way they
 have the best liquor—but come along—Eh! you
 may give a civil answer though—who minds
 your grinning or grunting? Very proud—but
 the Grand Turk himself need'nt be ashamed to
 talk to an honest fellow. Hearn'ye, my lad, if
 you intend to affront me, if I don't lend you a
 dowse o' the cheek. (*strikes him down*) Rise and
 stand up to me, I scorn to strike a fall'n enemy.

Enter CADI and Janizaries (hastily).

Cadi. Seize him!

Crank. Will you drink a bottle with me?

Cadi. Yonder's his Highness the Bassa himself
 coming from the mosque.

*Enter the BASSA (attended), BABOUC, ZEBEDE,
 DOCTOR, CROSS-LEG and JUGGY, followed by a
 crowd, &c.*

Bassa. The matter here?

Cadi. Please your Highness this Christian has
 kill'd a Mussulman!

Bassa. Heavens! It's Hunchback! (*looks down
 on him attentively*)

Cross-L. How I tremble!—If he finds out
 'twas

'twas I—Oh cruel man! (*to Crank*) How could you be so wicked as to take his life?

Jug. (*apart to Cross-Leg*) Don't go near the body, or it will bleed!

Doct. Nobody suspect 'twas I did kill him. I am so frighten'd. (*aside*)

Zeb. I have got his murder off my shoulders—mighty lucky! (*aside*) What a wicked man you must be to kill my dear little friend!

Bassa. What proof, that this is the murderer?

Crank. Please your worship—Mr.—my Lord Mayor—I confess I gave this pretty little gentleman a smack, but if it did kill him, 'twas in my own defence.

Bassa. How?

Crank. I can't drink alone—he wou'dn't drink with me—I should die without drinking—so let your jury of twelve bring it in manslaughter.

Bassa. (*apart to Babouc.*) I've thought of a method to come at the truth of this affair—Whoever kill'd him, instead of punishment, shall have a reward. This buffoon was once my favorite, but growing most intolerably dull, I've long wish'd him out of my way. Give the Briton a purse of a thousand tomilees.

Crank. If I've kill'd a man, I cou'd weep for it; but the price of blood shall never stain this hand.

Zeb. I cou'd cry myself for poor Crumpy—but give me the purse, for finding you wanted to get rid of him, to oblige your Highness, 'twas I that kill'd him.

Doct. You! Begar it was I dat did de murder him, to please you, my Lord, vid von grande kick of my fist I did give him de fine knock, a

tumble down my tree pair of stair; and den I did drop his body down your chimney—so give de money—

Cross-L. To me (*holds out his hand*) for with a fish bone, at my house, I gave him the fatal Cluck!—Cluck! (*mimicks*)—and that I might be sure of his being kill'd, I brought him to the Doctor's.

Jug. Aye; but who went to the market to buy that fish? My Lord, on the word of a woman, 'twas I that put the very bone on his plate that stuck in his throttle!—

Bassa. So the reward has extorted a confession I wanted, and convicted you all of intentional murder from your own lips—Guards seize them—In reality his death grieves me, and the man that extracts the bone, and restores the life of my poor favourite, shall have the purse I promis'd.

Crum. Then that man am I (*puts his hand to his mouth and takes out the bone*) lay the cash here (*holds out his other hand, springs up, sings and capers*).

Bassa. What is this! (*amaz'd*)

Crum. A frolick; ha, ha, ha!—I've suffer'd this delicate little body of mine to be lug'd, thumpt, jumbled and tumbled all night, only to make a laugh for you this morning—and if you don't laugh, you may be cram'd into chimnies, and kick'd down stairs yourself in future for Crumpy.

Zeb. What!

Doct. Comment!

Cross-L. Juggy!—(*Crumpy grimaces to them as he appear'd when choak'd*)

Bassa. Why, by Mahomet, the story promises a laughable night's frolick indeed! but all, but the
the

the honest Captain, whose truth was above hope of reward, or fear of punishment, shall die.

Crum. I Sieur Crumpy, Lord Chief Justice Joker, swear upon my hunch and honour, that nobody shall die, except Zebede the Jew, Quinquina the Doctor, Cross-Leg the Taylor, and Dame Juggy, his orthodox spousy.

Enter Officer and Guards, with ABSALOM, DORA, and other Christians, (prisoners).

Officer. My Lord, we took these suspected Christians, with those rich goods on board——
(*showing bales, caskets, &c.*)

Crank. My sloop, an insult to the English flag, my Lord!

Crum. A truce!

Bassa. (*To Absalom*) What, my preserver flying from my favour!

Abf. I fear'd, Sir, I should forfeit that, by turning Christian, and, converted by Dora, here I——

Zeb. (*looks at the caskets*) You began your Christianity by robbing your uncle—justice, my Lord, on this caittiff.

Crum. Stop; well remembered! the barber and I here have yet two promises to claim; one is, that you'll give the purse to the generous captain, to give to me when I refuse next to drink with him—the other, that you'll repeal the law against the Christians—and the other——

Bassa. What three?

Crum. Be quiet—this is the best of all—that you'll hang Zebede and the Doctor, if they don't give consent and capital fortunes to this worthy young couple.

Bassa.

Bassa. Presuming on my friend the Vizier's favour, I grant them.

Crum. I grant you shou'd—Christians, Turks, Jews, my seeming death has prov'd that my kind master wou'd mourn my worthless life ! and when I cease to wish that my Patron may live long and merrily, may I be choak'd with a whalebone.

THE END,

THE
BASKET-MAKER.

IN TWO ACTS.

PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, HAY-MARKET,
IN 1789.

THE MUSICK BY DR. ARNOLD.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Simon Rochefort,	Mr. BANNISTER.
Le Marquis de Champlain,	Mr. RYDER.
Count Pepin,	Mr. R. PALMER.
William,	Mr. WATERHOUSE.
Wattle,	Mr. BANNISTER, JUN.
Pomade,	Mr. POWELL.
Otchegroo, }	Mr. CUBITT.
Sokoki, }	Mr. BURTON.
Chíchikou, }	Mr. CHAPMAN.
Indians {	
Claudine,	Mrs. BANNISTER.
Bloom,	Miss. FONTENELLE.
INDIANS, PEASANTS, SOLDIERS, SERVANTS, &c.	

SCENE, *near a French Fort on the banks of the River St. Lawrence and Forests in the Iroquois Country.*

THE
BASKET-MAKER.

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

The banks of the river St. Laurence—A Fort in view.

Enter SIMON ROCHEFORT, in regal Indian dress.

ROCHEFORT.

SOKOKI! bring the canoe over this neck of land, as we've another river to cross.

Enter SOKOKI, on his head a canoe, which he rests against a tree.

Sok. You have here brought us from our country, Iroquois, is it to hunt, to fish, or take prisoner? tell us King Simon.

Roche. Twenty years since I possess'd yon tract
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of land, granted to my ancestors by our King of France. I enjoy'd it till a new Governor of Canada dispossess'd me, to bestow it on one of his creatures—they left me nothing but one small marshy island—I retired in disgust to your friendly woods—you received me with kindness, and for the services I render'd you in your wars against the Hurons, you elected me your King.

Sok. Good King Simon!

Roche. On my departure I committed my only child to the care of a poor Basket-maker and for his sake, assisted by my Indian subjects, I'm determin'd, if possible, to recover my right.

Sok. But what right had King in Europe, to grant our land here in America?

Roche. Here comes the faithful Indian, my agent, a domestic in the family of Count Pepin, the son of him that usurp'd my lands.

Enter CHICHIKOU, in rich livery.

Well, how go we on, Chichikou?

Chi. Me have set master all on with for little island; I tell him 'tis good for beaver hunt; he send now man to bid owner come to him, dat will draw him down to river side.

Roche. Right, the means by which I hope to recover my lands, are to get the Count into my power; you and your fellows must lie in ambush but remember, no scalping—launch the canoe, and wait. *[Exit.*

Sok. *(Shewing a bag)* I go now sit down and eat.

Chi. Countryman, me eat vid you.

Sok. Do you come out master's house fasting?

Chi.

Chi. Yes, me vill never eat de bread of de man me going to betray.

Sol. Come den, eat.

[*They Retire*]

Enter WATTLE, crossing with a bundle of Osiers on his head, and another under his arm.

Wat. Heigho ! what's to become of me, a poor wandering Englishman, in the French American Colonies ; here we're furrounded by nations and tribes ; iron men cased in copper, Abbenakis, Illenois, and Iroquois ; in this cursed country, had I nine lives they're not worth a cat's whisker—Oh, sweet London ! (*Sits on the canoe*) I wish I was this moment sitting in the stocks, at Bethnel-green ; I must 'list for a soldier, and a red devil to me ! and then run away, plague of my unlucky heels ! But now to go home with these osiers to my master ; only for him I might have starved in these wild forests. (*Rises*)

Re-enter SOKOKI.

Sok. Where be canoe ? stop French.

Wat. I'm an Englishman. (*Drops the osiers, and runs off, Sokoki pursues*)

SCENE II.

A rude country, with a marshy point of land, cover'd with osiers, a small cottage near the front, WILLIAM discovered at work.

AIR.—WILLIAM,

From morn till Eve I labour hard,
In humble occupation,
But toils of day night's soft reward,
Why all make my vocation.

x x 2

One

One boon deny'd I still must grieve,
 Tho' tempted now to ask it,
 For ever I'm content to weave,
 So love pins up the basket.

No feast by day, for as I'm poor,
 Deceitful friends all fly me,
 Nor care at night to bar my door,
 No robber will come nigh me.

One boon deny'd, I still must grieve,
 Tho' tempted now to ask it,
 For ever I'm content to weave,
 So love pins up the basket.

Since my father has left me his trade and this willow marsh for my inheritance, while I'm able to make my baskets, can find people to buy them of me, and have health to enjoy even the little I get by them, I'm independent, and therefore happy. Where's this simple fool Wattle! (*Calls*) he scarce earns his subsistence, but I'll give it to the poor fellow, because he wants it, Wattle!

Enter WATTLE (terrified.)

Wat. Oh, lord!

Wil. What's the matter.

Wat. The scalping knife!

Wil. Eh!

Wat. The tomahawk!

Wil. What!

Wat. Have I it on? (*Seems afraid to put his hand to his head.*)

Wil. Are you afraid you've lost your head?

Wat. No, only in doubt, if I hav'n't lost my hairy cap; do good master, to convince me I have it still, give my tail a little pluck, gently tho'! (*William plucks his hair.*) Yes, I have it. Bloody minded cannibals! they'd have sing'd and devour'd—

Wil.

Wil. Oh, pursued by the French Indians?

Wat. French! I believe they were Scotch Indians, and wanted to make a haggies——now, Sir, do you think this looks like a sheep's head?

Wil. Oh, you were in danger of falling into the hands of the Iroquois; but if you have brought me no others how am I to get on with my work?

Wat. Play day! grand rejoicings! the Count is to be married to-morrow, to a great Marquis.

Wil. Marquis!

Wat. Stay, I believe it's to the Marquis's daughter.

Wil. Do they say she's beautiful?

Wat. Ladies are all so, except a few, that are so so.

Wil. I never thought ladies handsomer than other women, till I saw that heavenly creature that was overset in the wherry, near the Montreal Road.

Enter POMADE.

Pom. I believe I'm near the place—Which is the Basket-maker.

Wat. I am, Sir; I cut down the willows, and he there twists them up together.

Pom. Then you are King of Frog Island, yonder.

Wat. Yes, Sir, are you one of my subjects?

Pom. Sirrah, I'll break your head.

Wat. What, you'll knock your own against it?

Wil. I fancy it's me you want.

Pom. (to William) My master, Count Pepin, desires to see you at the fort.

Wil. To see my ware?

Wat. I'll take him up some well-finish'd work.

Wil. Wattle.—(Beckons to Wattle, who goes into

into the cottage) Sir, you must take a glass of such as I can give you.

Re-enter WATTLE, with a wicker bottle, and a large drinking-horn, which he holds behind his back.

Wat. Now, cou'dn't you at first tell us you were a serving man, without all this circumnavigation, you stupid scoundrel.

Pom. Sir, I'll certainly—(*Advances to strike Wattle, who shews the can and horn.*)

Wat. You'll—So will I—so shall he, (*points to William*) merry lads, all three.

AIR, TRIO.—WILLIAM, WATTLE, POMADE.

Wat. I baskets can twist, yet my bright ruddy face,
Shews I twist a can of good liquor,

Wil. To make him look fine his round body we case,
In a coat of white willow wicker,

Pom. Jovial bout,

Wat. To your snout,

Wil. Cork first out,

Wat. Throat no doubt,

All. No cataract tumbles down quicker. (*They drink.*)

Wil. My girl, as young birds in my glass their bills dip,
The white lilly joins to my roses,

Wat. Her eyes sparkle bright, sweet and moisten'd her lip,
And her heart to love it disposes.

Wil. Lady mine,

Wat. Take your wine,

Pom. Thoughts combine,

Wil. Lips to join,

Wat. In kissing we jingle our noses,

Wil. Shine,

Pom. Fine,

Wat. Wine,

Wil. Lady mine,

All. In kissing we jingle our noses.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE III.

*An Apartment at the Fort.**Enter COUNT PEPIN, in morning gown and slippers, with a guitar.*

Count. Oh, this happy day! I may soon expect the Marquis de Champlain and his niece Claudine, my intended bride; shall I please her? Yes, assuredly, she must like me. But how to employ my time till she comes—my estate furnishes such a field for luxuriant pleasure, that I don't know which to chuse; I don't know what to do with myself; I think I'm now just in the humour for—*(rings)* How lucky it is for us young fellows of ease and indolence that our old drudging fathers were born before us.

Enter JACQUES.

What's the matter?

Jacques. I thought you rung, Sir.

Count. Did I! Oh yes; I wanted—a—a—
curse me if I know what I want. Send Pierre.

[Exit Jacques.]

I'll give a ball and trip her up with my entréchat.
(dances)

Enter PIERRE.

Eh!

Pierre. Jacques said your Lordship call'd me.

Count. Did I, Oh, aye, true, to——Call Bab-
tiste.

[Exit Pierre]

Enter

Than in our concert with my Suprano, I'll tickle her grand goût—(*sings*)

Enter BAPTISTE.

Well!

Babt. My Lord, Piere said you had commands for me.

Count. Commands, oh, true, tell the coachman to come hither. [*Exit Babtiste.*
Tho' I shant go out this evening.

Enter ANDRÉ.

André. Here am I, Sir.

Count. Are you, and what brings you here?

André. Why Babtiste said——

Count. Oh, ay, true, I wanted you, to tell you—I don't want you.

André. The next time, I'll send my horses to you. (*aside*) [*Exit.*

(*Count throws himself on a sofa.*)

Count. I thought I wanted a—a—somewhat, and here comes the very thing.

Enter BLOOM.

Bloom. Oh Sir! Sir!

Count. Ah! my little housekeeper! You look charmante to day, Bloom!

Bloom. Do I Sir?

Count. Do you know Bloom, I dreamt last night, that I was reclin'd here on this very sofa, and that you trip'd over in the prettiest pitta-pat, and kissed me.

Bloom. Sir, dreams go by contrarys, (*curtsies*) but, Sir——

Count.

Count. Then mine was an omen that I shou'd:
(*rises*) Pittapat, kifs you. (*advancing*)

Enter CHICHIKOU.

Cbi. Sir——

Count. Hem !

Bloom. I wonder at your impudence Chichikou : I can't shew master the bill of fare for sup, per, but you must come tumbling up against people.

Cbi. You shew him bill of fare, he got tast- ing de head dish. You shou'dn't let master kifs ; you know I love, and I be your fellow servant.

Bloom. You my fellow servant, you impudent faucy savage.

Cbi. I'll have you in my power for dis. (*aside*) Sir, you go down to river side to get de Marsh Island, for you hunt de beaver ? de young man be below, de maker of basket dat own it.

Bloom. A fool come jabbering of beavers and basket-makers, and Sir, I wanted to tell you, here's a grand old gentleman in his fine chariot—

Count. The Marquis de Champlain and his niece ! Vite vite, my good Bloom, now look to the servants. Every preparation in a stile of elegance ! Fly Chichikou, desire Pomade to attend my dressing-room.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE IV.

A superb Drawing Room.

Enter WATTLE with different sorts of Baskets.

Wat. Master's so sheepish, asham'd to walk up stairs boldy and shew his goods to the customers; I'll lay them out for the gentlefolks to see them to advantage; here they are of all sorts and sizes. (*arranging them on a table*) There's a work basket for a lady, that's a pretty thing, there's a bread basket for a Butler, that's a good thing, there's—

Bloom. (*without*) This way, your Ladyship.

Wat. The Grandees.

[*Retires.*]

Enter BLOOM, introducing CLAUDINE, who feigns an awkward simplicity.

Bloom. Yes, my Lady, my master will wait on your Ladyship. Shall I shew the old gentleman up? Your father, I mean my Lady.

Clau. Ay, but that old gentleman is a Lord Marquis, and not my father, he's only my nuncle.

Bloom. A Lady! well, I flatter myself here's a little difference between her and some folks.

[*Aside, and Exit.*]

Clau. (*In her natural manner*) My foolish uncle, to bring me here to marry this Count, who, with an immense fortune, I'm told is a wretch. My heart—Yet pride bids me blush to think it, is

I fear

I fear, wholly possess'd by that humble, yet charming young man, who assisted us when our barge overset at Montreal.

Mar. (without) Why where have you got too, Claudine?

Clau. Now to take up my fool's part again: by continuing the idiotical character I've assumed before my uncle, since my return from the convent, I may avoid a match I am sure I must detest. Did you call me? (*in an awkward manner, takes out philberts and nut-crackers.*)

Enter LE MARQUIS DE CHAMPLAIN.

Have you crack'd all your philberts, Nuncle?

Mar. Child, they're bad for the voice, and as I wish you to display your accomplishments, I may ask you to sing a little chanson for Count Pepin.

Clau. Well, if I can't sing, sure I can make him a fine curtesy; but where is the gentleman?

Mar. Let me see the Lady, that's what I'd have you to shew yourself.

Clau. (Stares) Eh!

Mar. Dear, dear, they have neglected her education so shamefully at that convent where I plac'd her. The Count's a man of fashion, child, and you'll certainly disgust, where you should endeavour to please: look what a noble chateau and gardens you'll be mistress of; equipage, liveries; why his very servants are so grand, that he rattles into Quebec with the brilliancy of an Ambassador—Eh, brilliant! what's all this? (*seeing the baskets*)

Wat. (advancing) Yes Sir, master and I are basket-makers.

Mar. Ah, ah! I like the honest industry of Artisans.

Claude. The Count may be grand, but he has not much manners to keep us waiting so long.

Enter BLOOM.

Bloom. Any commands for me your Ladyship.

Claude. This is twice I've seen you Madam, but I protest I don't know who you are.

Bloom. Count Pepin's housekeeper, my Lady.

Claude. Housekeeper! la! how fine you're dressed for a servant. Oh! then I suppose here comes the Count's valet de chambre.

Enter COUNT PEPIN, (bows to Claudine.)

Pray young man, will you tell your master we are waiting.

Count. Madam!

Mar. Ah! My dear Count give me leave to present my niece.

Claude. Oh la!—you, Sir, the Count! will you pardon me for taking you for the servant? (*walks up*)

Mar. Ha, hem! Claudine!

Bloom. Ha, ha, ha!

Wat. Ha, ha, ha!

Bloom. Who is that impudent fellow laughing at?

Count. Scoundrels admitted into the apartments!

(*thrusts Wattle out and kicks the baskets after him.*)

Claude. This way young woman.

[*Exit with Bloom.*]

Count. A whimsical sort of young lady this, but politeness demands—My Lord I'm very happy to see you.

Mar.

Mar. But Count we've had a long roll to you here from Montreal, so my niece will take her coffee, and I'll give my opinion of your cellar, for I'm the best judge of wine in all Canada. (*the Count rings*) I've a packet here from the French Minister, for a man of the name of Simon Rochefort, an old friend of mine, do you know any such?

Count. Rochefort! I've heard the name, a fugitive amongst the Iroquois Indians.

Enter BLOOM, and SERVANTS with wine, &c.

GLEE—MARQUIS, COUNT, and BLOOM.

Pure friendship come, with heart in heart confiding,
Come Love on Venus' Doves from Paphos gliding,
Come God of Wine in smiles thy great tun striding.

Enter POMADE.

Pom. Sir, the young man you sent for is below.

Count. With your permission, my Lord—shew him up—I'll give the Marquis a specimen of my authority and importance in this place.—

Enter WILLIAM and POMADE.

Oh—my friend—I sent for you—to—Eh! Oh, true, I recollect you are a—what trade?

Wil. Sir, I'm a Basket-maker.

Mar. (*aside*) Eh! haven't I seen this young man before—Oh, yes, the very clever youth that assisted us at Montreal.

Count. That little Osier Island you occupy, not
much

much consequence to any body, but an immense rendezvous for Beavers, and—my Lord, Beaver-hunting is my darling passion; from it's being situated contiguous to my ground, it will answer some convenience to me—I purpose buying it of you.

Wil. But, Sir, I can't sell it.

Count. Eh! (*surprized*)

Wil. The few willows that grow on it, supply me with the means of life.

Count. But if I offer a purchase, perhaps, twice its value.

Wil. Sir, that spot, tho' small, is my only patrimony, and the crown of France cou'dn't purchase it.

Count. No! (*whispers Pomade, who goes off.*)
You may retire. [*Exit William.*]

Rascal! but I'll be revenged! (*aside*) my Lord, do me the honor to accompany me to the water side, I'll entertain you with an illumination this evening?

Mar. I attend your Lordship.

Count. Who waits there?

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Before WILLIAM'S Cottage.

Enter ROCHEFORT, SOKOKI, and other INDIANS.

Roche. Yonder is the cottage of my old humble friend, if my son yet lives—Ha! the Count with his people from the fort; now my faithful subjects is the time to shew your attachment to me;

me; seize the Count, put him into a canoe, and paddle him back to the Iroquois country, but hurt none—Sokoki, I depend on you to have my commands strictly obeyed. *[Exit.*

Sok. Soft! *(the Indians gather round him)* For all King Simon say, we will carry off all de French man, woman, and child, we can catch, because they take from us our hunting and fishing country.

All. Will so.

Chi. Now lie hid on face among man-groves, and when Chichikou give signal, whoop, all spring like rattle-snake.

Sok. Dis way *(they steal off.)*

Enter WATTLE, with baskets.

Wat. So, I've made a good market, lost two baskets and sold none, that monkeyfied Count to send for us up, and then kick poor people's ware about—Ay, that's what makes my master look so dismal—I'll trim these ofiers ready for him.

(Takes up ofiers, sits on the ground and begins to cut the leaves and twigs.)

Enter the COUNT, the MARQUIS, POMADE, CHICHIKOU, SERVANTS, and PEASANTS.

Count. You know your orders, set fire to each quarter of this beggarly scoundrel's patrimony as he calls it. *(to his Servants)* a reptile! dare to dispute my power and pleasure; I'll not leave a willow on the marsh.

Wat. What's that! my master's Island!

Count.

Count. Such trees as escape the fire, level with your bill hooks.

Wat. The man that touches a twig, I'll level with my bill-hook. (*brandishes it*)

Enter WILLIAM.

Wil. What's the matter here ?

Count. Once for all, relinquish your right in the island ? (*to William*)

Wil. Sir, I'll first relinquish my right to breathe.

Count. You're the most unmannerly, stubborn, the most impudent Plebeian——

Wil. For asserting the privileges of a man ? I don't envy you the luxuries of life, and yet you'd deprive me of it's scanty necessities.

Count. My Lord, did you ever hear the like ? A Nobleman of my rank brav'd, his purposes frustrated by the obstinacy of a despicable, rascally, mechanic—Speaks to me covered too !

[*Snatches Williams' hat off, and throws it on the ground.*]

Wil. My distress banish'd respect.

Wat. Distress banishes respect.

(*Takes up the hat, puts it on his own head and struts before the Count.*)

Mar. Count, you marry no niece of mine ?

Count. My Lord !

Mar. You don't indeed !

Count. Let me tell you, my Lord, a breach of engagement, to a man of my distinction——

Mar. You are distinguished by fortune ; the man you wrong has the superior distinction of a noble mind ; he shines in poverty like a star in a dark

dark night, and your wealth and title is a spacious cathedral, illuminated with a rush taper!

Wat. (Surveying the Count) A rush! A farthing candle.

Mar. Count, I'll suppose you divested of your fine trappings, and you and that poor Basket-maker, whom you now despise by some unexpected reverse of fortune, thrown together on a desolate coast, we should then see which of you would prove the better man of distinction.

Count. Obey your orders! (*calling off.*) Quick!

Enter CLAUDINE, (kneels to the Count.)

Clau. Oh, Sir, I beseech you, do not ruin this harmless young man; do not as you love me.

Count. Love! Oh, Ma'am, but I lose the honor of your hand—Obey you scoundrels!

(*The island is seen to blaze—Chichikou yells, the Indians rush in with loud cries, seize and hurry off all but Bloom, who runs into William's cottage, and Wattle, who escapes at the opposite side.*)

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE I.

Inside of WILLIAM'S cottage.

Wattle. (without)

HOLLO! Any savages here? (*Enters*) How lonesome our poor cottage—what's to become of me? Return to my regiment, I'm shot for a deserter; here I've nothing to eat, and follow my master, I'm eaten myself—I will follow him tho'—I'll get my musket, and pack up our cloaths in my knapsack. [*Exit.*]

Enter ROCHEFORT.

Roche. Then the poor old Basket-Maker, with whom I left my son, is no more. To prepare my child for his hard fortune, as I desired the honest owner of this cottage, I find brought him up as his own, and initiated him in his humble occupation—

cupation—poor boy! he has had here but cold comfort, whilst the insignificant usurper of his right, revel'd in every luxury—without a friend too! but friendship flies the poor man's dwelling.

AIR.—ROCHEFORT.

When keen adversity assails,
 In penury array'd;
 On friends we call, but friendship fails,
 When most we want its aid.
 In partial fortune's sunshine warm,
 How can the rich behold;
 The houseless head abide the storm,
 Yet keep a heart so cold.

Re-enter WATTLE, with Knapsack, Musket, and Cartouche.

Wat. An Indian! go out, or by the Lord I'll blow your dirty visage thro' the window, if you attempt to run away with me.

Rocbe. Dont fear, I'll protect you.

Wat. Arm'd, I'm my own protector.

Rocbe. Where's the young man that liv'd here?

Wat. Your swarthy friends have claw'd him up—Ha, ha, ha! in the midst of my sorrow for master, I can't help laughing, to think how neatly they pick'd up the Count too—the hawks darted down and swoop'd him while he was strutting before our door—Ha, ha, ha! stand farther off whilst I laugh.

Rocbe. Then my Iroquois have exceeded their orders; I shudder for my son's safety.

Wat. Begone, or I'll—no! then take my goods off my hands. (*Flings a basket at him, then with rapidity throwing more, and still taking them from a*
z z z
heap,

heap, discovers Bloom, who lay hid under them—*she shrieks.*)

Go out, get along, begone, or I'll pelt you back to the Devil.

Bloom. Oh! what will become of me?

Wat. Hark'ye, walk off quietly, or I'll throw a girl at you.

Bloom. (*Seeing Rochefort, runs in terror to Wat-tle.*) Oh dear, Sir, with your musket, be so kind as to shoot him out.

Wat. A lady gives the word, and — (*presents Roche.* Hold!

Wat. Why I think I'd best, till I know how to unkill you again. (*lowers his piece*)

Bloom. Ah poor Lady Claudine, and the Marquis, and my master.

Wat. All gone with mine; we'd best follow them: what can we do here? the whole country's deserted, all fled.

Bloom. No home! nor friends!

Roche. I'll conduct you to your friends: my boat is moor'd here among the sedges; determine, I must return quick, to prevent the dangers the captives may be exposed to; will you venture with me?

Wat. I was venturing without you, but come, my dear.

Bloom. I go into a boat with a wild man! ah! (*runs off.*)

Wat. Silly fool! put your paw in my hand. (*shakes hands with Rochefort*) A barbarous ugly face to be sure, but as harmless---I'll trust you, if you will bring me to my master—or if you prove a false guide, I can't risk my life in a better cause than in trying to serve my benefactor.

AIR DUET.—ROCHEEORT *and* WATTLE.

Wat. Unto me tell you savage man,
What is't you mean to do?

Roche. I'll take you in my little boat,

Wat. You nominate canoe,
While the flaunting gale,

Roche. Shall fill the flapping sail,
We'll tiff sweet Choeminaboee.

Both. While the flaunting, &c.

Wat. What kind of wife, kind savage man,
Oh, can you get for me?

Roche. With crimfon forehead, golden cheek,
And teeth of ebony.

Like a trout can swim,
And can tame the tiger grim.

Wat. With this here twig then tamed she shall be,

Both. While the flaunting gale,

Shall fill the flapping sail,
We'll tiff sweet Choeminaboee.

[*Exeunt.*]

(*A thunder storm.*)

SCENE II.

A Forest in the Iroquois Country.

(*The Storm encreases*)

Indians in Council, OTCHEGROO presiding.

(*Distant shouts*)

Sok. (*without*) Bring in prisoner.

Otc. Oh, here come Sokoki, dat did go up
river wid our King Simon.

Enter SOKOKI.

Sok. Vi have brought de prisoner, but Chichi-
kou have de more.

Otc.

Otch. In fear Huron nation take up hatchet, while King Simon away, countrymen, have made me dere chief. (*Sokoki does homage to Otchegroo.*)

Enter Indians with Count PEPIN and WILLIAM prisoners, OTCHEGROO and INDIANS look some time at them, then, with a loud yell, raise their clubs and advance.

Count P. Oh, heaven defend me! (*Runs behind WILLIAM, who stands erect, and with undaunted composure looks at them; they stop and gaze on him with wonder.*)

Otch. He look brave man, and no fear death.

Wil. Tis mercy, when fallen into a miserable captivity, yet friends, my death can do you little good, my life no harm, it may be useful to you, give me leave, and I'll try. (*Bow^d with submission, smiles, and entreats their patience. Steps aside, and pulls reeds, grass, and wildflowers, sits on the stump of a tree, and begins to weave them—the Count still crouching behind William, sings—the Indians, by degrees, approach, listen, and look on his work with curiosity and pleasure; having finished the wreath, he rises, and advancing, places it on OTCHEGROO's head. During this the Count sneaks behind a tree, OTCHEGROO looks greatly pleas'd; walks solemn and pompous.*)

Otch. Be it fine crown?

Sok. Very fine and beautiful, pretty handsome. —*They all look with admiration at the crown, then make much of WILLIAM; SOKOKI pauses, runs and drags the COUNT from behind the tree, then pulls grass and reeds, which he gives to him.* Here, weave.

Count. What are these for, my dear fellow? (*trembling.*)

Sok.

Sok. For you to weave me fine crown.

Count. Weave ! I'm no weaver ! I'm a gentleman.

Sok. Gentleman ! vat be dat.

Count. Why, Sir, a gentleman is—a me, what I am.

Otch. But what can you do ?

Count. Do ! don't I tell you I'm a gentleman, and do nothing.

Otch. Den de gentleman be good for notting.

Sok. Knock him brain out. (*They yell and raise their clubs.*)

Count. Oh, my sweet friend, fave me ! (*Runs behind WILLIAM.*)

Wil. Hold ! (*to the Indians*) you mistake, I am but a poor mechanic, and owe even my subsistence to the labour of my hands ; if you confer favors on your captives, they are more properly due to him who is far my superior in birth, rank, wealth, and education.

Count. So I am gentlemen, the lad tells you very true ; If ever we get back, my dear boy, I'll make you such amends ; you'll see what groves you shall have a garden of pine apples, for your marshy swamp (*apart to William*) hem ! (*recovering his importance*) yes my honest wild bucks, as he says, trades-people, like him, are low vulgar bourgeois, a different species from us, they are born only to make and weave, and do and contribute to the ease of us noblemen.

Otch. While you do nothing ?

Count. Oh, yes, I'll shew you what I can do, (*throws himself into a fencing attitude*) ha, ha ! what think you of that (*sings a short strain*) or that ; or (*dances and sings, in the midst of which Sokoki pushes him.*)

Sok. Vat tink you of dat.

Count.

Count. Ha, ha, ha! Very comical, pleasant. What infernal savages.

Otch. But what be use in all dis?

Count. Use!—'tis useful—and 'tis used when we use it. (*confused*)

Sok. Knock him brain out. (*they raise their clubs*)

Wil. Stop, as you seem to approve of my poor efforts to oblige you, besides that little coronet, I can make you many other things that you may find of real utility, I shall want a person to pull and bring me the necessary materials, in such employment; tho' he's not inured to work, this gentleman——

Count. Say man. (*apart*)

Wil. This man can be of service to me if you will spare his life?

Otch. We spare him for you.

Count. My best fellow. (*apart to William*)

Sok. And he shall be your servant.

Count. Eh, how—what, servant!

Sok. No! knock him brain out.

Count. Hold, hold, I will be any thing.

Sok. Vat he have so fine cover, he no deserve, you shall have his fine cover cloaths, we strip him, and put on him bear skin; do no stand cry prate. Go wait upon your master. (*gives him a bill-hook*)

Count. Master! ay, now this low bred rascal will pay me home in kind. (*aside*)

Otch. Build a good house from de sun, and de rain, make him soft bed of bever hair, and put dis big bear skin over to make him warm. (*gives one he had been sitting on to Sokoki*) Catch de white bird for him eat, de fly bird for him song, fish for Goberques, and cook him, good Sagamity, draw de maple wine, sing, dance, every ting to
make

make pleasure for de great good man; (*to William*) and him slave there can eat what him leave, and sleep at door of him house. (*to the Count*)

Count. "Eat what him leave, sleep at him door!" Oh that I had been brought up a carpenter; plague of my fencing-master!

Wil. Your next favor is to search for the lady, that I understand was seized; grant her kindness and protection—Come Count, don't despond, tho' fortune has unexpectedly reversed our situation, I shall still remember you're my fellow creature.

Count. You're very good—Oh that I should live to be told, and even as a compliment, that Pepin Comte de Montemart, Baron de la Bombe D'orgueil, Vicomte de Ribambelle, and Chevalier de la Toison D'or, is fellow creature to a basket-maker.

Sok. Go to make your Massa bed. (*pushes Count*)

1st. *Indian.* Go to build your Massa house.

2d. *Indian.* Go to catch your Massa fish. (*bustling him*)

Sok. Go to devil. (*pushes him off*)

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Another part of the Forest.

Enter BLOOM, weeping; her dress disordered.

Bloom. What a fool was I, to venture back into
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our house to look after my dress, and so fall into the hands of the savages, that still lay lurking about there; here they've brought me, and tho' I've slip'd from them, yet where shall I run? Hide in the bushes, I may be bit by some terrible serpent; got no change of cloaths! in two days I shall be a savage myself: oh, how it wou'd comfort me to see the face of any body I once knew in a christian country. I find now we never set a proper value upon a man till we stand in need of their assistance. I'll lie down and cry myself to death.

AIR,---BLOOM.

Ah me! well a day, Oh! what shall I do?
 Surrounded by danger, distracted, distress't;
 I'm cold, wet and weary, and hungry too,
 My eyelids are heavy, y'er dare not I rest;
 All helpless, afraid,
 Defend me who can;
 Sure never did maid,
 So wish for a man.

The earth is my toilette, the fountain my glass,
 How stick a pin right, or how settle my cap;
 My couch a green bank, there's a snake in the grass,
 ▲ Lion may lay his great head in my lap.
 All helpless, afraid,
 Defend me who can;
 Sure never did maid,
 So wish for a man.

Enter CHICHIKOU. (in Indian dress)

Ah! Who's that!

Cbi. Bloom!

Bloom. Oh joyful moment, my dear sweet man!
Charming

Charming Chichikou ! my beautiful Chichikou !
How glad I am to see you.

Chi. You mistake, you no know me.

Bloom. Not know my dear, kind, fellow servant ! but why did you throw off your livery ?

Chi. Ha, ha, ha ! Me no fellow servant. When me at home, you call saucy impudent savage.

Bloom. I beg your pardon : I was then too well, to know myself or you. (*weeps*) Dear, sweet Chichikou, dont let me be kill'd by your countrymen.

Chi. As you in distress, I forgive you. Love Chichikou, him will fish, hunt, fight, die for you.

AIR—*Chichikou.*

Chichikou if you no love,
Wild thro' the woods him pat about mad,
What sweet Bloom I prize above,
Your cheek to touch my lippy be glad ;
You white lady of the grove,
With Iroquois much gamy be had,
Nisakai,
We'll have Babilouchins,
Ickoueffens,
Noutchimou papi.

Shell fish claw I from de rock,
I hunt de bear, tho' him have long nail ;
Like young chick maccaw shall flock ;
Fall showers of peach in every gale,
You shall eat de fine peacock
Before de sun, him spread a fine tail.
Nisakai, &c. &c.

Exeunt.

SCENE III:

A Thicket.

CLAUDINE *discover'd (asleep) bound to a Tree. SOKKI and another Indian sleeping at some distance. Bows and arrows and the Calumet lying on the ground.*

Enter WATTLE.

Wat. So, I've got a pretty fousing, must go upon the water with an Indian, might as well hop off the top of a church with a crow, our boat oversets, and Mr. Savage very composedly skims over the waves to a comfortable dry rock, shakes his ears, and hey off into the woods. How I landed, I'm sure I don't know, except I was slap'd on shore by the fin of a shark; I've lost my fowling-piece, or I think I might breakfast on a parrot this morning. (*looking about, sees Claudine*) Odso, I've got into a lady's bed-chamber, asleep! bound! poor soul! please heaven, you shall have liberty, if there's any edge to a tobacco knife.

(*takes out a knife, going towards her, sees one of the Indians, starting back, sees the other.*) I now might kill these fellows, but for two things, my tobacco knife is blunt, and I should'nt like to be kill'd myself in my sleep; they shan't kill me awake tho'. (*takes the bows and arrows*) I'll hide these in a bush. Eh, this is the calumet, with this I'm safe—for my master told me, once one can get an Indian to smoak this pipe with us, they have never been known to hurt a body
—good

—good to have something else in one's hand tho'.

[*Exit with the Calumet bow, &c*

Enter WILLIAM.

Wil. I am glad to get a moment's breath from my new friends, they have almost smothered me with kindness—the poor Count—unless protected by me, they'll certainly put him to death. Ha! who's here. (*seeing Claudine*) Heavens! the young lady that I saved at the Montreal Ferry; she, too, was my kind, tho' unsuccessful, advocate with the Count! how lovely! can sleep attend so dreadful a situation. (*unbinds her, she wakes*)

Clau. Who's there? It is—the spirited young man—must I twice owe my life to you? Every circumstance since the Indians seized me, appears a dream, and now I doubt if I'm yet awake.

Wil. Fear nothing Madam, I can receive no higher satisfaction, than to promote your happiness, though I owe the Count but few obligations, it gives me pleasure that I can restore you to him.

Clau. As I flatter myself its not your wish to disoblige me, I beg you'll not mention him.

Wil. Madam, I understood——

Clau. That a marriage was to have taken place between us, so my well-meaning uncle intended: Oh heavens! but my own danger has made me forget him all this time. Sir, find, relieve, assist my dear Lord.

Wil. I'll answer for his safety, I'll seek him; in the mean time, Madam, if you'll condescend to repose yourself at the peaceful assylum which these
poor

poor natives have granted to me, I shall esteem it the gift of Heaven.

Claude. Well, mind no more of the Count in my hearing.

AIR.---CLAUDINE.

My uncle, with a heart of steel,
A coxcomb bids me wed;
The passion he's too wise to feel,
That fills my silly head.
While he is old, and I am young,
I fear it must be so;
The tender heart will prompt the tongue;
I thought obedience frank to shew,
But blushing simper'd, dear Sir, No.

II.

Sly Cupid comes with lisping grace,
And "fair Claudine" he calls;
He peeps, and o'er his cherub face,
A flaxen ringlet falls.
The boy presents a charming youth,
With sprightly gay address;
"Mifs, do you like him, speak the truth":
The question gave me such distress,
I blush'd, and simper'd, sweet boy, yes.
[*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter WATTLE.

Wat. I'll set her at liberty, tho' I lose my skin for it; the Devil—Gone! those black gentlemen then have conjured her away without getting off their pillows---if you are wizards, take that, and guess who gave it you. (*Strikes them, and Exit.*)

Sok. (*Starting from his sleep*) Fury! why you give me pat? take back. (*Strikes Indian.*)

Indian. Me no pat you; take back what me no give. (*Strikes Sokoki*) my bow and arrow gone!

Sok.

Sok. The Calumet! where be---Come, we hunt thief.

Indian. Thief! thief!

[*Exeunt,*

SCENE IV.

An extensive prospect in the Iroquois country.—An Indian pavilion near the front.

Enter the COUNT, in a Bear skin, his hair still in dress, carrying a load of hewn branches, and a vessel of water, two Indians with clubs following.

Count. I will kind gentlemen—Ah, Ciel! Ah, poor Pepin! I'm a most unfortunate Nobleman! Oh, dear! what a figure I should now cut in a drawing room; the Ladies would cry, what's that the accomplished Count Pepin? Oh, fie! begone you shocking monster—these plaguy brutes will kill me; they threw me into the river without ever asking if I could swim, but when I sunk, all agreed I was a lovely diver, there I reposed on an oyster-bed, at the foot of a coral tree, with some sportive salmons frisking round me, like May birds; but yon devil thinking I staid too long below, darts down, and chop, brings me up by the ear. Here they make me hew down great timber trees—the only wood I ever cut was the cedar of my black lead pencil—and carry water by ferkins, and heaven knows I never carried any liquid, but my little bottle of Eau de luce; and all this to furnish my master,

ter, the Basket-maker's house yonder. (*the Indians point to the pavilion.*) I will, sweet Sirs—I find a gentleman is a cursed bad trade; I've served my time to it, and now here's my occupation.

(*goes into the Pavillion, followed by the Indians.*)

Enter WILLIAM and CLAUDINE.

Wil. Here, Madam, you may remain in safety, while I endeavour to find my Lord.

Clau. What a heavenly situation!

Wil. In this native paradise, see the sweet bower these ferocious, but friendly, people have erected for me.

Clau. Charming indeed! A fit retreat for love and innocence. [*Exeunt into the Pavillion.*]

SCENE V.

A wild country, cataracts, and hanging woods in the perspective.

Enter WATTLE, with the calumet, and bow and arrows.

Wat. They're after me; what the devil business had I to meddle with them, where shall I hide while they canter past—but with these I'm equip'd for peace or war; whoever refuses to smock the calumet receives an arrow in his—
(*Shouts without*) Who's that! (*terrified*) if it should be a tiger, may be he wou'dn't object to a sociable whiff.

Othb. (*without*) Who be dere!

Wat.

Wat. (*Pauses*) That's not an echo; the devil, that I cou'dn't keep my tongue quiet, whoever it is they must have heard me, if I could make them think my voice was an echo, till I can sneak out of the reach of their clutches.

Otc. (*without*) Be dere nobody?

Wat. "Nobody". (*goes softly behind a tree*)

Enter OTCHEGROO, SOKOKI, and Indians.

Sok. I'll never stop till I find out tief steal my bow and arrows—I'm sure hear man's voice just now.

Otc. Echo of yours, see, ha!

Wat. Ha!

Otc. You hear, dat is plain echo.

Sok. Eh!—let me—Be you good spirit?

Wat. (*In the same tone*) Yes I am.

Sok. Ha, ha, ha! dat be your fine echo. (*goes to the side, looks about, and drags Wattle forward*) How you do, Mr. Echo?

Otc. Iroquois, bow and arrow? (*taking them from Wattle*)

Sok. 'Tis mine, you be tief, rob me when I sleep.

Wat. I wish you had never woke. (*aside*)

Otc. Where King Simon be not, I be King, I condemn—bring in wood for pile.

[*Exeunt Indians.*]

Wat. Oh. the calumet will save me. (*aside*) Will your Majesty smoke a pipe?

(*offers the calumet.*)

Re-enter INDIANS, bringing in clumps of wood.

Otc. You no stir.

Wat. What am I to stand up here like the Monument? (*They place the wood round him*) So

'cause I'm a Briton, in honour of Old England you surround me with wooden walls—a pretty turned compliment this. Now I look like a Lion Rampant on a Dutch Halfpenny. But pray, my dear friends, what are you going to do with me?

Enter INDIANS, with lighted Torches.

Oh lord!

Otc. Now set fire to wood—burn him—robber! (*Wat. shrieks*)

All. Burn! Burn! Set fire!

Enter CHICHIKOU.

Chi. Is that poor Englishman?—Stop!

Wat. Ay, stop! my dear, kind gentlemen!

Chi. Now to make good my promise, to my sweet Bloom. (*aside*) By custom of country, when relation killed in battle, we have a right to make prisoner relation in him room—I do claim his life, and take this man in place of my brother, that was kill in our last battle against Huron Nation.

Otc. He have liberty.

Wat. You save my life! my blessed, worthy Sir. (*the Indians unbind him, he runs and embraces Chichikou*)

Chi. You have now every right, privilege, name, goods, house, and all dat did belong to my dead brother, Kickapows, de warrior.

Wat. Huzza! Mind good people, I am now Kick-a-mouse, the warrior.

Otc. And as you stand in his place, you fulfill all his obligations.

Wat. To be sure, I'll take my fill of all the obligation s.

Chi. Den all dat was his you must get.

Sok.

Sok. Dem, was him bow and arrows : keep ; dere now your's.

Wat. You're very good, Sir. (*bows*)

Sok. He did give me fine bird. I owe him one, and give you. (*gives a fowl to Wattle*)

Wat. You're a very honest man. Did'nt nobody else owe the dead gentleman any thing ?

1st Indian. He did lend me tunny fish. (*gives a fish*) I return you.

Wat. Fish and fowl, I shall have a good dinner to-day.

Otch. I did owe him some corn, and pay it you.

Wat. Eh ! bread too, hearkye—didn't I hear you say, some gentleman ow'd your brother a couple of bottles of wine. (*apart to Chichikou*)

Chi. No, me no remember.

Wat. You've a bad memory. These are the most punctual people. Well neighbours, who else ow'd any thing to the worthy deceased, you know paying your just debts is the highest proof of honesty ; as I always punctually pay mine, I expect the same—that's what makes me so exact. No more ! what ! (*listens*) Come, come, you woud'nt go to defraud me : Didn't your brother leave his account books behind him. (*apart to Chichikou*)

2d. Indian. (*advances*) De dead warrior.—

Wattle. Ay ! that's right, I knew he died possessed of more effects and chattels.

2d. Indian. Dere was two fowls.

Wat. Aye, very well ; two large barn door fowls.

2d Indian. Dat he did owe me.

Wat. You—mean that you did owe him, ah ! your wild men know so little of language, that they will put the cart before the horse : Talk no more, but pay me the three fowls.

2d Indian. He owe me two, but I will take one for dem. (*takes it*)

Wat. Must I pay Kickamouse's debts. (*to Gbi-chikou*)

Cbi. Oh yes, yes.

Wat. What, when I never administer'd. Oh Lord! now I must dine upon fish.

Otch. He did owe me fine Dolphin I did catch for him; but you will pay me with tunny fish. (*takes the fish*)

Wat. The devil! must I dine upon dry bread, and that not gone to the bakers yet?

Sok. He was in debt to me of much corn. (*takes the corn*)

Wat. So then upon striking a balance, starvation is my sum total. These curs'd rascals. (*aside*) Pray my good people, didn't he owe you a few blows on the back.

Otch. Dat put me in de mind, he did give me once a tump in cheek, I pay it you. (*strikes Wattle.*)

Wat. Hold! Hold! Any more such debts, I'm so generous, I'll make you all a present of a receipt in full.

Sok. He did vid Tomahawk once take my ear.

Wat. What! (*puts his hand up to his ears*)
(*A large athletic Indian steps up to Wattle with two hatchets.*)

3d Indian. If Kikapous liv'd he was dis day to fight me vid hatchet—here. (*offers hatchet*)

Wat. Oh help! murder! (*snatches a lighted brand, flourishes it, and runs into the Pavilion*)

Enter ROCHEFORT in European dress, with open letters, and Indians.

Roche. Bring the gentleman with whom you found this packet—Oh he's here.

Enter the MARQUIS prisoner.

The Marquis de Champlain!

Mar.

Mar. My old friend Rochefort! Are you the dreaded King Simon, the terror of our colonists?

Roche. My Lord, since I find by the packet here, that our King had already restor'd my lands, I most heartily repent the violent means which I took to recover them.

Mar. Ha! ha! ha! Your Majesty's messengers did handle us roughly, and only for that young man, (*pointing out*) by this they might have made soup of me.

Roche. My darling son!

Mar. Eh! What, young William your son! your hand my friend, I give you joy; he's a brave youth.

Roche. I had the discovery of a poor faithful Englishman, it seems his servant. (*Indian music without*)

Enter WILLIAM and CLAUDINE, attended by OTCHEGROO, SOKOKI and procession of INDIANS, with garlands, music, &c.

Mar. My prince, I present you to your King, and Sire.

Wil. (*kneels to Rochefort*) My father!

Roche. My child, adversity has brought out your noble qualities, and made me a happy parent.

O'ch. Great man, dere is wife we give you. (*pointing to Claudine*)

Mar. You give! then so will I; come your Majesty's assent. (*Rochefort bows*) He smiles, the marriage act has passed King, Lords and Commons.

Wil. Am I so blest?

Mar. You'll not be the only great man with a silly wife.

Claud. Ah my dear Lord, we have sense for those

those we like, and where we do not we can talk nonsense.

Wat. (without) I've barr'd the door, let me go, or I'll burn the house and myself.

Enter from the Pavilion WATTLE wrapt in a bear's skin, runs and embraces WILLIAM.

1st Indian. Shoot de bear !

Wat. Oh my dear master !

Indians. Shoot, shoot. *(they level their arrows)*
(Wattle throws off the skin.)

Wat. Mind good people, I wash my hands from all affairs of Warrior Kick-a-Mouse.

Enter CHICHIKOU and BLOOM.

Chi. And do you forget a me now Bloom ?

Bloom. I marry a pepper man ! What do you take me for ? Oh miss ! my Lord !—Eh Wattle wasn't you drown'd ?

Wat. No, were you my dear.

Enter COUNT PEPIN.

Count. (to William, with humility) Master, what rods are to be cut down.

Wat. Master—Rods—what's that ? Oh, oh, oh ! while I've been sop'd in pickle, and smoaking the calumet, my employment is taken by—what is it you ?—then how do you, Count Cockericoo ?

Mar. Count, in you I was marrying my niece to a title without a man ; but I'll give her to a man without a title. *(points to William)*

Count. Indeed ! *(looking at William)* Ah, Sir ! Misfortune has taught me the difference between the imaginary honour of a sound, and the
real

real value of a generous mind. My tyranny in power he has repaid with humanity, and his present kindness wounds my heart for my former cruelty.

Wil. Sir, for his life, (*to Rochefort*) let him enjoy half his estates, since adversity has amended his principles.

Mar. And Count, when return'd to the gay world, tell the proud accomplish'd man of fashion, that the best master of manners, is a wild savage.

Roch. And the truest schools for civilization, are the forests of America.

FINALE.

MARQUIS.

While we trip the merry round,
Merry round goes the world;
Come long hair in fillet bound,
Come with poll woolly curl'd.
Fair yellow,
Hail fellow;
Souls are all of one colour;
Thy brother,
My brother;
So he fill his glass fuller.

CHORUS.

Fair yellow, &c.

WILLIAM.

Thus athwart the lowly vale,
Sun beams glance condescending;
Here when gratitude shall fail,
William's life, date its ending.

Fair yellow, &c.

CLAY-

CLAUDINE.

For our lads, or clowns, or smarts,
 Let ourselves always cater;
 You have heads, but we have hearts,
 And consult only nature.

Fair yellow, &c.

BLOOM,

Hark'ye, pretty Chichikou,
 For my hand never tarry;
 Sir, what better can you do,
 Than your own Bloom to marry.
(To the Court.)

Fair yellow, &c.

WATTLE.

Count, remember you're a Lord,
 Give no theme for tittle tattle;
 'Pon my honour and my word,
 You shall wed Watty Wattle. *(To Bloom.)*

Fair yellow, &c.

ROCHEFORT.

Here I lay my sceptre down,
 Friends from Mount, Grove, and Dell, come;
 What I prize above my crown,
 Is a friend's hearty welcome.

Fair yellow, &c.

THE END.

THE
BLACKSMITH OF ANTWERP.

IN TWO ACTS.

PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN,
IN 1788.

APPROVED BY MR. TARRIN

RECEIVED

PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR,

SPOKEN BY MR. FARREN.

TO touch on Antwerp now, you may suppose
 We mean to talk of treaties, bargains, blows!
 How sage Mynheer, his warehouses to cram,
 First turn'd the tide of trade to Amsterdam;
 How force superior, could establish right,
 And nature's claim was over-rul'd by might.
 To tell, on Antwerp's Change, that grass is grown,
 And Austrian scythes prepare to mow it down *:
 Such modern scenes, you'll see by foreign mails
 How well they're play'd at Berlin or Versailles.

Our Bard to-night, some harmless jokes to crack
 A simple tale, two hundred years brings back;
 When Antwerp flourish'd in her pride and glory,
 A Blacksmith!---You must all have heard the story:
 His heart the forge---this prince of sooty fellows,
 His fire was love, for Cupid blew the bellows;
 With hammer's clink, his throbbing breast kept pace,
 He look'd, he lov'd, then wash'd his murky face.
 This Flemish Vulcan to Adonis turns,
 And for his Flemish Cytherea burns:
 He woos in vain---the painter's mimic art
 Had caught her father by the stubborn heart.
 But see the magic force of mighty love!
 Sublime and great!---what tow'ring height above
 The lover's hope?---a painter now confess'd,
 Our Blacksmith view---and thus, supremely blest'd
 By merit wins his faithful charming fair,
 And tastes the fruits of all his toil and care.

* Alluding to the political state of the Netherlands in
 1788.

Now Royal Windsor, by his work* is grac'd,
Honor'd that work in Royal Windsor plac'd!
As canvass moulders, and bright colours fade,
The painter's fame must seek the poet's aid.

If you but patronize our poet's lays,
Great QUINTIN's art shall flourish in his bays.

* The picture of the Two Misers, at Windsor Castle;
painted by Quintin Matsys, the Blacksmith of Antwerp.

...work in Royal Windsor place
...founders, and bright colours lace.
...name must seek the poet's aid
...but patronize our poet's lay,
...all shall flourish in his day.

signature of the Two Mothers at Windsor Castle
Virginia Mary, the Blacksmith of Annapolis

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Van Dipembeek,	Mr. WILSON.
Van Dunderman,	Mr. WEWITZER.
Albert,	Mr. DAVIES.
Quintin Matfys,	Mr. FARREN.
Jacob,	Mr. QUICK.
Otho,	Mr. EDWIN.
Dort,	Mr. FEARON.
Waiter,	Mr. NEWTON.
Adela,	Mrs. INCHBALD.
Jaquette,	Mrs. WILSON.

SCENE, Antwerp.

THE
BLACKSMITH OF ANTWERP.

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

A Street.

Enter VAN DIPEMBECK.

DIPEMBECK. (*calls off*)

JAQUELETTE! come along girl; Jaquette! d'ye hear?—make haste.

Jaq. (without) Lord, Sir, do let me pay for the things.

Dip. Well, so much for marketting, we shall be pretty well for the eatables; but now to see about the wine, (*goes to a door, knocks*) landlord! master Dort!

Enter DORT from the House.

Dort. (careless and disrespectful) What's the matter now, master Dipembeck?

Dip.

Dip. Did your man leave the wine at my house?

Dort. (*calls off*) Oh, John! did you leave that pint of wine at Mr. Dipembeck's?

Dip. Pint! I ordered six dozen—six dozen man! a pint of wine at my daughter's wedding!

Dort. (*changing his manner*) True, Sir, you did order six dozen; my dear Sir, I beg you a thousand pardons—wont you walk in, and rest yourself? D'ye hear, six dozen of wine to Mynheer Van Dipembeck's—pray, Sir walk in, and take a crust and a cordial—a raw morning—one drop, Sir.

Dip. No thank you; a busy day with me; good bye.

Dort. Good morning, Sir—Sir, I wish you a very good morning. [*Exit.*]

Dip. Ah, my landlord measures out his civility in proportion to his wine—to a pint, a smile; and a low bow to every bottle—Eh, I'll call on Van Dunderman, my intended son-in-law, and see how he proceeds in his nuptial preparations; (*goes to another door and knocks*) Dunderman! Mynheer Van Dunderman! (*Jacob appears at a window*)

Jac. What do you want? ask pardon, Sir.

Dip. I don't want you, I want your master.

Jac. (*calls*) Sir, here's old Dipembeck wants you.

Dip. Old Dipembeck, you mongrel! never mind opening your door, I only called to rouse the bridegroom. [*Jacob retires*]

But I suppose he's dressing as fine—peep out here, you gay Narcissus. (*Dunderman appears at the window in a red night-cap.*)

Dun. Ah, is dat my Fader-in-law?

Dip.

Dip. You're a right Dutch Bridegroom, with your red night-cap at this time of day.

Dun. Vat, is my dear yaffrow, Adela, in de pine and de whine for me?

Dip. Ay, come along, Dunderman.

Dun. Vel, don't make so great noise in de street; and I will pay my love, and my adoration to the charming angel, your daughter, as soon as I get my wig on. (*retires*)

Dip. Ah, you're a good painter, but you're a fine stupid Dutchman—I shall be late home—what keeps the girl? (*calls off*) Why you Jaquette!

Enter JAQUELETTE.

Jaq. There, Sir—now every thing is bought and paid for.

Dip. Paid!—right—but mind you keep a proper account of the money I gave you.

Jaq. I've all the bills, Sir; and you'll find I've laid it out to the best advantage; I'll shew you a handsome wedding supper.

Dip. Let there be plenty of the best, but no waste, Jaquette—where is your marketing, girl?

Jaq. Sir, I've ordered the man to leave it at home; d'ye think I'll be seen walking through the streets, followed by geese, turkies, hares, turbot, ducks, and pattypans.

Dip. A glorious sight, Jaquette!—Let me have no waste though—D'ye hear, reserve a good dinner for to-morrow, as I expect my son, Albert, home from Italy; I think a pheasant, and a couple of brace of partridges, may do for supper to-night?

Jaq. Why, lord, Sir, do you consider the grand occasion?—Your only daughter to be married, and the company you've asked—all the Painters and Picture-dealers in Antwerp.

Dip. I tell you the wild fowl will do; only lay out the side-board with taste—Painters delight in still life, and dead game is a treat to them.

Jaq. Yes, Sir; but their wives and daughters! do you think they'll be contented with your still life and dead game for a wedding supper?

Dip. Ah, you wild pullet; go, get home, keep up my daughter's spirits; let me hear no more of her tears and sobs for Quintin Matsys, her Blacksmith—dress her up, trim as a nosegay, Jaquette!

Jaq. Bless me, I've a thousand things to do; to see the wainscot dusted—the rooms laid out—the Bride dressed—supper served—the beds made—the kifs go round—the stocking thrown—I'm in as much hurry and flurry, as if I were going to be married myself. [Exit.

Dip. Ha, ha, ha! All in good time girl—how nimble she does run! There she scuds it away. I fear some day or other she'll kick up the heels of my old heart. [Exit.

SCENE

SCENE II.

A Tavern.

*Enter a WAITER introducing ALBERT and QUIN-
TIN MATSYS, in travelling dresses.*

Al. Hey!—hav'nt you a better room than this?—but no matter,—a bottle of wine and send your master up. *[Exit Waiter.]*

Dort is a right communicative landlord—no harm to know what's going on before I go to my father's;—my dear Floris, now welcome to Antwerp.

Quin. I Hav'nt seen a city that has pleased me more since our leaving Rome,—they aptly call it the Florence of the Netherlands.

Al. Yes,—here we have riches and vanity; here you shall find work for your pencil, and money for your works—I hope you'll excuse my not taking you to my Father's—tolerably hospitable, and the celebrity of your name as a capital painter would ensure you a hearty welcome, but not expecting us, perhaps things might'nt be altogether so.

Quin. Ah, never mind,—here we are, and sure of welcome at an Inn; but where's this fellow of mine? *(calls)* Otho! if there's a bottle of Peterman in the Bar, he can't pass it. *(calls)* Otho!

Enter OTHO.

Otho. I'm glad there's a looking glass in this room—*(surveys himself)*—very well, that will do. Now for love and my sweet Jaquette, he! he! he! *(going)*

Quin. Where are you going?

Otho. To see my girl.

Quin. Look to the horses, Sirrah!

Otho. Look to the horses ! What, do you think you're talking to a common farrier, Sir ? You're conceited of your painting ! who grinds the colours ? Oh *Jacquette*.

Al. What, have you got a sweetheart here already *Otho* ? Very beautiful, I suppose.

Otho. Beautiful ! She has an eye brow like a mouses-tail, the blush on her neck like raspberry cream ; and then for a hand ! oh, the dimples of her knuckles.

Quin. (*strikes him*) mind your business.

Otho. His knuckles ! my shoulder ! I wish you'd keep your hands to yourself ! the knuckles ! Oh, she is, I wish you'd find somebody else to beat. I go to you *Jacquette*, *Jacquette* to you I go.

[*Exit.*

Quin. Ay, you shall go from me, that I'm resolv'd on.

Enter DORT, (with wine.)

Dort. Here, gentlemen—the right thing.

Al. I love the sight of a Brabant bottle. (*Albert and Quintin drink*)

Dort. That's neat, Sir.

Al. I think I've drank as good.

Dort. The best bottle of cottoe in Antwerp.

Alb (*apart to Quintin*) Our host forgets me ! (*to Dort*) Well, Landlord, what's your newest news here ?

Dort. All good, Sir, all plenty ; got all the trade from Bruges ; the Netherlands is the field of industry, and Antwerp's now the granary ; I beg your pardon, gentlemen. D'ye hear, send those hampers of wine up to Mynheer Van Dipembeck's, near the Bourse. (*calling off*)

Al.

Al. (Apart to Quintin) My father! (*to Dort*) What does old Dipembeck lay in his wine by hampers?

Dort. Grand doings there, Sir, this evening; only a wedding of his only daughter.

Al. (Apart to Quintin) My sister!

Quin. (Aside). Confusion! my Adela?

Al. (To Dort) And pray, who is my new brother-in-law, that is to be?

Dort. Gadzooks! Is it possible you can be young master Albert, that was sent to Rome to learn to draw pictures?

Al. Ha, ha, ha!

Dort. 'Tis he—the very laugh. (*calls*) Here, Jordans,

Enter WAITER.

Get another room, and lay a cloth. (*takes up the wine*) Take this, and fetch a bottle of my own.

Al. Landlord, are you going to take the best bottle of cottoe in Antwerp from us?

Dort. Take! no, I'll give you the best.

Quin. Pray, Landlord, who is the bridegroom?

Dort. A very stupid fellow indeed, Sir. (*turns to Albert*) begging your pardon, for talking so free of a part of your family. You remember Van Dunderman, the painter?

Al. What is my father still in the whim of giving Adela to none but a painter?

Dort. Ay, Sir, and has issued a sort of proclamation, for all the young painters that wish'd for his daughter and money, to send in a specimen of their works, as the best picture should determine his choice.

Quin.

Quin. And perhaps the young lady's heart may have made a choice of it's own.

Dort. Why that it seems it has, Sir; if there were fifty Raphael Urbans offer'd to her, she owns still that she prefers one Quintin Matfys, a blacksmith I think he was.

Quin. (aside) My dear, my faithful Adela!

Al. 'Sdeath, I'm afraid it's true, as honest Dort says—I blush for my sister's grovelling inclinations; this rascally low fellow! I never saw him, but he had, I dont know how, possess'd himself of her affections.

Quin. (aside) So as yet I'm unsuspected.

Al. Where's this bottle of the old you promis'd us?

Dort. On the table, my good Sir. (*calls*) D'ye hear, the room there ready for the gentlemen—my dear Sir, how glad I am to see you, and your friend is welcome, and twenty of your friends are welcome: I don't care how many of you come to my house—all welcome to Van Dort. (*calls out*) Here, waiters, every thing capital for the gentlemen. [*Exit.*

Al. Van Dunderman the best painter in Antwerp! he might have been so before your arrival, Floris,—I wish you had seen my sister—I wish she had seen you, and that my father was acquainted with your merit in his darling art. In short, I wish my dear Floris you were my brother-in-law.

Quin. I thank you. This may be fortunate. (*aside*) Albert—but you're partial to my abilities—suppose I offer myself a candidate—contend the prize of your sister's hand with this Van Dunderman?—d'ye think I have any chance.

Al.

Al. Chance ! I'll stake my soul on your success !—Poor Adela was a fine girl, without a fault, except the silly partiality you have just heard of—rescue her from this Dutch brute Dunderman !—your genius must raise her to affluence and honor—your good qualities make her happy.

Quin. My dear friend, I fear your high opinion flatters me, but granting as a painter, I conquer Dunderman in your father's estimation, —shall I as a lover triumph over the farrier in your sister's affection ?

Al. Oh, he has'nt been heard of these eight or nine years, and I have hopes that some trooper's horse has kick'd his brains out, long since.

Quin. (aside) I'm much oblig'd to you.

Otho. (within) I'll take in the wine myself, and then I'll be with you.

Enter OTHO.

Here's the liquor, Sir.

Al. (to Quintin) Only try it.

Otho. Yes, Sir, I'll try it. (*drinks*)

Al. It must do—

Otho. Yes, it will do very well—which of you dropp'd this here ? (*produces a small picture*)

Al. Oh mine ! (*takes it*)

Otho. Since I must ask leave may I go to take a little walk if you please, Sir ?—thank you Sir. (*bows*) I'll be here again when I come back.

[*Exit Otho.*

Al. My sister is an artist too. (*showing the picture*) that's her work ;—her favorite blacksmith drawn by herself, which I snatch'd from her, and preserve as a remembrance of her folly.

Quin.

Quin. (*aside*) My picture indeed, and the work of my Adela's dear hand.

Al. Eh! by heaven the picture is very like you

Quin. It is indeed, as if it was drawn for me.

Al. You have every feature—only somewhat older I think.

Quin. Ha, ha, ha!—My accidental likeness to this picture, strikes me with an idea—Albert, do you really wish me to be your brother-in-law?

Al. Nothing more desirable.

Quin. This lover of her's you say, has'nt been seen in Antwerp, these—how long?

Al. Eight years, I think.

Quin. What if I—ha, ha, ha, a wild scheme tho'—Suppose I present myself to your sister as her favorite blacksmith; if I pass on her for him, we may imagine her consent obtain'd, and on the other hand, you shall shew a picture of mine to your father, and introduce me as a candidate for his daughter in my proper character of a painter.

Al. Excellent.

Quin. If all this turns out fair and well, your sister may be happy in the idea of obtaining her first love, without disgracing her family by a base alliance, and your father gratifies his whim of giving his daughter to a painter, without doing a violence to her inclinations.

Al. Capital!—Never was any thing better devised—It must do—it can't—it shan't fail—give me your hand—My dear Floris—my friend—my brother—I already give you joy.

Quin.

Quin. Not a moment is to be lost, you hear Dunderman's wedding is fix'd for to-day—but to personate this fellow—this—what's his name?

Al. Quintin Matfys.

Quin. Ay, I'm a farrier, or a blacksmith, ha, ha, ha!—you must tell me all you know about him.—If I hav'nt my lesson well, she'll find me out.

Al. I warrant your extreme likeness to the picture banishes every doubt.

Quin. Yet I must dress somewhat after it.

Al. For a dress any of the Jews in the Meer street here can fit you.

Quin. Well, when I'm equipp'd you'll immediately procure me access to your sister?

Al. I will; obtain her consent as a lover, and as a painter, on shewing your works, you're sure of my father's.

Quin. Ha, ha, ha, I'll about it immediately.

Al. Quick.

Quin. Here, Otho, Otho—Where is this fellow!
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A Room in VAN DUNDERMAN'S.

Enter DUNDERMAN with a pipe, elegantly dress'd; but a night-cap on.

Dun. De divil, vere is dis coach! (*looks at his watch*)—'tis now past twelve, and I should be at

Van Dipembeck's house—I tink I look very well in my wedding suit!—How long dis coach stay, and my sweet bride is wait for me—Vat a deal of pictures I have here unfinish'd, but no matter, I vil not paint to-day. (*calls*) Here—Yacob—my man Yacob!—Ah dis new sarvant!—I ave him only two days, and he put all my affairs into confusion, he is always ready too soon, or he is not ready at all; he underdoes, or he overdoes, (*calls*) Yacob!—No he vil not do for me.

Enter JACOB.

Hey, you Yacob, is dis coach not come?

Jacob. Not yet, Sir, and I desired him to be here exactly at one.

Dun. One! and I desired you to bid him come at eleven—when I give you a message, mind always say my words exactly.

Jacob. Yes, Sir, I will Sir; but here Sir, my Lord is come; he says this is the day you appointed to take a sitting of him.

Dun. I will not draw any body's picture on my wedding day; so he may take his ugly face somewhere else.

Jacob. (*goes to the door, and speaks loud*) My Lord you may take your ugly face somewhere else.

Dun. Sacre loot!—Vat you talk dat vay to my patrons?

Jacob. Why, Sir, was'nt that speaking your words exactly. There's my Lady Frinsmere below stairs too, she wants to sit.

Dun. Let her sit in the great chair below, and when she's tired of sitting, let her waddle off.

Jacob. (*calling at the entrance*) My lady sit below

low in the great chair, and when you're tired, waddle off.

Dun. De devil ! vat you mean ? let my customers alone, since you can't talk good manners to dem—

(*A knocking without—Jacob going*)
stop (*'n a low tone*) if that's Captain Lillo, don't say I'm at home.

Jacob. (*whispering*) I won't, I won't Sir.

[*Exit.*

Dun. He wants to be my bridesman, and I do not like Captains for my bridesmen.

Re-enter JACOB.

Jacob. (*in a lone tone*) Sir, I told him what you bid me, and he's in the next room writing a card to leave for you.

Dun. What, what ? I hate whispering.

Jacob. (*very loud*) Sir, Captain Lillo's in the next room, and I told him you wasn't at home as you desired me.

Dun. Hush ! de devil's in your tongue ? How I am perplex'd, and vex'd at this time ; but let me get out of de house—vy did you say I was at home to all dese people ?

Jacob. Why, lord Sir, one does'nt know what to do with you ! I don't know when to tell lies, nor when to tell truth.

Dun. Mind Yacob, tell lies to all de world, but truth to your master.

Jacob. I shall Sir.

Dun. Here fetch my wig, don't break my pipe—dere, dat vill do ; Yacob, I make a tolerable tmi k Bridegroom, eh ! I tink I look very well to-day.

Jacob. Indeed Sir, day or night, you look frightful always.

Dun. Eh, duijgenniét! vat you say such a rude ting to me for?

Jacob. You bid me always speak truth to my master.

Dun. Yes, but you should not be so ready with your tongue.

Jacob. I won't Sir, I hear the coach stop.

Dun. De coach! come den, I must light a fresh pipe to take vid me, mind, have a guard over your speech; you should tink three times before you speak once.

(lights his pipe and stands near the candle.)

Jacob. I shall Sir, I think once, I think twice, I t! k three times,—your wig's on fire.

Dun. (strikes him) Ah, you scoundrel! you rascal!

Jacob. Help, fire, murder.

[Exeunt Jacob running, Dunderman pursuing]

SCENE IV.

A Street.

Enter OTHO.

Otho. (looking about) So, my dear Jaquette I find is gone to live in sarvis! but where, is the thing I want to know—Oh, what joy it is to a body after travelling all over the world, wet and dry, to come home again to the place where one is born in; every thing seems so comfortable and so quiet.

Jacob. (without) Help, fire, murder!

Enter

Enter JACOB.

Otho. And so peaceable.

Jacob. Oh, he has broke my bones !

Otho. I'm so happy—the fight.—

Jacob. His wig is burn'd, though.

Otho. It warms my heart.

Jacob. (*stops short and looks with surprise*) Is that Otho ?

Otho. Is that Jacob ?

Jacob. You rogue of all rogues, where have you been these seven years ? (*they shake hands.*)

Otho. You dear scoundrel, how do you do ?

Jacob. We had it here that you were dead. Well but do you follow your trade now ?

Otho. Trade ! I am a genius ! travell'd in Rome, Campagna, Venice, Loretto and Fresco—Studied crumbling urns, old walls, marble and mortar,—Oh, the Cabinets and Galleries, Green Copper Medals, and Stone-headed Cæsars ! I left Antwerp a Blacksmith, and I am come home a Painter.

Jacob. A Painter !

Otho. I am, and so is my Master.

Jacob. Ha, ha, ha ! oh, your Master's a painter ?

Otho. He ! why yes,—blefs his dear heart ! to be sure after I grind the beautiful colours, upon an elegant marble slab, and mixes them with a thin bladed knife of temper'd steel, upon a shining oval mahogany board, the poor gentleman my master takes and runs his thumb through it, rubs the colours about with hogs bristles, and then there, slap dash, he daubs upon a square piece of coarse linen, and perhaps sometimes makes out trees, clouds, blue mountains, rivers, dirty cottages,

tages, spotted cows and such like nonsense, and then if any body sits upon a chair before him, he makes out something that every body takes for a face, and then the people give him fifty or a hundred ducats for a yard of canvass, but it's all only because he has daub'd my colours upon it.

Jacob. Ah, if you come to that, I'm as good a genius as yourself.

Otho. You !

Jacob. In the grinding way.

Otho. No !

Jacob. Ay ! why I live with a painter too.

Otho. Indeed !

Jacob. Yes indeed, and my master by his daubing gets a fine wife to day.

Enter DUNDERMAN.

Dun. Vat you tell me of coach you villain ! ha, sacre loeth ! you've order'd no coach !—now I must use my feet. *(kicks Jacob.)*

Jacob. I wish you'd use your feet some other way.

Dun. And now as I have no coach, I must only fly upon the wings of lose.

(puts his pipe in his mouth, and Exit with deliberation.)

Jacob. *(pauses looking after him)* Mind, I discharge you—you're no more a master of mine, I turn you off, so provide for yourself.

Otho. Ha, ha, ha ! I beg your pardon, but I can't help laughing, your master did lift up his leg so comical. Ha, ha, ha ! If my master dare to kick me, I'd give him such a rammacle.

Enter

Enter QUINTIN.

Quin. What are you prating here you rascal, and I've been waiting for you this half-hour.

Otho. Sir, I was asking this gentleman—how the day went.

Quin. (*strikes him*) Take that you idle miscreant, and never dare to come where I am.

[*Exit.*

Otho. (*calling after him*) Mind, I turn you off so provide for yourself young man.

Jacob. Ha, ha, ha! I can't help laughing, your master did lift up his leg so comical. Ha, ha, ha! "If my master dare'd to kick me, I'd give him such a rammacle." (*mimicking Otho*)

Otho. Keep your mouth shut, you've as ugly a set of teeth, as ever I saw.

Jacob. So now I'm my own master.

Otho. And I am my own servant, let me see how I could domineer over myself.—Here, you rascal Otho—Go, get drunk you dog. (*altering his voice*) I shall, please your honor. Oh, I like my new master prodigiously.

Jacob. Never thought my Dutchman was so nimble at the hoof.

Otho. My master too is only a Blacksmith as well as myself; this time nine years wheedled me over to Rome with him. I don't know how he has manag'd it, but he has contrived to make himself a great painter, and me his serving man. (*bows where Quintin went off*)—Thank you good Master Quintin Matsys—that's his real name, though the fellow calls himself Floris.

Jacob. What, is that the great Floris? Zoun-tish, the most capital Painter!—I've a thought
—oh,

—oh, such revenge upon our two masters!—
have you ever a picture painted by that Floris.

Otho. Eh! Why, yes; we've left a fine picture of two old Misers at the Custom House.

Jac. That'll do, come along my boy; I've the most precious scheme in my pate.

Otho. What!

Jacob. Say no more.

Otho. I never was good at a scheme.

Jacob. It shall get you a fine girl, and a deal of money, and I touch half. Tol, lol. (*sings*)

Otho. Tol, lol, lol. (*sings; stops suddenly*) but why are we so merry now?

Jacob. Come, we'll settle it over a glass of Louvaine beer.

Otho. Eh! shall we?

Jacob. Yes, we'll bob our nimble footed masters.

Otho. Hob nob, drink, come along.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE I.

*DIPEMBECK'S House.**Enter ADELA and JAQUELETTE,*

ADELA.

NO, Jaquette, 't isn't Dunderman's person or brutal manners, which are indeed as you say odious enough, that disgust me; but that all mankind, except my Quintin, are to me indifferent.

Jaq. Well, I vow, Madam, you're the very Phoenix of constancy! Your lover gone nine years—it's much about that time, since my roving blade, Otho, disappear'd from Antwerp, and I have had twenty lovers since, though I vow, I never chose one, and—excuse comparisons, but my Otho was a Blacksmith too, the same trade as your Quintin.

Ade. Ay, Jaquette, 'twas that trade, that vile trade, that my poor Quintin was put to, by his sordid uncle; 'twas at that, my brother Al-

bert's pride took fire; 'twas that, and my father's enthusiasm for painting, that robb'd me of the sweetest youth—the kindest—most tender—
(*weeps*)

Jaq. Poor soul! (*crying*) My heart aches for you; if I wou'dn't give all the money I ever earn'd, to free you from this marriage; hang Dunderman, and his painting, and his own ugly picture.

Ade. Ay, Jaquette, such a contrast! see, a sketch I was making of Quintin, from memory.
(*gives her a miniature*)

Jaq. (*weeping*) Dear, what a sweet countenance—to lose such a charming! I vow I've drop'd a tear upon the face; I've wash'd his eye out.

Dip. (*without*) Jaquette! Jaquette!

Jaq. Coming, Sir.—I'm sorry I've put out the dear fellow's eye.—(*returns the picture*) Coming, Sir.
[*Exit running.*]

Enter ALBERT and QUINTIN, the latter meanly dressed.

Al. (*apart to Quintin*) There's my sister, make use of your time.

Quin. Hold—what's my name?

Al. Quintin Matfys.

Quin. True.

Al. And to confirm her in this opinion, I'll go find my father in upon you both. [*Exit.*]

Quin. (*aside*) How my proud friend will storm, when he finds I am really Quintin Matfys. Oh, Love, thou that hast made me a painter, close my labors with a sweet reward, in the possession of my Adela! my heart flutters, I tremble with awe—delight—how beautiful!

Ade.

Ade. Worlds would I give now for that sketch of my Quintin, that my cruel brother deprived me of; but his dear image is engraven on my heart. (*Quintin unseen lays his picture on the table before her*) Ha! is this Magic! or has some benignant power heard my prayer, and in pity restored—(*Quintin shews himself, she shrieks and faints.*)

Quin. My Adela, my life, my soul, help! what has my folly done?

Dip. (*without*) My dear boy! my dear son Albert, you're come home in such a joyful moment, to be present at your sister's wedding.

Enter DIPENBECK and ALBERT.

Al. But where is she? my dear dear sister! Eh!—What fellow's this?

Dip. Hey! what scoundrel are you?

Al. What business have you with my sister?

Dip. What have you to do with my daughter?

Al. I see Adela you've recover'd the picture of that base born fellow!

Dip. But who is this!—Who is this fellow?

Al. (*comparing the picture with Quintin*) Hey! the very face! By heaven, Sir, this is!—(*looks at the picture again*) Pray friend, is not your name Quintin Matsys? (*Quintin bows*)

Dip. Quintin Matsys come back!—Oh, you villain—come here, Adela.

Ade. Nay, but dear father—

Dip. You my daughter! I discard you.

Ade. Brother!—

Al. I disown you for a sister.

Quin. Sir, are there no hopes, no means to obtain your favor?

Dip. Yes, you may obtain my favor, very easy too.

Quin. How, dear Sir? tell me.

Dip. Only be obliging enough to hang yourself for half an hour!—I'm in such a passion!—Ay, girl, cry! If every tear was the Scheldt, a shower would not quench my rage.

Ade. A moment to restore my long lost love and the same moment to be torn from his presence.—Father—Brother—Quintin!

Dip. I'll Quintin you—get in there.

[*Exeunt, Dipembeck and Adela.*]

Al. Victoria!—my sister's yours!

Quin. Why, she certainly don't suspect me for any other than Quintin?

Al. Not in the least, so her consent is sure.

Quin. Now, if the piece I shall send, does but gain your father's—

Al. Your picture of the misers; that, that's the thing.

Quin. It's yet at the Custom-House.

Al. Send Otho instantly for it.

Quin. Hang the fellow, I must hire another servant, I can get no good of him; however, before the picture comes, mind you acquaint your father, who I really am, introduce me to him as myself, out Dunderman goes, and my business is done.

Al. Charming!—but Floris, how do you like my sister?

Quin. A Niobe! a Madona in the flight; a Virgin Magdalen veiled in innocence—But, her distress hurt me exceedingly.

Al.

Al. Psha! you'll bask in sunshine, after this shower.

Quin. But hold—wont your father remember me to be the same person, he was just now in such a rage at finding in his house?

Al. No, no, your change of dress—the picture—your misers, their beaming gold will play upon his twinklers—that's their center of attraction.

Quin. Well now from Quintin Matfys, the discarded Blacksmith, to Frans Floris, the happy Painter!

Al. But, my dear fellow—zounds! get along you infernal! (*pushes him off*)

Re-enter DIPEMBECK.

Dip. That's right, Albert, turn the rascal out; but, how did he get in?—Oh, what shall I do?—What shall I say to Mynheer Van Dunderman?

Al. Sir, you mustn't think of Dunderman for a son-in-law.

Dip. Not think?—But I will think of him.

Al. No, no.

Dip. What d'ye mean by that, you puppy?

Al. He mustn't have a sister of mine.

Dip. What, sirrah, have I sent you to Rome, at the expence of two thousand florins a year, and have you learned only to thwart my favourite design, of giving her to a painter?

Al. My dear father be cool a moment, it's my respect to your favourite design—I have such a husband to recommend for my sister.

Dip. Eh! why sirrah, you're as bad as Adela.

Al.

Al. Such a Painter as I have brought with me—the Prince of Artists!

Dip. What, a great Painter?

Al. Accompanied me from Rome, a disciple of Leonardo de Vinci.

Dip. Indeed!—a great master!—Eh, Albert?

Al. A soul fired by genius; a mind expanded by science—but I'll say no more, let his works speak for him.

Dip. His works! Oh, Lord, shall I see his works?—Science!—ha, boy, you shall see a work your father has compleated while you were away—I'll shew you a lecture on the Clara Obscura—but here comes Van Dunderman.

Enter DUNDERMAN.

Dun. Mynheer Dipembeck, is your daughter ready to be married to me?

Dip. (*Apart to Albert*) Eh, Albert, is this other such a very great Painter?

Al. (*apart*) I expect a picture of his here every moment.

Dip. (*apart*) Hem! Hush!—Van Dunderman, will you wait a few minutes?

Dun. Oh, I'm in no hurries.

Enter JACOB.

Vat you come for Yacob?

Jacob. Hem!—Sir, my master, the most capital painter that ever brushed canvas.—

Dip. Well, we all know your master is very great.

Dun. Yes, 'tis well known I'm very great.

Jacob.

Jacob. Yes, Sir, I say, my master hearing of your beautiful daughter's great beauty, has sent me to let you know——

Dun. I send you !

Jacob. That he'd be glad to marry her.

Dip. Well, we all know that already.

Jacob. And to prove himself worthy of your favour, as a specimen of his great abilities, he has sent by me, his favourite picture of the two misers.

Dun. De Devil !—What miser is this ?

Al. (*aside*) So, Floris has got a new servant already

Jacob. And moreover he hopes——

Dun. Vat message is dis you're giving before my face, and dat I did never send ?

Jacob. Hold your tongue Dunderman, you're nobody now a-days. (*calls off*) Bring in the picture. (*the picture of the misers brought in*)

Dip. Oh, beautiful !—Oh, delightful !—most excellent !

Al. (*aside*) Ay, 'tis Floris !—There, Sir, look—you see what an artist my friend is.

Dip. Oh, then, this is the person, you were speaking of ?

Al. Yes, Sir, (*apart*) Do dismiss Dunderman, in as delicate a manner as you can.

Dip. Delicate ! I will in the Dutch way—Dunderman, you may go home.

Al. I think you may as well, indeed Myn-heer.

Jacob. Go Dunderman ; go home.

Dun. I did come to marry your daughter !—(*throws a look of vexation at the picture.*) But if you're busy, I'm in no hurries, so I will go home and finish Massrow Lady Frinsmere.

[*Exit, stalking slowly.*

Dip.

Dip. Ay troop, you get no daughter of mine indeed Mynheer; but pray friend is the Painter of this Picture coming?

Jacob. Sir, he'll be here in five minutes. (*goes to the door, looks out, and calls softly*) Otho, Otho! What keeps the rascal! I'm afraid I've let him drink too much—If I can but pass him here for the painter of this picture, and he marries the lady, and we snack her fortune! (*aside*)

[*Exit.*

Al. Now, dear Sir, receive my friend handsomely—A capital master, I promise you.—So, I'll leave Floris to speak for himself, and prepare Adela, for her approaching felicity. (*aside*)

[*Exit.*

Dip. Oh, how I long to see this admirable, this great man!

Otho. (*without*) What, did you get my fine big picture up these little narrow stairs?

Dip. His fine big picture!—Yes, this is he; this is the great master; he shall have her; he shall marry my daughter this day.

Enter OTHO, dressed.

Otho. (*bows*) Sir!

Dip. Sir, you're wellcome; I presume you are——

Otho. You're right, I am so, I'm now the greatest Painter in this world.

Dip. (*aside*) You might let other people say that.—Sir, this specimen of your work, (*looking at the picture*) I must say is a master piece.

Otho. My master's piece!—It's my piece.

Dip. Your master!

Otho.

Otho. Yes, Sir, that is, the man that—that taught me, I call him my master, because I was his scholar.

Dip. A very good reason, Sir.

Otho. Yes Sir, I am a very great man, and yet I have so much modesty, that, I assure you, I never boast or talk of it.

Dip. I see you're very modest.

Otho. In Italy, Sir, I and Michael Angelo, carry all before us.

Dip. Indeed!

Otho. Yes, poor Mick is a decent——

Dip. Decent!

Otho. That is, he has a knack.

Dip. Yes, Sir, he has a knack of being the best painter now living.

Otho. What do you talk, Sir!—Best!—You forget I and Appelles.

Dip. I acknowledge your merit, Sir; but if you mean the Grecian, that is, Alexander's Apelles, he happened to die some eighteen hundred years ago.

Otho. Alexander Apelles!—I thought you meant my friend Tom Apelles, of Boisleduc.

Dip. (*looking out*) There, Sir, those Busts are Angelo's works.

Otho. Busts!—Oh, the Heads yonder?

Dip. A marble Vitellius and Galba; the Plaster cast is an Otho.

Otho. A me!

Dip. An Otho.

Otho. O, ho!

Dip. That, that's my favourite head.

Otho. Yes, Sir, Otho's head is a great favourite of mine too—but what signifies them things,

look at my pictures and admire, there's the grand gusto.

Dip. Admirable I confess, great expression! rich, warm colouring.

Otho. Yes, Sir, you know misers are rich, warm fellows, he, he, he!

Dip. I dare say Sir, you've perform'd many great works abroad.

Otho. Great! let the palaces and churches of Italy speak for me; I painted fifteen cathedrals, inside and outside.

Dip. Outside!

Otho. Oh, yes, Sir, that is in my landscape views, all so natural; supposing a cathedral happens to stand behind a mountain, or a cottage behind a cathedral, or an ass behind a cottage, it's all one to me.

Dip. You've a very clear sight, if you can see a cottage or an ass through a cathedral.

Otho. All from my prospective Sir, my great skill in prospective. I'll shew you; now here, suppose I've my pencil ready, this here chair is a cathedral, (*places a chair between him and Dipembeck*)—there, now you're an ass. So here I.—

Dip. Stay, my good Sir, as this chair is not a cathedral, nor I quite an ass, your example is needless. I admire your coloring, but pray do you work in distemper.

Otho. No, Sir, I never touch pencil when I find myself ill.

Dip. I'll. (*aside*) For so great a man, he's strangely ignorant.

Otho. (*aside*) I don't half like these questions;—Sir, let's come to the point, I suppose that my picture

picture here, has won your daughter, so, with your good consent, let's have the wedding at once.

Dip. (aside) Hey! he's very smart upon it, I'll see him do something, I'll try his hand upon my picture, that Dunderman's doing. Sir, here's a piece that a celebrated artist has in hand, (*points to an unfinish'd portrait on an easel*) glad of your opinion, Sir

Otho. Clever, a great likeness!

Dip. Very generous of you, Sir, to praise the work of your rival in love and fame.

Otho. (aside) My rival, oh, oh. Vastly like indeed, yet upon a second look, 'tis rather too black for the hangman of Duffeldorp.

Dip. The hangman of Duffeldorp! why, lord, Sir, that's done for me!—Dear Sir, do pray give it a touch of your pencil—here's a palette ready set.

Otho. (aside) Oh lord, now I shall be found out!—Touch! no, Sir, give me leave to talk to you—Theory, my dear Sir, is the grand work—mere practice is only emblematical mazarinettes; for when your vermillion comes to touch up your chin, like ultramarine, with a fitch dipped in pulverized attitudes; and that's the reason that in our florentine school, to display the true grace of rilievo in a sombre composition of Mosaic gamboge, we beautifully foréshorten our apotheosifical pedestals, and then grinding—you've a fine Roman chin.

Dip. Sir, this is all very fine, but I'd like to see a little upon the canvass, (*offers him the palette and pencil*)

Otho. What Sir! give my abilities to support another man's fame? a marble pillar prop a hogstye!—Sir I must not, cannot do it. (*traverses*)

Dip. (*following him*) Sir, you'll oblige me—I request.

Otho. Oh, Sir, to oblige you—(*takes the palette and pencils*).

Dip. Here Sir, I sit here; but never mind that Sir, place me as you please.

Otho. There Sir, your elbow up; very well; your chin out; look pretty; prettier.

Dip. I can't look prettier than I am.

Otho. (*places him*) Now for your attitude.

Dip. Eh! this is a very crooked sort of attitude.

Otho. Yes, Sir, nothing like grace. (*looking at Dipembeck, having placed him in an awkward distorted position*) Now for it. (*stands at some distance, looks alternately on Dipembeck and the picture*)

Enter JACOB.

Jacob. (*aside*) Hey, my Blacksmith has got to work, but I'll give him a lift, (*speaks to the picture*) Sir, I fancy there's a gentleman wants you below stairs.

Dip. I'm busy.

Jacob. (*looking at Dipembeck*) Bless me! what a mistake; I absolutely thought Sir, when I saw the picture, I was talking to you.

Dip. Eh, that's a deception indeed!

Otho. Yes, Sir, you see the magic power of my pencil; hold Sir, your head a little this way. (*turns him round by the ear*)

Dip. Ah!

Otho.

Otho. Not so much, a little to the left.

Jacob. (*pulling Dipembeck round by the other ear*) will that do, Sir?

Dip. Zounds! What's that for?

Jacob. Oh, Sir, this is part of my business.

Dip. What to pull my ear off? you never did so with your old master, Dunderman.

Jacob. Yes, Sir, but consider he's Flemish—this is the Italian school; my new master's mode of settling the features.

Dip. Between you both you'll soon settle my features—but get on.

Otho. Yes, Sir. (*apart to Jacob*) relieve me instantly, or I give up the game.

Jacob. (*apart*) Daub on, I will.

Dip. Havn't you made that cheek there too red?

Otho. No, Sir, it's your cheek is too pale. Jacob, mind your business.

Jacob. Yes, Sir, (*strikes Dipembeck on the cheek*)

Dip. What's that for you scoundrel?

Jacob. To give you a rosy colour, Sir; another part of my business—I always stand by for that purpose.

Dip. Colour!

Jacob. Master, look, what a beautiful bloom I've brought—now for your vermillion! a blush like the gills of a turkey cock.

Dip. Get along you scoundrel, out of the room! I'll blush you black and blue. [*Exit Jacob.*]

Otho. There, Sir, sit down again, till I take your head off.

Dip. Take my head off!

Otho. Yes, Sir, now I must finish you.

Dip. Finish me!

Otho.

Otho. Yes, Sir, so look good humour'd, and sit down again.

Dip. (*looking at the picture*) The devil! what's all this? ruin'd!

Otho. Sir, I was so alarm'd, fearing that unlucky dog might do your beautiful face some prejudice, my hand trembled so, that I—sit down.

Dip. No, no, do you sit down now, and I'll read you my grand lecture upon the clara obscura. (*aside*) I've tried him in practice—now for his theory.—(*looks at his watch*) It's now only—yes, we've four hours to dinner.

Otho. (*aside*) So, he has me on another tack. (*sits*)

Dip. Sir, some virtuosi, my friends, have honor'd this little treatise, (*opens a large folio manuscript*) with their approbation, which I wish confirm'd by the opinion of so great a man.

Otho. (*yawns*) This Louvaine beer makes one intollerably drowsy.

Dip. Where's my spectacles!—(*Puts them on and reads*) “When a man begins a work of this nature, what would an auditor of any judgment say?”

Otho. Why, he'd say, hold your prate.

Dip. What!

Otho. Get on.

Dip. (*reads*) “Thus music may be compared to painting, for both contain harmony and tone.”

(*Otho falls asleep*) “And when our ears are ravish'd with sweet and melodious sounds.”

(*Otho snores*) Asleep—here's an artist! here's respect for the clara obscura—fall asleep at my grand lecture!—what, is this Albert's fine painter? is this

this one of his jests, to recommend this sot as a husband for his sister?—Would Dunderman snore at my lecture? Not he—Yes, he shall have Adela; he shall, and here he comes.

Enter DUNDERMAN.

Welcome, welcome, neighbour—Hey, Jaquette! (*calls*)

Dun. Mynheer, I'm told that you won't give your daughter to me, and that you're going to marry her to anoder Artist, and so I am come to smoke a friendly pipe at de wedding.

Dip. Very cool and friendly for a lover.—You shall, and at your own wedding too; d'ye think I ever thought of giving my daughter to any body else but you, my dear friend!

Dun. Vat den! Shall I have Yaffrow Adela?

Dip. You shall my boy.

Dun. Oh, very well. (*looking at the picture*) Take my soul! who has spoiled my painting here? (*Otho snores*)

Dip. That sprightly youth, he did the job; but come along to my daughter. (*going*)

Enter JAQUELETTE.

Jaq. Did you want me, Sir?

Dip. Eh! Oh, ay, tell my daughter to come here—though, stay; she shant come near this spark.—Where is the Jaquette?

Jaq. In her own room, Sir.

Dip. Then come along Mynheer. [*Exit.*

Dun. You are villain, to spoil my work.

(*Strikes Otho, and Exit.*

Otho.

Otho. (*wakes, feels his cheek, then looks at Jaquette*) You've a hard little hand, but let us try your lips, my love?

Jaq. (*aside*) My run-away, scape grace Otho! and the fool doesn't know me.

Otho. I'll revenge with such a volley of kisses, that the good report of me shall go smack from room to room, in a thousand amorous echoes, and set every female mouth a watering.

(*offers to kiss her.*)

Jaq. You're very free, whoever you are, you sha'n't I tell you.

Otho. I shall, will, can, and must.

Jaq. You sha'n't.

Otho. I will have you.

[*Exeunt Jaquette and Otho.*]

Re-enter DIPEMBECK.

Dip. You will have her! Ay, there they run—fine goings on!—you Jaquette, (*looks out*) See, see, they'll throw down the Bust! (*a noise without*) Ay, they've done it, my Otho's in twenty pieces.

Enter JACOB.

Jacob. Has my Master done Sir?

Dip. Yes, and he has undone! he has broke my head.

Jacob. Broke your head! oh, dear.

Dip (*bewailing*) Otho! Otho!

Jacob. Otho!—O, then the stupid rogue's found out; but where's Otho now, Sir.

Dip. Lying on the floor yonder.

Jacob. Ah, the drunken rascal!

Dip. I must pick him up.

Jacob. Oh Sir—I'll soon get him on his legs.

[*Exit.*]

Dip. Get a bust upon his legs ! such a master, and man.

Enter ALBERT.

Al. What's the matter Sir—where's my friend?

Dip. Get out of my house, you and your friend.

Al. Sir !

Dip. I say, Sirrah, how dare you bring such a person under my roof ?

Al. What, Sir, don't you find his merit equal to——

Dip. Merit ! yes, nature indeed has thrown away her gifts upon him ;—but, Sir, did you imagine that my passion for painting had absorb'd all my senses for every thing else ? this your fiery genius, and scientific mind ?

Al. Sir, I don't understand you.

Dip. A respectable son-in-law you've recommended.

Al. Don't you find him so, Sir ?

Dip. Find him so, Sir ? what a fellow that could fall asleep at my lecture upon the Clara Obscura—take my picture for the Hangman of Dusseldorp—and here now, only I come in at the nick, was going to play the devil with poor Jaquette.

Al. Floris do all this ?

Dip. Come to visit my daughter, and not five minutes here, before he and her maid get running after one another, like Daphne and Apollo.

Al. This behaviour, Sir, is so inconsistent with his former conduct, I'm so much amaz'd.

Dip. Well, none of your amazes, but get him out—take him—kick him out, or out you go together, for a pair of impudent profligates.

Al. My dear father, moderate your anger; if he's capable of rudeness, I'm much deceived in him. Ha, ha ha! you know, you're apt to be a little odd sometimes. I suppose my friend had a mind to amuse himself, with your humour; but however I'll instantly find him, and know the meaning of all this. *[Exit.*

Dip. (looking out) Oh, here he comes again, and Jaquette too—very gracious indeed—oh, yes; ay to be sure, kifs!—upon my word! very well; here they are—I'll see what they'd be at. *[retires.*

Enter OTHO and JAQUELETTE.

Jaq. But tell me, Otho, ah! you were always such an arch one! In your roivings, did you think of your poor Jaquette?

Otho. Jaquette, my sweet girl; fine women I have certainly seen, and a very fine man you see I am now myself, but tho' I travell'd about—and—and round about, through seas and forests, and towns, and—little lanes, yet, your bright eye was my northern star, and the compass of my pole.

Jaq. But why won't you tell me, what brings you into this house?

Otho. Oh, I'm upon a great point.

Jaq. How!

Otho. The point of being married.

Jaq. Then, My dear Otho, I find you'll take no denial. I see you will have me.

Otho. (aside) No, I won't.

Jaq. You'll soon be my lord and master.

Otho. (aside) Yes, when I marry your mistress.

Jaq. Indeed, indeed I can't refuse you.

Otho.

Otho. Thus after a long voyage, I bring my cargo safe to the port of Love, and thus I pay the duty. (*going to kiss her*).

Dip. (*advances*) Pay duty! Egad it looks verry like smuggling though; Hey! you Jade!—what do you mean by all this?

Jaq. No harm, Sir.

Otho. No, Sir, we won't hurt one another.

Dip. But huffey, do you know who you've got there?

Otho. (*aside*) Ah, now I shall be blown.

Jaq. Do I know! yes, Sir, it's only a young man——

Otho. (*apart*) Hush, I'm not a young man!

Jaq. A very honest lad.

Otho. (*apart*) Be quiet! I'm not an honest lad.

Dip. Why girl! he's the Artist, that is——

Jaq. By trade, a Blacksmith.

Dip. A Blacksmith!

Otho. (*aside*) Ah, it's all out! [*retires.*]

Dip. What, the great Painter! (*calls*) Here, Albert, you Albert.

Re-enter ALBERT.

Sirrah, did you want to impose upon me, or have you been impos'd upon yourself?

Al. Sir!

Dip. Why here you're going to introduce another Blacksmith into my family.

Al. Me!

Dip. Yes, your great Painter!

Al. Ha, ha, ha!

Enter QUINTIN, (*dress'd*).

Otho. (*aside*) My master! then all's over.

Al. Why, Floris, my father here is deceiv'd in you as well as Adela; he will have it too, that you're the Blacksmith. Ha, ha, ha!

Dip. What's the puppy at now? Who's this?

Quin. Then my intent is anticipated!—I don't know how this work of mine got here, (*looking at the picture*) but I had hopes that such a proof of what I am, might obliterate the memory of what I have been.

Dip. This picture a work of yours? (*turning to Otho*) Then who are you, you dog, that have been pulling my ears about?

Otho. Meaning me, Sir! (*to Quintin*) Oh, my dear Sir, my kind, good Master, how glad I am to find you.

Quin. What have you been about here, Sirrah?—and this picture——

Otho. (*looking at it with affected surprise*) Bless me!

Quin. How came it here?

Otho. (*to Dipembeck*) Ay, speak—how came it here?

Quin. You've been at some roguery. (*to Otho*)

Otho. (*to Dipembeck*) Yes, you certainly have been at some roguery.

Dip. (*to Otho*) You're a very comical fellow.

Otho. I say he is not a comical fellow——

Quin. (*to Otho*) Come, no shuffling.

Otho. (*to Dipembeck*) Ay, none o' your shuffling—stand still, till I tell what I know of this affair; Sir, you saw the fellow that I was talking
to

to in the street this morning when you did me the honor of—(*lifts up his leg*)—that very lad—Jacob his name, I left here in Antwerp, as honest a boy—But here, Sir, I find him on my coming home, an errant thief—about an hour ago Sir thinking of no more harm than a babe, says I to myself, I think I'll shave; taking up my razor in the right hand——

Quin. What's all this to the picture?

Otho. Yes, Sir, at that instant, Sir, in came this rogue Jacob——

Enter JACOB.

Opens his villainous scheme——

Jacob. Oho!

Otho. But says I, pushing him out, as I might this young man; go away, says I, for this may be a hanging matter. (*pushes Jacob out*) And to be sure, to get him safe out of the house I was resolv'd to follow him; thinking it best to get off, I mean to get him off, so, I—went—out—down—(*getting to the door by degrees*) [*Exit. suddenly.*]

Dip. (*after a pause*) Well? Eh! he is down (*looks out*) and I fancy out too.

Al. Ha, ha, ha,—what father, was it Otho you've been telling me of?

Dip. I don't know what you mean by Otho—but that is the Cathedral painter, inside and outside.

Al. Ha, ha, ha!—Why Sir—this (*pointing to Quintin*)—this is my friend.

Dip. What, are you the painter of this picture? (*Quintin bows*) Oh this is something like the son-in-law I wish'd for—Enough—my daughter is your's.

Al.

Al. Floris, I give you joy—as my sister supposes you to be her lover Quintin, you've no difficulty there.

Quin. She's right Albert, I now banish the idea with scorn of obtaining her by a fraud, tho' without her I cannot exist—I am really her lover, Quintin Matsys.

Al. How!

Quin. My dear Albert, I found by your pride of birth your prejudice so strong against me, that I judged as myself, your consent I never should obtain—Therefore excuse the deception, I——

Dip. Never mind him, say something to me.

Quin. (*turning to Dipembeck*) Sir, when but a poor blacksmith, forgetting my humble station, I aspired to your daughter's heart—you, Sir, declared you'd give her to none but a painter.—Love lent me industry to apply, genius to excel, and the hope that my Adela might be one day the bright reward, sweeten'd all my labours.

Dip. Then you shall never lose by a truth, what you might have gained by a falsehood—You deserve my daughter, and you shall have her.

Enter ADELA and DUNDERMAN.

Here Adela—take your blacksmith.

Adela. My dear Quintin—my kind father!

Dun. I smoke dis affair. (*puts his pipe in his mouth*)

Dip. Then go smoke somewhere else?

Al. Quintin, I blush for my ridiculous pride, and shall now think myself honor'd by your alliance.

Dip. Ha, ha, ha!—this is strange!—so you threw by the hammer and took up the pencil,—but with your leave, your picture here I'll present to an English nobleman now in Antwerp, who is collecting pictures for Windsor castle.

Quin. And as love could change a blacksmith into a painter, let lovers of succeeding ages, when they look on my picture of the misers, say with the Painter of Antwerp : Love overcomes all things.

THE END.

It is a strange thing—
that in the midst of our
own life, we should find
ourselves so often in the
path of others. It is a
strange thing, that in the
midst of our own life, we
should find ourselves so
often in the path of others.
It is a strange thing, that
in the midst of our own
life, we should find
ourselves so often in the
path of others.

THE
POSITIVE MAN.

IN TWO ACTS.

PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN,
IN 1784.

THE MUSICK BY MR. MICHAEL ARNE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir Toby Tacit,	Mr. QUICK.
Rupee,	Mr. EDWIN.
Captain Belcamp,	Mr. WHITFIELD.
Lake,	Mr. BOOTH.
Grog,	Mr. LEE LEWIS.
Maurice,	Mr. MAHON.
Sterne,	Mr. FEARON.
Quid,	Mr. LEE.
Cable,	Mrs. KENNEDY.
Lady Tacit,	Mrs. WEBB.
Cornelia,	Mrs. MARTYR.
Florimel,	Mrs. INCHBALD.
Nancy,	Mrs. WILSON.

SCENE, *London.*

THE
POSITIVE MAN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

St. James's Park.

Enter Captain BELL CAMP and Servant.

CAPT. BELL CAMP.

HERE, Robert!

Serv. Sir.

Capt. B. Desire my man to see the baggage removed from the hotel.

Serv. Yes, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Capt. B. Is not this my friend——

Enter LAKE.

Ha! my dear Lake!

Lake. Captain Bellcamp! Welcome to England; when did you arrive?

Capt. B. Not eight hours ago. But my lovely Cornelia——

Lake. I shall see Miss Tacit this morning.

Capt. B. My Cornelia?

Lake. I said Miss Tacit. In half an hour, Lady Tacit sits to me.

Capt. B. My comely mother-in-law that is to be.

Lake. That is not to be. (*aside*) You had better not visit there immediately.

Capt. B. Why? has any thing happen'd during my absence to—is Cornelia—speak.

Lake. Cornelia, to-morrow, is to be wedded to another.

Capt. B. Another! Is it possible—can she be false?

Lake. No, no, you wrong her—her heart is as true to you as you can wish.

Enter MAURICE.

Mau. Oh Master! I—Mr. Lake! by the word of a traveller, I'm glad to see your honour.

Lake. I thank you, Maurice. Belcamp, yonder goes your rival.

Capt. B. What that tawdry spark!

Lake. Yes, that's young Rupee.

Capt. B. He shall resign her, I'll oblige him to it.

Mau. Don't do any thing to oblige him, Sir; but if you please, I'll just walk over, and decently knock him down.

Lake. Stop! Have a care—no quarrels here, Maurice.

Mau. Quarrel! I know my distance. I make so free as to affront a gentleman! No, no, I'd only

only handsomely knock him down, and then leave my master to quarrel with him.

Capt. B. Who is that sea-faring looking man, arm in arm with him?

Lake. That, Sir, is Tom Grog; formerly belonged to the Royal Navy, but since, acquiring a tolerable fortune in the East-Indies, under Rupee's father, he is most gratefully attach'd to the son; tho' such a whimsical contrast, they are constant companions.

Capt. B. A whimsical contrast indeed.

Lake. Yes, Rupee the Beau, dances Tom Grog, the Tar, to every place of fashionable resort at this end of the town: and the Man of War convoys the Indiaman from the Gun at Billingsgate, to the Artichoak at Blackwall. They are now at a picture-sale in Pall Mall, presently to see a ship launch'd at Portsmouth: to-night they may be seen sliding the promenade at Soho, and tomorrow, smoaking a segar at the Anchor in Wapping.

Capt. B. A Greyhound and a Mastiff coupled.

Mau. By the word of a traveller, a sea-gull and a jack-daw might as well put their horses together.

Capt. B. But what did you want, Maurice?

Mau. Faith, Sir, I wanted only—oh, I thought your honor might want this card that Mr. Lake left at the lodgings just now; I brought it along with me, but forgot it on the table—but now that he is here, he may deliver it to you himself by word of mouth. [Exit.

Capt. B. My dear Lake, you're going to Sir Toby Tacit's: will you convey a few lines from me to Cornelia?

Lake.

Lake. With pleasure—but come, courage captain; what a foldier, and afraid!

Capt. B. Oh, my dear Lake, to lose the field when I thought I had only to claim the triumph of victory.
[*Exeunt.*]

Enter RUPEE and GROG.

Grog. Avast, d'ye see, you steer right in the wind's eye.

Rup. Pardon me, pardon me, dear Tom Grog.

Grog. Your brain is shoal-water d'ye see, and you come bump upon the rock of nonsense.

Rup. But, my good friend, a coach is a vehicle out of your element—Ha, ha, ha! A coach, built by a ship carpenter; I suppose you'd have a Lion for your coachman, apropos, I lost ten rouleaus at an E. O. Table last night—Oh, but Tom, you accompany me to Ranelagh?

Grog. A bargain; and remember you take a meridian with me at the Three Jolly Sailors.

Rup. Meridian! Apropos, we are to be at the Masquerade next Thursday night; do you go in a domino?

Grog. I'll go in a coach.

Rup. Psha! take me, Tom.

Grog. I will, if you'll come.

Rup. Still wrong—Understand me, I mean what dress?

Grog. Dress! Oh I'll sail to the Pantheon as a British seaman.

Rup. Oh there's no disguise in that—now I'll go like a fool.

Grog. Not much disguise in that either.

Rup. Apropos—I am to see Signor Squalini,
the

the opera singer presently at the Orange Coffee house; Tom, will you meet me at the Orange, over a dish of coffee?

Grog. Damn the Orange and coffee! I'll meet you at the Cannon, over a dish of gunpowder.

Enter QUID, crossing.

Quid. Oh, Master Thomas, shan't we take a facer in the evening at the Blue Anchor?

Grog. Stop, you Quid, sing my friend Rupee, my favorite chaunt about little Nan.

AIR.—QUID.

What should Sailors do on shore,
Kiss the Girls and tofs the Can;
When the Cannons cease to roar,
Sweet the voice of smiling Nan.
Love the boatswain's whistle blows,
Pipes all hands to pleasure, boys;
'Round the joyous bumper flows,
Beauty then compleats our joys.

Bring me first a spacious Bowl,
Deeper than can plummet sound;
Give me next a generous Soul,
That in loving knows no bound.
Flowing ever let it be,
If the tide good liquor prove;
Then my hearts let's keep to Sea,
Sailing with the Girls we love.

Nancy is my true-love's name,
And to compliment my dear,
Bonny ship secure thy fame;
You the darling title bear.
Rough the Ocean, rude the Wind.
But when honor'd by my Lads,
One shall be as Zephyr's kind,
T'other smooth as Looking-glass.

[*Exit.*
Rup.

Rup. I drink tea at Sir Toby Tacit's this evening. Tom, you'll come, I'll introduce you to the ladies, you shall see my intended sposa, Cornelia.

Grog. Aye, give me her little waiting maid, Nancy; if I can get her to my birth in the minors, I shall be as happy as an Admiral.

Rup. Admiral! Apropos—I shall be married to-morrow—Tom, you'll dress to honor my wedding.

Grog. Yes, if the taylor brings home my new rigging. But now you talk of a wife, the first time I ever saw my wife the pretty Peggy, was on Portsmouth ramparts, full dress'd, streamers flying, gay as a commissioner's yacht at a naval review—What cheer my heart? says I—she bore away; love gave signal for chace, so I crowded sail, threw a salute shot across her fore-foot to make her bring too; prepared for an engagement, we came to close quarters, grappled, I threw a volley of kisses at her round-top, she struck—next day, with a cheer, I took my prize in tow to Farum Church, and the parson made out my warrant for command—Captain of the Pretty Peggy fifteen years; then she foundered in Blanket Bay—Death took charge, and left me to swim thro' life, and keep my chin above water as long as I cou'd.

Rup. Tom, you may be chin-deep, but water can never reach your lips, unless mixed with brandy—brandy! apropos, now for the ladies.

Grog. Well, shear off d'ye see, I have business at the Admiralty, and then I bear away for Tower Hill, to meet some Hearts of Oak.

Rup. Adieu, my Man of War, my vis-a-vis is at St. James's Gate, so Tom farewell, and now hey for the land of love. [Exit.

Grog. Now must I cruize in the channel of Charing Cross, to look out for this lubber that affronted me aboard the Dreadnought. I heard he put in at the Admiralty—Hold!—is Rupee gone, if he thought I went to fight, mayhap he'd bring the Master-at-arms upon me, and have me in the bilboes.—Smite my timbers there goes the enemy.

Enter STERN. (crossing)

I'll hail him—Yo! ho!

Stern. What chear?

Grog. You're Sam Stern?

Stern. Yes.

Grog. Do you remember me?

Stern. Remember! Yes, thof your'e rich now, you're still Tom Grog.

Grog. You affronted me aboard the Dreadnought, the Spaniards were then in view, and I didn't think it time to resent private quarrels when it is our duty to thrash the enemies of our country, but Sam Stern, you are the man that affronted Tom Grog.

Stern. Mayhap so.

Grog. Mayhap you'll fight me?

Stern. I will—when and where?

Grog. The where is here—the when is now; and flap's the word. (*lays his hand on his banger*) But hold, we must steer off the open sea into some creek.

Stern. But I've neither cutlash nor pistols.

Grog. I saw a handsome cutlash, and a pretty pair of barking irons, in a pawnbrokers window—Come it lies in our way to the War-office.

Stern. I should like to touch at the Victualling-office in our voyage.

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Grog.

Grog. Why an't you dined?

Stern. I've none to eat.

Grog. A seaman in England, without a dinner! that's hard, damned hard!—there's money—pay me when you can. (*gives a handful of money*)

Stern. How much?

Grog. I don't know—get your dinner—buy the arms, meet me in two hours at Deptford, and shiver me like a biscuit if I don't blow your head off.

Stern. Then I can't pay you your money.

Grog. True—but mayhap you may take off mine, and if so, I shall have no occasion for it.

Stern. Right, I forgot that. (*wipes his eyes*)

Grog. What do you snivel for?

Stern. What a dog am I to use a man ill, and now be obliged to him for a meals meat.

Grog. Then you own you've used me ill—ask my pardon?

Stern. I'll be damn'd if I do!

Grog. Then take it without asking, you're cursed saucy, but you're a good seaman, and harky'e Sam, the brave man, tho' he scorns the fear of punishment is always afraid to deserve it.—Come, when you've stow'd your bread-room, a bowl of punch shall again set friendship afloat.

Stern. Oh! I'm a lubber!

Grog. Avast! swab the spray from your bows, poor fellow! don't heed my foul, whilst you've the heart of a lion, never be ashamed of the feelings of a man.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE II.

SIR TOBY TACIT'S.

Enter FLORIMEL and NANCY.

Nan. My old Master Sir Toby ! what a gentleman to break his word with Miss Cornelia and the Captain, and divide two such sweet young lovers.

Flo. But who knows but my brother may yet obtain your mistress and you be happy with your Hibernian Lover Mr. Maurice O'Finnigan.

Nan. Oh my dear Madam ! how can that be ? isn't Mr. Rupee the great Nabob to be married to my young lady to-morrow ? and would you think it Madam, who should bowl up to me this morning but Mr. Grog, he said I was a tight vessel for port—Yes Ma'am, and he swore he'd be my top-gallant, and that he'd engage to grapple and attack me 'till I'd strike ; Perhaps says I Sir I scorn your port, I'll have no top-gallant, Sir, says I, and when he attack'd me to shew him I could strike, I lent him a box o'the ear,

Flo. Nancy I want to speak to you on very particular business—but yonder comes your mistress—let me see you presently

[*Exit Nancy.*
poor Cornelia ! how melancholy—

Enter CORNELIA.

Cor. My dear Florimel—sentence is past, My
3 K 2 father

father and mother are inexorable and I must give my hand to Mr. Rupee to-morrow.

Flo. Well the man of my heart with all my heart I'll marry, and none else for me Cornelia ; where I love I'll honour and obey, 'tis well I've none to controul me, but if I had my girl (consistent with honor) I'd give you a spirited example.

Cor. Oh Florimel were Belcamp here, I shou'd have no occasion for example.

AIR.—CORNELIA.

Love thy filken banners wave
Home invite the young and brave
Let him quit the hostile field
From the foe his mistress shield ;
Come my Gallant Soldier come,
To the call of Cupid's drum.

Down of Doves thy coat of Mail
Softest sounds thy triumph hail,
Myrtle wreaths thy brows entwine
And that pleasing task be mine ;
Come my Gallant Soldier come,
To the call of Cupid's drum.

Hush'd the trumpet's brazen throat
Hark ! the flute's melodious note,
Mars shall sleep and discord cease
All be harmony and peace ;
Come my gallant Soldier come,
To the call of Cupid's drum,

[*Exit.*

Flo. The dear girl loves my brother with a constant and sincere affection—Oh here comes Nancy, I think I may venture to trust her.

Enter

Enter NANCY.

Nan. You said Ma'am you wanted me, and I'm come to receive your commands.

Flo. Nancy you're a good sensible girl—do you approve of this wedding?

Nan. Oh dear Ma'am, they never ask'd my opinion about it.

Flo. Indeed!

Nan. No Ma'am—settled it among themselves, I was too insignificant to be consulted.

Flo. You must know Nancy, I have some hopes of preventing this match—This is my scheme; I'll have a letter convey'd to Mr. Rupee, which shall inform him that your young lady has an improper intercourse with a certain young Officer. I have by me the first suit of regimentals my brother ever wore, they fit me exactly; in them when dress'd, I'll be the gallant, with my hat, cockade, brazen-face, and strut a-la-militaire.

Nan. Charming! I understand it all; dear me Ma'am, what a fine, fierce, smart, wicked, little devil of a harmless Officer you will make.

Flo. Now, I charge you not to drop a word of this affair to any body.

Nan. Oh Lord, if Mr. Rupee shou'd refuse, and the dear Captain shou'd come home and marry her; and Mr. O'Finnigan my sweet-heart was to say, arrah Nancy will you marry me; lord what merry times we should have!

Flo. Away, away—— [Exit Nancy.
Here comes Sir Toby and Lady Tacit in their old humour, she really, positive, tho' seemingly all

all compliance, while Sir Toby, having neither idea or opinion of his own, most violently and obstinately lays hold of every one that is suggested by any body else.—I must avoid them.

[*Exit.*

Enter SIR TOBY and LADY TACIT.

Sir T. You know my Lady Tacit I am not to be controuled, I will have my way.

Lady T. Will! and have my sweet Sir Toby do I ever presume to have a will of my own? but indeed, my dear love you are a little too positive.

Sir T. I am, I am a positive man, I own it, and I will insist and persist too, that this new house I've taken in Portland Place, is charmingly situated. I challenge England to afford such a delightful prospect.

Lady T. Sir Toby, pardon me—do you really think the view of Highgate and Hampstead so very beautiful?

Sir T. Me! not I---Visto the landscape painter commends it indeed, but he knows no more of a prospect than a hedge-hog—the house though has a lofty hall it strikes you with an air of grandeur.

Lady T. The hall lofty, Sir Toby! pardon me my dear but I protest it didn't seem so to me.

Sir. T. Nor to me my lady, I thought indeed it seemed tolerably high till 'tother day trying to cut one of Vestris' capers, I hit my head against the lanthorn—but the great parlour my lady, I'll lay any man an hundred guineas that parlour dines forty.

Lady T. Nay Sir Toby when once you form an
opinion

opinion, you will persist in it, you are exceedingly obstinate.

Sir T. True Lady Tacit, when once I'm determin'd I am not to be mov'd by the rhetorick of Oxford, Cambridge, Sorbonne, or Salamanca.

Enter SERVANT.

Ser. Mr. Rupee, Sir.

[*Exit*

Sir T. My new East India son-in-law, here my Lady Tacit pull up my cravat, and pull down my ruffles.

Lady T. Sir Toby ! ask me such a thing !

Sir T. Then my lady I will pull down my ruffles and pull up my cravat, I am determined.

Enter RUPEE.

Rup. My lady Tacit your ladyship's slave—
slave ! apropos ! Sir Toby your most obedient.

Lady T. Sir, we are exceedingly proud of this honor.

Sir T. Sir, we are exceeding proud.

Lady T. Sir Toby !

Sir T. Proud ! I mean Sir we are your humble.

Rup. I hope Madam my lovely Cornelia is well ?

Sir T. She is exceedingly well indeed Sir.

Lady T. What are you at my sweet ?

Sir T. Only at present she has got a most dangerous cold.

Lady T. Cornelia ! a cold !

Sir T. But now she's perfectly recovered, and my daughter will be so happy when she hears—

Lady T. Your daughter ! Sir Toby !

Sir

Sir T. Mine ! I am an obstinate man, but in this particular I will not be positive.

Lady T. Mr. Rupee, Dear Sir—I shall beg but for a few moments, tho' to deprive myself of the egregious felicity of your very agreeable company. [Exit.

Sir T. Egregious felicity ! Mr. Rupee what a fine spoken woman.

Rup. Very Sir Toby, but that phrase of egregious felicity is—

Sir T. Damn'd nonsense.

Rup. Nonsense ! Apropos did you ever hear me speak in Leadenhall Street upon India affairs.

Sir T. Poor Lady Tacit ! all obedience—humble as a forsaken Sultana, but Sir in this house I am Turk and Tyrant, Sir I am a very Bajazet ; Not my fault tho' Mr. Rupee, I was form'd with a hard heart, as Othello says, “ I strike it, and it hurts my hand ”—now Sir as to my wife—she's a Lady thanks to my knighthood, but the most silly, ignorant ; ridiculous,—

Re-enter LADY TACIT and CORNELIA.

Hem !—sensible, elegant, and finest spoken woman in England.—Ah my Lady Tacit we were just talking of you.

Lady T. Cornelia child receive Mr. Rupee as a gentleman who is shortly to be your husband.

Rup. Oh my charming Cornelia ! Now if I can but recollect my oriental compliment (it has pleased both black, brown, and yellow, now I'll try it on the fair.) (*aside*) Cornelia speak my love, the melody of your voice is sweeter than the sound of a Nankin bell, your breath's cinnamon of Ceylon diffusing fragrance thro' teeth of the sagacious

ous elephant, and coral of the ormus ; permit me Madam to touch this fair hand, soft as west of the Indostan worm, your eyes arch'd with camels hair, brilliant as the diamond of Golconda, and the porcelain tower of Pekin's but a faint emblem of the excellent symmeiry of your beautiful Tout-en-semble.

Sir T. Oh charming ! elegant ! Cornelia speak and make a handsome curtsy.

Cor. I confess Sir, I am incapable of answering so lavish and polite a compliment.

Sir T. What a delightful curtsy she makes, Eh, Mr. Rupee ?

Lady T. Oh fie Sir Toby !

Sir T. True my lady, so so, Corney you're a good girl, but confound your dancing master.—Well Mr. Rupee what say you to a bottle ?

Lady T. What do you mean to bottle a gentlemen at this time of day—Richard !——

Enter SERVANT.

Get tea.

Sir T. Look'ye, my Lady Tacit, I am the lord and master in this, I will be positive—therefore I say, Richard get tea. [*Exit Servant.*]

Rup. Tea ! Apropos, Ma'am, do you take snuff ?

Cor. No Sir ! Insignificant coxcomb ! (*aside*)

Rup. True, Ma'am, it was formerly in stile, quite the rage with people of Ton ; but now its a vile bore. I took snuff once in such profusion, that in most polite circles I was distinguished by the title of Count Macabah.

Sir T. When I was encamp'd, I took so much snuff, that they call'd me Captain Strasbourgh.

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Rup.

Rup. Strasbough! Apropos, I presume from to-morrow I date my felicity.

Sir T. Yes, you and my daughter Cornelia here, shall be married to-morrow morning; that is, my Lady, if you have no objection.

Lady T. Ah Mr. Rupee, they talk of female prerogative: you see how weak my influence with such a positive man.

Sir T. Yes, Mr. Rupee, when the gust of passion blows, my Lady Tacit is the gentle ozier of compliance, and I am the sturdy oak of opposition. [*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE I.

A Room at a Tavern on Tower Hill.

CABLE, STERN, QUID, BOWSPRIT, and Sailors,
discover'd drinking.

ALL.

HUZZA! Huzza!

Stern. I say boy, more punch!

Boy. How much!

Bow. A bay!

[*Exit Boy.*]

Quid. A sea!

Stern. An ocean!

Re-enter Boy, (with a bowl.)

Here's our wooden walls.

All. Huzza! Huzza!

Stern. Come, Cable, tho' the sharks have fallen
foul of your wife, never heed—give us your poor
Poll of Plymouth.

AIR.—CABLE.

Sweet Poll of Plymouth was my dear ;
 When forced from her to go,
 A-down her cheeks rain'd many a tear ;
 My heart was fraught with woe.
 Our anchor weigh'd, for Sea we stood,
 The land we left behind ;
 Her tears then swell'd the briny flood,
 My sighs encreas'd the wind.

We plough'd the deep, and now between
 Us lay the Ocean wide ;
 For five long years I had not seen
 My sweet, my bonny bride.
 That time I sail'd the world around,
 All for my true love's fake ;
 But prest as homeward we were bound,
 I thought my heart wou'd break.

The Press-gang bold I ask'd in vain,
 To set me once on shore ;
 I long'd to see my Poll again,
 But saw my Poll no more.
 And have they torn my love away,
 And is he gone? she cried ;
 My Polly, sweetest flower of May!
 Then languish'd, droop'd, and died.

Quid. Cheer up, my hearty—but where's Tom
 Grog all this while ?

Stern. He has put into the Minories to refit, a
 neat cabin, and a snug birth there. Why sun
 dazzle my lanthorns ! can this be he ?

Enter GROG, (fashionably dress'd.)

Bow. Ha, ha, ha ! What a figure of fun !

Grog. Hey, (*bows*) how do you like me ?

Bow. A crow, rigg'd in the feathers of a
 maccaw.

Quid:

Quid. Or a collier, careen'd in a French dock.

Grog. Ay, you may laugh—How they shew their grinders; I'll laugh too—Ha, ha, ha! Now you all think me a monkey.

Bow. Yes, to judge by your tail.

Grog. Then I think you all boars, and you know nothing of fashion, stile, rage, or gusto—Ben Bowspit, was you ever at an opera?

Bow. Aye, at many, and many an uproar.

Grog. Or you, *Quid*, to a sale at Christie's

Quid. No, but I've fail'd to St. Kitts.

Grog. Or you, *Cable*, at a tragedy?

Cab. No.

Grog. Then don't laugh till you see all these things, you Dromedaries!

Stern. I say Tom's a fine fellow.

Bow. Fine! Aye we see that by his jacket.

Quid. What do you talk of fine—give me an honest fellow.

Stern. Well, Tom Grog's as true as an hour glass, and the man that says no, is as false as a fireship, damme!

Grog. Avast, Sam Stern! don't fail without a quadrant; I made my money in the East Indies d'ye see, and so as to my honesty—Ahem!

Bow. Eh, what *Cable*, so melancholy my heart? still thinking of Sweet Poll.

Cab. Ay round the world, her memory is never out of reckoning.

Grog. Round the world! Apropos, as Rupee says; *Cable*, give us Captain Cook.

AIR.—CABLE*.

Ye Chiefs of the Ocean your Laurels throw by,
 Or Cypress entwine with a wreath;
 To prove your humanity heave a soft sigh,
 And a tear now let fall for his death.
 Yet the Genius of Britain forbids us to grieve,
 Since Cook ever honor'd, Immortal shall live.

The Hero of Macedon o'er ran the world,
 Yet nothing but death cou'd he give;
 'Twas George's command and the Sail was unfurl'd;
 And Cook taught mankind how to live.
 Yet the Genius of Britain forbids us to grieve,
 Since Cook ever honor'd, Immortal shall live.

He came, and he saw not to conquer but save,
 The Caesar of Britain was he,
 Who scorn'd the ambitiou of making a slave,
 While Britons themselves are so free.
 Yet the Genius of Britain forbids us to grieve,
 Since Cook ever honor'd Immortal shall live.

Quid. Eh, what beau have we here? (*looking out*)

Grog. Oh, this is my friend Rupee—now, my boys, you shall see a prince of fellows.

Enter RUPEE.

Rup. Ha, Tom! here I am—good as my word—Introduce me to your friends.

Grog. I will, lads look at that smart—turn about and shew your shapes—Walk the forecastle. What think ye boys?—This d'ye see is my friend Rupee, the very flower of gentility; the tulip of vertu; the lilly of bon ton, and the pink of maccaronies.

Rup. Hem!—Tho' my eloquence is totally

* The Music of this Song by Mr. Shield.

inadequate to the Demosthenian task of expressing my gratitude to Tom Grog, for the superlative honor to which I am permitted, yet believe my sincere assurance, that I am, your most devoted and very obsequious slave.

Bow. Can't he speak English?

Stern. Tip us your fin—we're hearts of oak.

(*Shakes hands*)

Rup. Yes and hands of oak. (*aside*) Apropos, almost squeez'd my fingers off.

Grog. Cast anchor. (*Rupée fits*)

Stern. Drink,

Rup. Little boy, get me a pint of Burgundy?

Boy. Burgundy! Burton ale Sir, is the only we sell.

Stern. Psha! drink grog. (*fills a glass*)

Rup. I will—Tom Grog your health. (*drinks*)

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Rup. Where's my smelling bottle, the tar overcomes me. (*takes out a smelling bottle*)

Grog. And may the English tar ever be able to overcome.

Stern. What little bottle's that?

Rup. My dalmahoy.

Stern. A damme hoy?

Rup. No Sir, my smelling-bottle—I shall be poison'd.

Grog. Boy, get us some devil'd biscuit to make us dry, and some burnt brandy to quench our thirst?

Rup. Don't do it little boy, set on fire, and quench'd with brandy!

Stern. I see by your pumps you dance a good hornpipe

Rup. Sir, I am tolerable in a pas seul.

Stern. Give us a song?

Grog. Aye, a roaring song.

AIR.

AIR CHORUS.

Rup. Gentle God of Love assist,
Softly touch the Virgin's heart;
Bow. If that's the case my boy your fist,
We'll make you drunk before we part.
Rup. Oh la!
Quid. Zounds what a quaver. Ha, ha, ha!
Rup. Heavens what behaviour. Ha, ha, ha!
Quid. Jack, d'ye see, this Roupee,
What a comical shaver.
Stern. Grog, mayhap this here chap
Is then a Man of fashion.
Rup. Friend no bam, for that I am,
Upon my reputation.
Bow. Come, Sam, push the bowl about,
It's almost out;
Then fill it up again boys,
See, see it's almost out.

CHORUS.

Our tide tho' now low*,
Shall again nobly flow;
And Britons again shall be Lords of the Main,

Quid. Boy, bring in the booze.
Rup. Oh my Eau de Luce.
Quid. Of Beer a full pot.
Rup. Where's my Bergamotte.
Bow. We trample on our foes.
Rup. Gads curse, dear Sir, my toes.
Sailors, see a lover fervent,
Ever of the fair observant,
Bows your slave and humble servant.

[Exit.

CHORUS.

Our tide tho' now low
Shall again nobly flow;
And Britons again shall be Lords of the Main.

[Exeunt.

* Alluding to the national circumstances of those times.

SCENE II.

SIR TOBY TACIT'S.

*Enter RUPEE and NANCY with a letter.**Nan.* Sir, Sir!*Rup.* Want me my dear?*Nan.* Me, no Sir, only a person at the door just now, desired me to give your honor this letter.*Rup.* Who, pray?*Nan.* I can't tell Sir, but he look'd like a soldier, and he gave it me, and then ran away.*Rup.* A soldier! apropos, ran away—very well.*Nan.* (*aside*) So that's done. Now if Miss Florimel has got into her regimentals, we shall go on delightfully. [*Exit.*]*Rup.* A love-letter I suppose. (*reads*)

“Ingot Rupee, Esq.—Sir, the Lady you
 “design to make your wife is unworthy of that
 “honor, being connected with a certain young
 “officer”—Indeed!——“To prove my charge,
 “this night, you may see him admitted into
 “her chamber.”—So, so, so!——“If this time-
 “ly notice prevents your ruin and disgrace, the
 “intent is answer'd of your unknown friend.

THOMAS TELLTRUTH.”

A soldier! Your humble servant Tommy Tell-
 truth.—Apropos, if this should be the discharge
 of a gun to murder a lady's reputation. (*reads*)
 “Eleven is the hour to prove my truth”—truth!
 Apropos, it must be false—Officer!—Eh! I did
 hear of one Captain Belcamp, that—but he's

in America—I'll watch tho'—Yes, Ill try the lustre of my brilliant's beauty by night, and if I find a flaw in the diamond, it shall never be set in my wedding ring. [Exit.

Re-enter NANCY, (with a sword)

Nan. There he goes—precious heart! if he's vex'd now, how mad he will be when he sees our little Captain—I must give her her sword tho' (*taps at the door*) Ma'am, ma'am are you dress'd. Oh here she comes.

(Enter from the Room FLORIMEL in Regimentals)

Flo. Well Nancy, my girl, how do you like me?

Nan. Oh charming ma'am, I believe I may venture to trust you with a sword, I fancy you are not very dangerous. (*gives the sword*)

Flo. There now, my hat, quick.

Nan. Oh! I forgot that—I'll run for it.

[Exit.

Flo. You'll find me in the room where I dress't.—without a cockade, what's an officer?

Sir T. (without) Ha, ha, ha! well done Mr. Lake.

Flo. Heavens—Sir Toby! he has cut off my retreat to my dressing-room—I must take sanctuary here. [Exit into a room.

Enter SIR TOBY.

Sir T. A very capital Diana Mr. Lake is making of my goddess—but no need of a crescent where

where the face is a full moon ; since Lady Tacit is drawn as Diana, I'll be Apollo ; but hold, can I wear my blue and gold in Apollo ? I can't dress Phoebus in a bag-wig I'm afraid, let me see, true, the prints of all the heathen deities are in the next room, I'll see what I can wear in the character of Sol—Yes, I'll shine upon canvass the Phoebus of the Northern world.

[Exit in at the door from whence Florimel entered.]

Re-enter NANCY with a regimental hat.

Nan. Ma'am here's your hat and cockade. *(puts it on)* Lord what pretty things these sort of hats are, I wish it was the fashion for women to wear them.—Come out here you wicked little rogue. *(sings)* “ For a soldier, a soldier's the lad for me.”

Re-enter SIR TOBY.

Sir T. Hey, what beau-belle have we here.

Nan. My master !

Sir T. And so I'm a wicked little rogue. *(takes the hat)* What's all this ?

Nan. That Sir, is—a—hat.

Sir T. Thankye—but who's hat ?

Nan. Sir it's a man's hat.

Sir T. Thankye again, and what brought it on your head ?

Nan. Why Sir, my hand.

Sir T. Very well ; so this is a hat, and a man's hat, and you put it on your head with your hand. Wonderful information about this girl !

Nan. I'll persuade him its his own. *(aside)*
Lord Sir, don't you know your own Militia hat.

Sir T. My militia hat, what when I was Captain Straßbough, dear me—but I'm positive it's no such thing.

Nan. Lord Sir! don't you remember the cockade

Sir T. True, I did wear a cockade when I was an officer, but you hussy you, what a servant-wench, presume with her audacious hand to put my military hat upon her impudent head, and dare to profane this martial beaver, with her spinster fingers and her maiden hair.

Nan. Lord Sir, I was only going to get your man to brush it.

Sir T. What on your head—Go, go, into your frills and your top-knots—upon my honor, I wish the ladies wou'd mind their tea and their toilets, and leave their cock'd hats and cock'd heads to us grenadiers of the creation.

[*Exit.*

Nan. Well out of this, tho' we've lost a hat in the scuffle, but now to look for Miss Florimel.

Grog. (without) Yo ho! a-board the brig a-hoy.

Nan. Oh lud! here's Mr. Grog the noisy failor. Now will he teize me to death, and interrupt Miss Florimel's scheme.

Grog. Friend, Rupee. Yo, ho!

Nan. Here he is, lucky! I think I've a plan to secure him.

Enter Grog.

Grog. Nancy, ah, oh my pretty yatch—what cheer?

Nan.

Nan. Very good cheer, thankye Sir.

Grog. I had near damag'd my timbers just now; you must know, I freighted a tight coach at the minories, myself the lading; our top well mann'd with a stout coachman and good horse, star-board and port—but having a desire to steer myself, d'ye see, went aloft, took the reins, and made the pilot stand upon the poop, sail'd thro' Cheapside, Fleet-street, made the Streights of St. Dunstan's and Shot Temple-bar like a needle; but St. Clement's church, standing as it were across the channel, and I not understanding as it were the tiller of a coach, I run my bowsprit foul of a post, and come bump ashore into an oil-shop.

Nan. Lord Sir, you are surprisingly clever—what has he been talking about?

Grog. Ah Nan, my girl, what a smart lass you be.

Nan. I thank you Sir, for your good opinion.

Grog. Ay, you're not a shrew like Jenny Griffin o'the point, or a ninny hammer like Nell Noodle of Woolwich; nor a tipler like Bet Bub of Chatham. I'm not vers'd in your courtship lingo; yet it shall never be said, that Tom Grog fell to leeward when a pretty girl was on the beam; and tisn't that I'd found my own trumpet, but you won't meet a truer heart from the croggit yard to the gib-boom-end. You've something damn'd handsome about you, and so in one word, shall I possess the pretty Nancy?—Say no, and damn the dog that axes you again.

Nan. Ah you gentlemen—but Mr. Grog, if I was to be so fond and silly, wou'd you marry me afterwards?

Grog.

Grog. No; and I tell you so beforehand; a true seaman may hang out false colours to decoy an enemy, but none but a pirate, would, for a moment's pleasure, deceive an affectionate girl that relied upon his honor.

Nan. Why you gentlemen sailors have a deal of honor; I had once a sailor for a sweetheart, only they call'd him a smuggler.

AIR.—NANCY.

My William was bold as the wind,
He combated many a gale;
To me he was gentle and kind,
As the breezes that sport in the vale.
He put his swift wherry to sea,
The Cutters she dared not come nigh;
And he landed his cargo of tea,
Then swore to defend it he'd die.

I pant for the life of my dear,
The Cutter draws nigh to the shore;
Each stroke now redoubles my fear,
And my heart it beats time with the oar.
The ball from the cannon is fled,
'Tis fate, cruel fate gives the wound:
That William, sweet William is dead,
The rocks now with terror resound.

For me he engaged in the strife,
T'enrich me he broke the king's laws;
For love the dear youth lost his life,
And she that he lov'd was the cause.
Come hither attend on his bier,
Ye Sailors so loving and brave;
Nor think no disgrace, if a tear
Of yours, drop with mine on his grave.

But dear me I to stay singing here, when I shou'd try to get him out of the house. Sir, somebody's coming, and if you're seen with me—do step in there, and I'll be with you presently.

Grog.

Grog. What clap me under hatches (*goes into a closet*)

Nan. Hush, I'll be with you in a few minutes.

Grog. Well, but don't keep me long in this hen-coop.

Nan. No, no. (*shuts the door*) Stay you there my gallant sailor.

Enter MAURICE.

Mau. So, nobody saw me coming in, and if I can see Nancy—ah, Nancy! you dear creature, is it you, or yourself?

Nan. Heavens! Mr. O'Finnigan?

Mau. When last we parted, you gave me a kiss to keep, and so here I have brought it home to you again, (*kisses her*)

Nan. How got you into this house?

Mau. Thro' the door; I found it open, and faith open I left it.

Nan. But where's your Master?

Mau. I musn't tell he's come home. (*aside*) he's in America.

Nan. And really Maurice, isn't your master in London?

Mau. I tell you no; if you don't believe me, go to the St. James's Coffee house, and axe himself.

Nan. Oh then he is come home?

Mau. Who told you that? some busy fool or other.

Nan. Hush! if Sir Toby or my Lady knows you're here, they'll go mad. Oh dear heart, I'm so frighten'd.

Mau.

Mau. By the word of a traveller, you were always a timberfome creature, and now you're as frightful as ever.

Nan. Softly, I hear—for heaven's fake step in there, and I'll come and speak to you presently.

Mau. But will you come soon again?

Nan. Yes, yes; don't speak, nor open the door. (*puts him in*) Stay you there, my dear Hibernian.—It draws near the time for our plan on Mr. Rupee. Oh, here's my young lady.
[*Retire.*]

Enter CORNELIA, (with a letter)

Cor. Good-natur'd Mr. Lake to deliver me this letter from Belcamp! Unhappy Cornelia! torn for ever from the man I love, and sacrificed to a wretch I despise.

AIR.—CORNELIA.

Why call to remembrance how happy I've been,
How joyful my days, and my nights how serene;
Each thought on light fancy still floated in air,
And the smile on my cheek shew'd a heart void of Care.

Since love has possess'd me, if pleasures I'd try,
Tears alone give me ease, and my comforts a sigh;
Yet in this fond bosom for ever remain,
So sweet is the smart, and so pleasing the pain

Re-enter NANCY, (with a candle.)

Light me to my chamber.

Nan. Yes, Ma'am.

[*Exeunt in at center door.*]

Enter

Enter RUPEE.

Rup. Yes, that's the lady's chamber, and thither she's retired: it's about the time too, that Tommy Telltruth appointed, and I think, nay I'm sure I saw the painter convey Cornelia a letter in the leaf of his sketch book—oh, here comes the amorous emissary. *[Retires.]*

Re-enter NANCY.

Nan. I heard somebody—if it's Mr. Rupee, he'll not answer. *(aside)* Who's there? Yes, it's he, and on the watch! Charming! *(aside)* Nobody in the way, then I'll go fetch the Captain to my lady.

Rup. Captain! Oh dear Tommy Telltruth! *(aside)*

Nan. *(Taps at a door)* Sir, Sir, Captain!

Flo. *(Within)* Is that Nancy?

Nan. Yes, Sir; my lady is just gone to her chamber.

Enter FLORIMEL.

Flo. Is she?

Rou. Ay, there's the Captain! Oh sweet Tommy Telltruth! *(aside)*

Nan. Hush, Ma'am; he's upon the watch. *(apart)*

Flo. Is he? *(apart)* Why do I waste the precious moments; let me fly to the scene of rapture and delight.

Nan. This way, Sir.

[Exeunt Florimel and Nancy, in at the center door.]

Rup. Oh what a noose have I escaped! I'll go in and kick this little scoundrel before her face. Hold—he's an officer. Apropos; why did I neglect my fencing—I'll go and cane him—no, I'll make her father do it—Yes, I'll expose them, and tho' I'm no Vulcan, I'll draw a net over Mars and Venus. *[Exit.*

Mau. (*Peeping out of the closet*) Nancy! Nancy! You creature! Where are you? how dark it is—myself will stay no longer in this cupboard. I heard Miss Cornelius go to her chamber, and my master I know is here in the neighbourhood, if I can get him into the house, and bring him to her—

Grog. (*Looking out of the opposite closet.*) I say, Nan, Yo, ho! I'll weigh anchor, and clear Hen-coop-bay.

Mau. Is that Nancy?

Grog. Dark and cold as a Greenland midnight. I say Nan. (*in an under tone*)

Mau. (*In a low voice*) Who's there?

Grog. Me.

Mau. What is that my dear.

Grog. Yes, its I.

Mau. Arrah, my soul, why did you keep me so long in the cup-board?

Grog. Why did you keep me so long in the hen-coop?

Mau. You've got a cold, my honey; you speak quite hoarse.

Grog. And you speak as if you had touched at Tipperary in your last voyage.

Mau. Where are you? give me your hand.

Grog. There.

Sir T. (*Without*) Don't talk to me, Sir! Oh the ungracious girl.

Mau.

Mau. Sir Toby! Then I'll give him leg-bail for my honesty. (*runs off.*)

Rup. But, Sir Toby, let us be discreet in this affair.

Grog. Rupee sha'n't find me in the dark with a girl, so again for the hen-coop.

[*Goes into the closet.*]

Enter Sir TOBY and RUPEE, (with a candle.)

Sir T. An officer in her chamber! Oh the wicked child—but I don't believe it.

Rou. Then you wont believe the truth, Sir Toby.

Sir T. You've not a doubt of it? oh the vile girl! a gentleman in her chamber now, and to be married to-morrow—hush—who's this?

Enter CAPT. BELLCAMP.

Capt. B. Shou'd I have enter'd this house—but drawn by love's irresistible magnetic charm—Cornelia, one parting look, and then farewell for ever.

Sir T. Another red-coat! Hey—Why this is Captain Bellcamp.

Rup. Bellcamp! This is not the same person I saw go into her room. (*aside*)

Capt. B. If I cou'd but see her once more.

Sir T. Then you see her no more to-night. (*advancing*)

Capt. B. Sir Toby!

Sir T. Yes, the injur'd Sir Toby.

Rup. Not so loud, Sir.

Sir T. I will speak loud—I'll roar out my wrongs. (*in a low tone*)

Rup. Try if he'll marry her. (*apart*)

Sir T. Not I. Look'ye, Captain, I'm a positive, obstinate man, and I insist upon it, Sir, that you'll marry her.

Capt. B. Her! Who?

Sir T. My daughter Cornelia—I am a headstrong man—fierce and furious as a fasting Tyger—and if you don't marry Cornelia, by this hand—you lose my good opinion.

Capt. B. A sudden change this—but I'll take him in the humour. Well, Sir Toby, rather than forfeit your good opinion, I accept your daughter's hand.

Sir T. Give me yours—you have her.

Rup. He's bit—the intrigue is with another man. (*apart*)

Sir T. Another! Oh the jade; we'll take Belcamp in then—hush, you shall be married immediately.

Capt. B. But could'nt I see my lovely charmer?

Sir T. Oh yes, here Nancy.

Rup. S'death, Sir, hold—the officer is with her.

Sir T. True; I fancy, Captain, my daughter at present may be engaged.

Enter FLORIMEL and CORNELIA, (from the center door.)

Capt. B. Isn't that she, and a gentleman with her?

Sir T. Undone!

Rup. All blown!

Capt. B. (Aside) Is it possible—Florimel! and dress'd in a suit of my cloaths

Cor.

Cor. Captain Bellcamp.

Capt. B. My Cornelia!

Sir T. Yes, she is yours.

Cor. Sir! Indeed!

Rup. He swallows the bait—I've done this capitally. (*apart to Sir Toby*)

Sir T. If I'd given my mind to knavery, I cou'd cheat like an Angel. (*apart to Rupee*)

Capt. B. But tell me, sister Florimel, why this masquerade.

Sir T. } Sister Florimel!
Rup. }

Sir T. What is a woman the gallant?

Cor. Even so, Sir.

Sir T. Mr. Rupee, "you've done this capitally."

Rup. Me! Apropos, you, Sir Toby "you can cheat like an angel."

Sir T. Only a woman! Why you most audacious reprobate—how dare you have a woman in your chamber?

Flo. Look'ye, Sir Toby, pardon her now, and she'll no more be guilty of such an error: with your leave, to my brother I resign my post, and for a lady, Cornelia shall, in future, have a gentleman of the Bed-chamber.

Rup. Then I resign my place of gentleman in waiting.

Grog. (*Within*) Yo, ho!

Enter Grog.

What cheer, my souls?

Sir T. Eh, what more ladies in breeches! you villain, how dare you be hiding in my house? (*to Grog*)

Rup. Sir Toby, this is my friend Grogg — Ha, ha, ha!

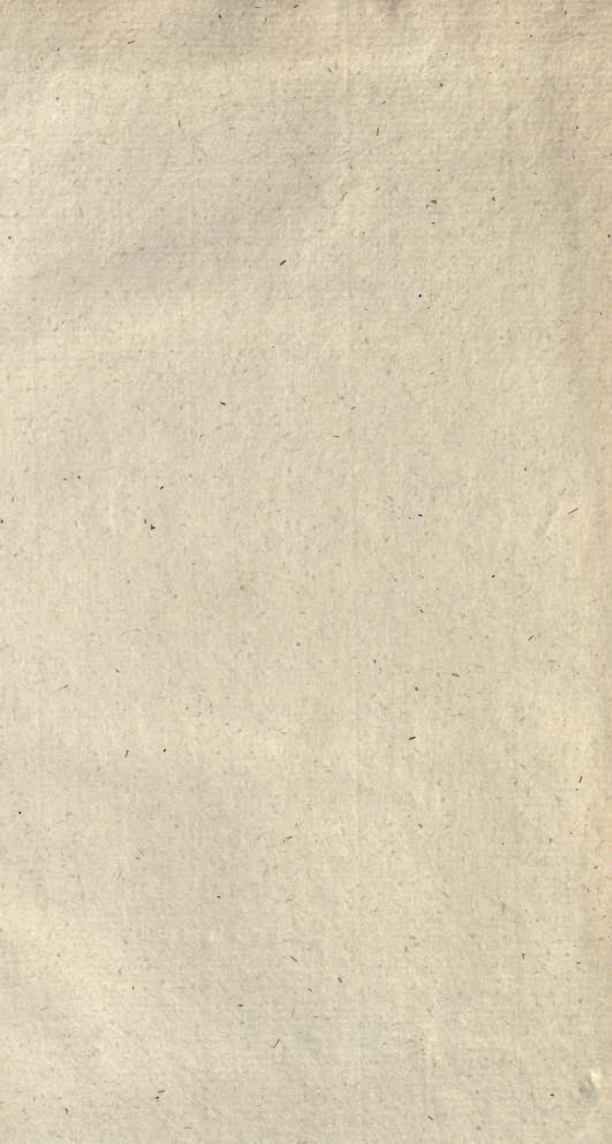
Sir T.

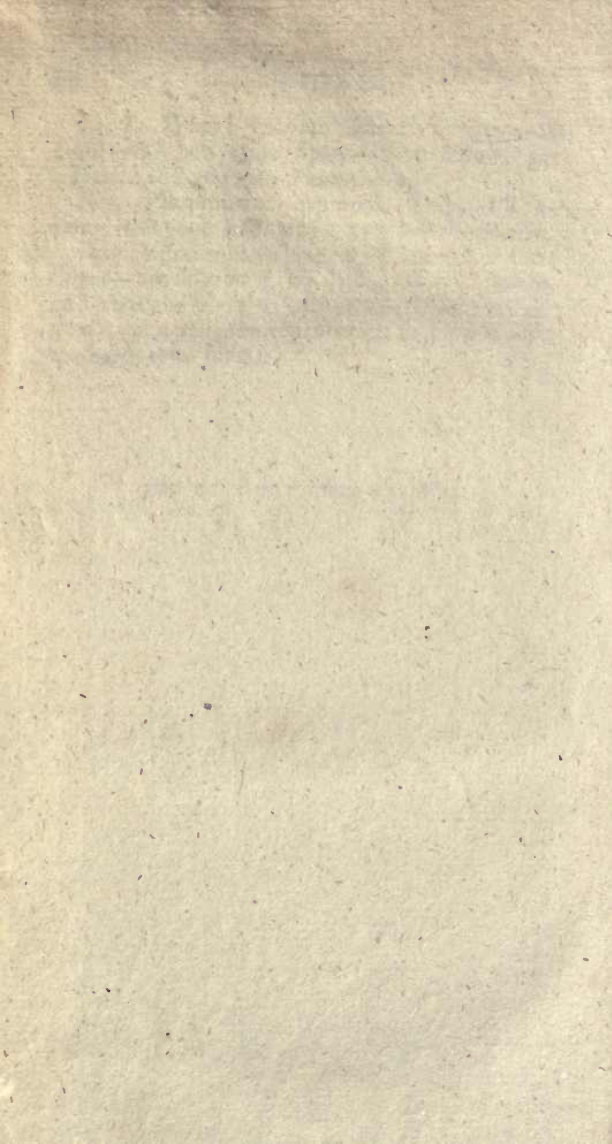
Sir T. What! is your friend Groggy—oh Lord yes, he's quite tipsey—good fellow, get a Hack, and go to the Hummums.

Rup. Hummums! Apropos, Tom, I'll go along with you, I sha'n't be married to-morrow.

Grog. I find mistress and maid have slipt their cables—but no matter, we shall weather all storms, and clear the rocks of destruction, if we have the gentle gales of your approbation to blow us into the harbour of success.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.







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